Uncollected Prose: 1884-1904

by

Sarah Orne Jewett

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Introduction

This is the second volume from the Sarah Orne Jewett Press of Jewett's uncollected prose publications.

In 1971, Richard Cary produced *Uncollected Stories of Sarah Orne Jewett*, Colby College Press. He chose to present her known short fiction for adult readers, including just one of her essays, the autobiographical "Looking Back on Girlhood." In his introduction, Cary noted that he was including three stories not listed in the impressive bibliography available to him: *A Bibliography of the Published Writings of Sarah Orne Jewett*, compiled by Clara Carter Weber and Carl J. Weber, Waterville, Maine: Colby College Press, 1949. He was well aware that there probably were other stories that had not yet been discovered.

Left out of Cary's volume, then, were any adult stories yet to be discovered. In addition, he chose to exclude her mostly uncollected children's stories, and all but one of her non-fiction prose publications.

A few years before *Uncollected Stories*, Cary had taken note of a body of Jewett's non-fiction that had appeared anonymously in *Atlantic Monthly*: "Some Bibliographic Ghosts of Sarah Orne Jewett" (*Colby Quarterly* 8, September 1968, pp. 139-145). These were columns she may have written for "The Contributors' Club," a feature in *Atlantic* containing short anonymous pieces by regular contributors. Cary listed 11 columns from 1878 to 1884 that he was convinced for various reasons were by Jewett. He suggested that several more may have appeared in 1892-3. He does not list Jewett's piece on the funeral of Phillips Brooks, because it was previously noted in the Weber and Weber bibliography. I have included in these volumes all of these 12 pieces, even though I remain uncertain that Jewett wrote all of them. I have included one more, for which there is a bit of circumstantial evidence for Jewett's authorship: "Winter Flies." All of these inclusions are tentative, unless, as in a few cases, there is documentary evidence of Jewett's authorship. And it remains possible that Cary and I omitted pieces that should be here. Future readers will make their judgments.

There is, then, a considerable body of Jewett's writing that remains uncollected:

- Short stories written for children.

- Adult Short stories re-discovered since Cary's *Uncollected Stories*.

- Non-fiction prose listed in Weber and Weber.

- Non-fiction prose not in Weber and Weber, including Cary's discoveries and others that have come to light since Cary's article.

The two parts of *Uncollected Prose* bring together nearly all the currently known fiction and non-fiction that does not appear in Cary. In addition to the pieces not yet known, several known pieces do not appear in these two volumes because they are available elsewhere.

"Tame Indians," *The Independent* (27:26), April 1, 1875, "Young and Old" section. An annotated edition of this short story is available from the Sarah Orne Jewett Press.

"A Player Queen," *America* 1 (July 28, 1888) 6-8.

"Three Friends," serialized in three issues of *Good Cheer* 4 (Jan., Feb., Mar., 1886), pp. 1-2 of each issue.

These were discovered and reprinted by Philip B. Eppard, "Two Lost Stories by Sarah Orne Jewett," in Gwen Nagel, ed., *Critical Essays on Sarah Orne Jewett* (1984).

"New Neighbors," *Washington Post* (28 October, 1888, Section 14, p. 2). This was found and reprinted by Katherine C. Aydelott in *American Literary Realism* (Spring 2004, v. 36, pp. 256-268).

"Introduction to Human Documents. Portraits of Distinguished People," *McClure's Magazine* (1:16-18), June 1893. Reprinted in *Human Documents: Portraits and Biographies of Eminent Men*. New York: S. S. McClure, 1895.

I believe that the quantity of the uncollected work here is surprising. Reading through the pieces in chronological order of publication reveals sides of Jewett that are not all familiar and that should enrich understanding of her thinking and of her approach to her career. Like the astonishing volume and reach of her correspondence, this collection contains perhaps only a few gems likely to alter how Jewett is understood, and much of it will, therefore, will be rightly judged as ephemeral. Nevertheless it is bound to be of interest to anyone curious about Jewett and about the vicissitudes of authorship for women in the 19th Century in the United States.

About the texts.

Printing errors, when detected, have been corrected, with the original text following in brackets.

An Adventure

IT goes without saying that in this country we do not know much about feudal castles. Whatever wondrous reconciliations between opposed styles in architecture we may have to show, a traveler would journey hundreds upon hundreds of miles without once seeing towers and battlements, or so much as a moated grange. It was therefore a great surprise when, lately passing through a woodland near my home, I came upon what completely satisfied my notion of an ancient manor house. The inmates, if there were inmates, I fancied were taking a hundred years' sleep, so mouldy and solitary was the air of the place. With a boldness I would now call foolhardiness, I determined to explore the gloomy mansion. When at last I stood in a spacious chamber, well at the top of the house, it seemed somewhat strange that I could not remember by what steps I had arrived there. But my attention was soon directed to the great array of old armor which hung on the walls. I thought of the stir that such a *trouvaille* would cause in the State Historical Society (hitherto compelled to take up with Indian and Mound Builder relics). I felt a thrill of satisfaction that my name, as the finder, would be connected with this valuable antiquarian collection. In the midst of these reflections, I was startled by the sound of footsteps in some adjoining chamber. Instantly, fear laid hold on me; on cautious tiptoe, I hurried out through the nearest door, and was rejoiced to find not so much as a ghost to dispute the passage. There was a flight of stairs, down which I hastened with a kind of winged speed (for I still heard footsteps). Following the turn in the landing, I came to another flight of stairs, and descended this to another; and so on, down, down, until a landing, or hall-way, was reached that had but one door, and a window opposite. Thinking to make my way out at last, I opened the door. Complete darkness. A slight, soughing draught from I knew not whence brought a thick veil of cob-webs across my face. I dared not take refuge in this mysterious limbo; yet something must be done, for the steps of the pursuer were heard louder and nearer. Quick as thought, I ran to the end of the hall, and leaped through the window, -- not to the ground, however, but into another chamber! Then I -- but for artistic reasons I prefer not to recount the manner of my escape. There's but one fault to be found with the charming tales of Morphean adventure told in The Spectator: the author seems to think it needful he should reverse his spells, and invite the reader to witness

the dissolution of the "baseless fabric." Why should he take such pains, when the reader does not ask to be disenchanted?

tales of Morphean adventure told in The Spectator: Morpheus is the Greek god of dreams. *The Spectator* probably refers to the original magazine edited and, mainly, written by Richard Steele and Joseph Addison in the early 18th century.

Notes

This essay appeared anonymously in the "Contributor's Club" section *Atlantic Monthly* (53:143-4), January 1884. Richard Cary attributed this piece to Jewett.

The Church Mouse

HAD you been waiting at the entrance to the First Church of the town of Dexter, on a certain Sunday morning in December, you would have seen a curly haired boy come running up the street in a very week-day fashion. He pushed by some orderly and inconsiderate persons who were taking up a good deal of room on the sidewalk, as if he were in a great hurry, and scurried up the church steps at last, and disappeared behind a little door which led to the organ loft and the belfry.

He had some difficulty in unlatching this door, and I am sorry to say that he slammed it a little, so that an old lady near by was startled out of her composed frame of mind, and the old sexton who stood close at hand pulling the bell rope slowly and watching everybody go into church, shook his head gravely, and grumbled that the young rascal was late again.

The organist had begun to grow uneasy. He had been listening for some minutes for the creak of the organ bellows, and had again and again touched a key gently, in hopes that he might have missed hearing the boy come in, and that his instrument might already have got its breath.

The minister arrived a little earlier than usual, and wondered why he was allowed to walk up the broad aisle unheralded by the beginning of the voluntary.* The parishioners looked around one after another to see if they could discover the cause of the silence, but there sat prim old Mr. Edwards on his perch, with his back to the congregation, as if it were none of his fault. He was the chief music master of the town and had played the organ of the First Church for more than thirty years -- a very good little man indeed, though sometimes short tempered, and he wore a nice curly wig of a reddish tinge, as was suitable for a person of his disposition.

He sat before the silent keys, growing more and more disturbed, but the singers whispered together near him, and he did not hear Tom Lester come up the stairs, and left his finger upon one of the keys that presently sent forth a high, sharp note as the organ filled with wind. Tom worked away at the bellows as hard as he could, and Mr. Edwards began to play, somewhat angrily, giving the melody a reproachful expression, but all anxiety was at an end, and the church service went on in its usual fashion. Tom Lester sat on the broken-backed chair in the dusty little organ loft and

gradually cooled off after his hard run, and took a long breath as the old organ had just done, and then sat looking about him.

There was a great deal of dust everywhere and all the church spiders of that summer and many others had spun their webs and caught their flies unhindered. The back of the organ was very unlike the front; it was a rough-looking thing, and one would never have believed that any music would come out of it. The front was very fine, although it was an old and rather small organ, for it had shared in the general restoring of the church not long before and had been varnished and gilded in its woodwork and pipes. It made Tom think of some of the houses in Dexter, that were quite grand on the street side and quite uninviting as viewed from the back alley.

He found the interior of the organ very interesting, for ever since he had discovered that it was the habit of the tuner to creep in to tinker at the pipes and stops, he had followed his example from time to time during his seasons of leisure in the long sermon. There were a good many little shelves and ledges in the woodwork, and Tom had stored away many of his belongings for safe keeping. It was sometimes awkward to have to wait from Sunday to Sunday to get some treasure or other.

Tom did not like to go to church in the evening. There was always a service at that time, but the sexton, who was a grumpy person, and who prided himself as he should, on being very careful, would not allow a lamp to be carried into the organ loft for fear of fire. Some light came through the chinks between the pipes, but Tom sat in a dismal twilight, except when the full moon shone through the odd-shaped window over the front door of the church. The sexton sometimes opened the door at the foot of the crooked belfry stairs while service was going on, but he quite as often forgot it.

As for the preaching, it was difficult to hear it clearly, and Tom was not apt to be a devout listener, at any rate, but the music he loved dearly. From the first he had listened delightedly to Mr. Edwards' playing, which was, to tell the truth, uncommonly good. He knew most of the voluntaries by heart; he liked, as he would have said himself, to hear the old organ creak and sing with all its might, and beside, he had his favorites among the psalm tunes, and used to hum them to himself softly, and even take an unsuspected fifth part in the quartettes.

On this Sunday morning he did not take much notice of the music, though after the first angry notes the organist's fingers had touched the keys more gently, and when the last strains were finished Tom went on blowing until he found the lever refused to make another downward stroke and the aggrieved instrument began to groan of its own accord. The minister made a short prayer and then began to read the Bible to his congregation, to which everybody lent an ear but little Tom Lester in the organ loft. He sat still for a minute or two, and then went to one corner of the organ framework and got down on his hands and knees before a mouse-hole. So far as one could see, it was the doorway to a deserted residence, but Tom put his face down as close as he could and made a soft little chirruping noise with his lips, and then he leaned back again and watched anxiously. There was always a time of suspense and fear lest something might have happened to his small friend, and before any answer came to this summons, Tom noticed that the minister's voice had ceased and he took his seat again to have the organ ready for the singing of the first hymn.

But that was hardly over when something appeared in the mouse-hole -- the church mouse itself, with bright, bead-like eyes, and it came out to the very tip of its tail, and looked at Tom, who nodded and pushed one foot toward it playfully, but it did not run back into its hole again; it ran toward the foot instead and climbed up the trousers leg, and Tom poked its back with his finger and pushed away eagerly with one arm at the bellows, as if he thought he could hurry up the hymn, and with the other hand he fumbled in his pocket and pulled out the very piece of bread which had made him late to church.

For you see he had to run back just at church-time to Mrs. Dunn's, where he lived, to get it, since he had for once forgotten to save it from his breakfast. But Mrs. Dunn had locked her door behind her and gone out, and then he went to the Duncans' where he sometimes did errands, and though he pounded and rapped away at the back door, the two good-natured Irish girls had gone to mass together, and Adeline, the nurse, who was keeping house, was sitting at the parlor window, under pretext of amusing the baby, watching new winter bonnets and cloaks go by. And there Tom was at his wits' end. The bell was tolling its very last strokes, and he started to run to the church with a heavy heart inside him because he should disappoint the church mouse of its Sunday breakfast. Whom should he see at this unhappy moment but little Nelly Jacobs, the old

watchmaker's grandchild, and she stood just inside the gate of her small side yard, eating a large piece of bread and butter.

"Oh, give me a piece of that," says Tom in a tone of command, and because he was a big boy and not very friendly looking, she obeyed, and he stuffed the hastily broken half-slice into his pocket and ran on well satisfied, for he told himself that she could get plenty more where that came from, and he would do her a good turn some day as payment.

Now I should like to tell something about the previous history of Tom Lester, and also of his friend the church mouse. Having presented them both to the reader, we will imagine that the long sermon has begun and that Tom has broken the bread into a great many small bits and laid some of them in a long line on the floor. The mouse has eaten two, as if it were very hungry, and has since been industriously carrying them down into its hole to stow away in its larder, wherever and whatever that may be. Tom has wondered why it would not be just as well for them to be left where they were, in fact, he used to have surprises for the mouse just before he left the organ loft, until it came to his mind that there might be other church mice, and that they, and not his friend, had found the bits of bread and cheese that he had carefully placed on the little ledges of the organ, both within and without.

To tell the honest truth, Tom himself was a church mouse as much as if he had four legs and a furry back, and lived down in a hole and gnawed hymn books. His father was dead, and his mother was dead, and he had no brothers or sisters. His mother had been a good and useful woman, and a respected member of the church, and when she died, after a lingering illness, it was promised her that her child should be looked after, and provided for, until he could take care of himself. So while he was very small, his board was paid, and he was sent to school; but within the last year he was thought able to earn part of his own living. The organ boy's family was going to leave town, and Tom was put in his place, which made a saving to the church, because his salary went toward paying his board. He did himself great credit, too, it being his first public position, and he held out splendidly against the bribes offered by some of the boys at school, and refused to open the church doors to the rascals who wished to ring the bell from twelve to one o'clock in the dead of night before the Fourth of July.* It must be

confessed that on the second Independence Day of his term of office, he did not prove so staunch against besiegers, and Old Norris, the sexton, never has known to this day how the boys got up into the belfry.

Fourth of July was on Monday that year, and Tom came boldly down the belfry stairs and went out of the church front door Sunday night, but while Norris went back up the aisle, to blow out the pulpit lights, our friend crept back again and went up with two cronies, and all three hid themselves, in the twinkling of an eye, in the cobwebby organ-loft and up the belfry stairs.

Such a pealing as the old bell gave three hours later! They turned it over and over, and hustled it dreadfully, first one and then another tugging at the rope, until Bob Larkin was overtaken with a perilous attack of bleeding at the nose, and the noise of firecrackers and the light of bonfires proved so enticing that they went tumbling down the crooked stairs again, and let themselves softly out of one of the well-fastened windows to the ground.

But I must assure you that little Lester was seldom found fault with, and besides his church duties he did errands, and light work in the gardens, and was growing up fast, and almost every dog in town would run up to him or wag its tail when it saw him, and he whistled at the canaries as they hung out-of-doors in the summer, or patted the horses' noses, and gossiped with the two or three wicked old parrots who had long since lost their claims to being strangers and foreigners. In short, he was very fond of animals, and was always good friends with them -- and I suppose this was the reason he had become so particularly intimate with the other church mouse.

Indeed, it was a tame creature; it would run up his jacket sleeve and down his collar, and squeeze itself into the smallest possible cracks and crevices, and would hide away in an instant, and puzzle Tom astonishingly while he tried to find it, and then in another moment it would appear again, with its shining little black eyes looking up fearlessly into his. Tom had seen it peering out of its hole one day, as he blew the organ, as if it wished to inquire what all that noise was going on about. It was very young, then, and had not learned the dangers of trusting human kind, so when Tom found some crumbs in his pocket, and threw them down, it darted back for a moment into its shelter, and then, strange to say, came back again and took possession of a bit of gingerbread which had fallen at the edge of its door. Next Sunday it was

not to be seen, but it found the fresh crumbs a little later, nevertheless, and perhaps it remembered Tom, and perhaps it didn't; but it is true, at all events, that in course of time, it was as tame as he, and one was no more afraid than the other was.

But, on the contrary, a friendship grew up between these two that would have caused great surprise to such persons as are terrified at the sight of a mouse, and who even jump upon chairs and shake their petticoats, and shriek if one is so much as spoken of. Tom fed his mouse generously; you could not say poor as a church mouse, and have meant that one. He really kept it in great luxury, and there was no excuse for the bad habit it had of gnawing the leather backs of the choir-books, and even the hymn-books in the pews. It had travelled, on one occasion, as far as the pulpit, and had taken a sinful nibble at the cover of the great red Bible, which had been the gift of a deceased parishioner a great many years before. This was so very small a nibble as to be unsuspected -- for the morocco* was very dry and bitter to the taste -- but Sexton Norris, who might well play the character of church cat, at last discovered the other depredations, which were also spoken of by different members of the congregation, and set a trap, well baited, for Tom Lester's church mouse.

"It's them Downing children," said the old sexton indignantly. "One would think that they could get time enough to eat without keeping it up all through meeting time; but they munch candy and sweet stuff straight along -- and that's what draws the mice in, plague take 'em!"

So, on this December Sunday morning, while Tom Lester blew the organ, and played with his small pet by turns, his heart was very heavy, for he feared as he strewed the bits of Nelly Jacob's bread on the floor, and watched the quick creature whisk them away, that it might be the last time he would ever have the mouse for company. He was a lonely boy -- and would have loved a real home dearly if he had had one -- and since he was only a boarder and a pensioner, and a church mouse, he took his bits of homelikeness wherever he could find them. And as he had opened the door that morning at the foot of the belfry stairs, his heart had sunk at the sight of a great old-fashioned mousetrap all ready for service on the second step. It seemed a cruel thing to make war against so tiny and defenseless a creature, and Tom racked his brains to think how he could save it from

destruction, while he hated Old Norris more vigorously than ever.

It was the Sunday before Christmas, and before the sermon began, Tom heard the minister ask that the contribution which was to be taken up for the payment of the debts which had been incurred in shingling and painting and decorating the old church, might be a very generous one; indeed, he hoped it might be the last. Also those persons who were ready to hand in their money subscriptions for a Christmas supper might do it that day, envelopes having been provided in the pews.

Presently there was a clinking of silver in the plates as the deacons went up and down the aisles, and Tom could hear it where he sat, and he wondered if he should have as much money when he grew up, and what he should do with it, and what was likely to become of him anyway. He wished that he belonged to somebody, like the other fellows. He wondered what he should do about that mouse-trap, for it was the kind that chokes and kills -- a trap to be dreaded and feared.

There seemed to be nothing to do but to hide away, and then after Old Norris had gone home, to take the bait from the trap, and get out of the window afterward, as he had on the Fourth of July. Accordingly, he came to church dutifully for the evening service, and as he came early, he had time to pick out the piece of cheese, and the wire caught his fingers and hurt them, which made him all the more intent upon marring the sexton's plot.

The service went on as usual, and Mr. Norris had good-naturedly put the lantern half-way up the stairs to make it pleasanter for Tom. The lights in front of the organ shone through the pipes, and made long stripes of brightness and shadow on the unfinished wall behind. Just before service began Norris put his head inside the door and called our hero in a loud whisper, and told him to mind his steps coming down, for there was a trap he was going to set in the aisle after church was over. Tom could hardly keep himself from laughing aloud -- that bungling Old Norris! -- and here there was a minute of silence, while the noble sexton held his trap up to the light and found the cheese was already gone. Tom's spirits rose as he heard the grumble, and thought that his mouse was safe until next day, at any rate. Perhaps he could damage the spring so that it would not catch! But just as this wise thought flitted through his mind,

he heard the door shut, and when he snatched his first chance to go down, he found the sexton had taken the trap away.

The boy grew sleepy, and was glad when the last hymn was sung and he could go. Often the organist and even Old Norris, had asked him why he did not come down from his dusty corner while the sermon was preached; but there was a sense of freedom there which could not be enjoyed in the pews. As he descended, having left a good store of bread, and the stolen bit of cheese, beside a piece of apple for his small defendant, Old Norris stopped him, and asked him to wait a minute. There was often some help needed about closing the church, and Tom went inside the inner door to seat himself in the back pew to get out of the cold.

The minister tarried to speak with some people who waited for him as he came down the aisle, and last of all the sexton stopped him.

"I don' know what the folks will say," announced Norris, in his odd, gruff voice. "I don' know 's we could do any better, neither. It's the collection money that was took up this forenoon. Deacon Tasker always carries it off, and counts it over, and sees to it; but you may remember he was called out o' meeting just toward the end o' the sermon. I stopped here a while, thinking likely he'd be back after it, but I didn't see nothing of him, and I wanted to get home to dinner, so I just unfastened the little cupboard under the pulpit, and set the plates in there, top of the communion chist. I didn't want the charge of it -- you know I always keep one key, and the deacon the other -- in case of fire or anything. I s'pose there's no need to do anything about it? I'll open the door in two minutes, and get it out, if you say so. Mis' Tasker's mother lays very low. I s'pose you know all about it? She had an ill turn this morning, somebody was saying. I don't think likely the deacon means to come back to-night; it's quite a ways to Plainfields these short days. But perhaps you'd better take the money?"

"Oh, no," said the tired minister, shivering all this time in the open doorway. "It'll be as safe as the bank, and you can remind the deacon of it, or bring it to me if he isn't home by nine or ten o'clock in the morning."

Tom heard all this, but nobody noticed him -- indeed the sexton almost forgot him, and then was savage because he was suddenly reminded of the trap. "You just stop here five minutes whilst I step across the road for a bait of cheese," he

said; "I promised I would see to those pesky mice." But when the old man returned he was hardly surprised to find no trace of Tom. The outer door was shut as if he had been tired of waiting and had run away. Norris had been delayed; his wife had gone to watch with a sick neighbor, and after scolding a little while he put the cheese in its place in the trap, and after he put that instrument of vengeance on the floor in the broad aisle, he scuffed about -- the honest old fellow! -- blowing out the lamps one after another, until the church was dark, and then he took his lantern and locked the door and went away home. The fires in the great stoves at the back of the church were burning low -- there was no danger in leaving them to quietly fade into ashes.

Tom and the church mouse

Tom listens from his hiding-place in the organ loft. It is very dark, and the church seems very large and empty; it is not half such good fun alone as it was with the other boys for company on a summer night. But he thinks of the mouse's danger, and goes bravely down into the aisle and feels about all the way along, and wonders if he will have to hunt in all the pews, and stops as he hears a footfall outside in the street, and then suddenly his one foot strikes the trap and he hears it spring, and laughs softly as he picks it up and again

steals away the bit of cheese. He goes back again and throws it up into the organ-loft, and thinks with joy how angry Norris will be and what a good breakfast the tame mouse will have; and then he goes to the window from which he can step out to the top of the low horse sheds.

The window is fastened tight and close. He feels it carefully after he has pushed and pulled and shaken it, and finds that the careful old sexton has nailed some slips of wood alongside, and has made it fast against the winter weather. The church is built on a hillside, and the other windows are all high from the ground.

So there was nothing to do but to stay all night, and after being perfectly sure he was going to cry, Tom told himself that it would be warm enough, and he could be let out in the morning, and after considering the situation, he went up into the singers' seats where the benches were wide and well cushioned, and laid down with his head on his arm, and tried to go to sleep, until presently he succeeded. If he had not been such a lonely little fellow he would have been missed. Sometimes he spent the night where he had been boarded in his early childhood; so each household thought he was with the other, and neither missed him.

While he slept there, the church growing colder and colder, and the starlight glistening brighter and brighter on its frosted windows that winter night, Tom dreamed about the mouse-trap, and thought he heard it snap and catch his small pet in its firm hold. He started up and did not know where he was. The strange bluish light of the great square windows was very awful, and strange to say, the snapping of the trap seemed to go on. Then he was wide awake, and found that the noise was at one of the windows, and he wondered if the boys had come to let him out. No; it was somebody breaking the panes. He heard the glass shiver and fall inside, and he listened until he heard voices whispering.

What could robbers want in that empty church? He wondered more and more, and for answer he remembered the little closet under the ponderous old pulpit, with the chest of quaint old solid silver which some rich man had left the First Parish when he died a hundred years before. Tom had seen part of it taken out and set in order a great many times. And beside the contribution money was there in the two plates, as Old Norris had left it. He wished he were in the organ-loft, but the door to the stairway opened and shut with a whine.

This is what he does: He waits until the two men on their evil errand creep in at the broken window and go up the aisle with a muffled lantern that seems to leak a little light as it is carried along. Then Tom pulls off his shoes and leaves them, and half slides down the few steps from the singers' seats, and along the aisle to the open pew door, and scrambles out carefully through the window, making only one click as he does it. The thieves stop in their work, but presently say to each other it was only a piece of glass falling from the sash, and go on prying open the little door.

And Tom is running down the street. He pulls this door-bell and that; in a very few minutes he has waked up John Fastnet and Henry Dennett, and two or three others, and has told his story, and they dress in a hurry, and take a pistol if they have one, and are out in the street, and before long a small company of strong men are in the old meeting-house and up the broad aisle, and the thieves are caught. As for Tom, he has been running about at the edge of the crowd, frightened enough, and at last his feet are so cold he thinks of his shoes, and after the robbers have fought and been mastered, he goes into the church and comes out again with his shoes, sees what else is to be seen, and then goes home to bed.

But in the morning he is well remembered, and is almost afraid at first to tell why he was in the church, but at last is made to confess about his dear church mouse, and some of the listeners laugh, but one kind-hearted man, whose grandfather it was who gave the silver, makes up his mind to look after the lonely boy, and so Tom has won a good friend by his night's work.

There is something else to be said after I have told you about a suit of clothes that the ladies of the Sewing Society made for Tom that winter -- even to the pocket handkerchief and as many stockings as if he were a centipede -- and that is he was sent to the best school in town by Mr. Duncan, and promised a place in his office later if he did well.

The mouse was an object of great interest that winter, and people insisted upon going up into the organ loft to see it, but it was frightened away by so much attention. Tom fed it and teased it out of its hole when he could, but at last it came no more, and the chances are that it found its life very dull, and longed for constant society and daily provision of something beside hymn-book covers. So it strayed out of the open door on a spring evening, and now follows the dangerous career of a ravaging house mouse.

Just at that time Tom became the proud owner of a puppy, so he missed his former playmate less than one would suppose -- though the puppy behaved disgracefully the only time it was ever taken to the organ-loft, for it whined every minute while Tom blew the organ for the voluntary -- and caused great amazement in the congregation.

Notes

"The Church Mouse" appeared in *Wide Awake* (18:155-161), February 1884, with an illustration by W. L. Taylor, and was reprinted in *Plucky Boys*, 1884. This text is from *Wide Awake*; it is available courtesy of Colby College Special Collections, Waterville, ME. William Ladd Taylor (1854-1926) was a popular illustrator for *The Ladies' Home Journal* and other magazines. Some of his best work is collected in *Our Home and Country* (1908).

voluntary: a solo piece of music played during a religious service in Christian churches.

Fourth of July: The annual celebration of the Declaration of United States independence of July 4, 1776; also called Independence Day.

morocco: Morocco leather is made from goatskins tanned with sumac, hence the typical red color, originally produced in Morocco (and other Barbary states) and afterwards in the Levant, Turkey, and now in Europe from skins imported from Asia and Africa; it is used particularly for bookbinding and upholstery. (Source: OED; Research: Travis Feltman)

Winter Flies

It is astonishing how easily we change our minds, and how impossible it is for us to regard the individual as we do the class to which it belongs. Perhaps the sum total of the faults of a class is more than we can bear, while the single offender has not the power to disturb us, and we are ashamed to oppose ourselves to so small and defenseless an enemy. These thoughts were not directly suggested by human beings, but by flies. One recoils from the sound of their name, as a reminder of their constant annoyance in some places and at some times of the year; but I must confess that, sitting for hours at a time by the same sunny window in winter, I have more than once become fondly attached to a single fly, which has hovered about my desk and basked in the corners of the window-paces. This year it is a singularly tame little insect, and unusually free from troublesome tricks. He is not sticky-footed, neither is he one of the pertinacious sort, which insists upon returning again and again to the same spot on my nose or eyebrow. He is more apt, when away from the window, to take up his position on my stamp-box, or the edge of a Grand-Canal-colored Venetian shell, which is fastened against the wall, near it. From thence he looks at me steadily, as if he were waiting to fly my errands for me; and I have wondered if it is he who brings back to me the words that I sometimes miss from my sentences, as I write. He buzzes them gently into my ear, and returns to his post to trim his wings for the next flight. I fancy that he sees my stories in detail, letter by letter, and that a word of four syllables has to be carried back by piecemeal, so that I vainly search my brain for the whole when only part has yet arrived.

If I have had a bit of candy, my fly is sure to find some fragments of it which escaped me, and he walks boldly among the edges of letters and sheets of paper; and if I must move them about, he takes the shortest possible flight, and comes back again fearlessly. I wonder that it does not strike him dead with terror when I stir, or when even my hand passes over him, eclipsing the rest of the world for the time being; and yet he only flies out of its way, when the hovering weight is at too close quarters. I cannot conceive why the smaller animals are no more afraid of us, and do not appear more sensible of their danger when we approach. The least of the insects probably leave the same feeling that we do when astronomers tell us that the world spins round and moves through space; and who knows what theories the

wise spiders have made, being proficient in geometry and other exact sciences! They must look upon human beings as we look upon comets, and think of life as filled with accident and disaster from the eccentricities of our orbits.

The winter fly is less energetic than his summer friends, and takes life calmly, and indulges himself in quiet pleasures. He seems sometimes like a very old man, who has outlived his generation, and whose horizon grows narrower every year. The recollection of the past season must be a great surprise to my friend the last fly; and to find the world a changed and depopulated place must be melancholy. It may be that insects and animals have much more affection for each other than we suppose, and even seem to each other to be possessed of souls. They may anticipate a future life with awe, and the caterpillar, who weaves his own shroud, may do it with a solemn excuse of his future angelhood. He may have been told try some longer-lived neighbor that he will not always grovel among earthly things, or at best climb perilously up a grass stalk or fence post, but will wear shining wings, and wander at his will through space and from flower to flower. He would almost be sure of the millennium, if he did not know that his heaven and hell were dismally interfused, and that such things as sharp-beaked birds, and little boys with nets and pins, and Death himself were lying in wait for him in the bowers of his paradise.

On those days when a flood of sunshine comes through the window my lonely winter fly takes courage, and soars and buzzes as if it were summer again; but when the sky is gray he goes afoot altogether, as if he were rheumatic, and he stays a great while in one place, and does not venture into the air except for safety at a time of great danger. There is a pot of geranium on the window-sill, which serves him for a garden; and here he gets a drink of water, once in a while, or goes aloft to sit in the middle of a broad green leaf. He behaves at such times as if he wished for company; and I pity him, and should be very much shocked if I were reminded how many of his relatives I have killed with a newspaper or other engine of destruction, in the summer months. His sleeping place is behind a little picture, and I am always glad to see him walk out in the morning; for I have learned from sad experience that some day I shall miss him, and my pen will bring a dreadful blotting fragment from the depths of the ink bottle, which will drop upon my sheet of paper, to remind me that my fly was mortal, and tell me that his life is spent. His crumb of cake will presently be dusted

away, and for many days I shall forget that he is dead, and be careful to avoid throwing books upon him, or to carelessly harm the fragile creature, whom I fancied had learned not to be afraid of me while he shared my fortunes. I liked to see him sit upon my hand, and ride back and forth along the lines as I wrote. But why do I speak as if my poor friend were already dead, since here he comes, brisk and busy, to see what we have before us in the way of scribbling, this pleasant winter's day.

Notes

Atlantic Monthly (53: 288-90), Feb. 1884.

Richard Cary does *not* attribute this anonymous piece to Jewett. However, a 2/19/1903 letter to Edith Forbes is suggestive. Jewett writes: "I was amusing myself lately by thinking how much I feel like one of those stupid old winter flies that appear out of their cracks at this time of year, but I know one thing -- how 'sensible they are to kindness,' as my grandmother would say." She has, at least, paid attention to the phenomenon of winter flies. Perhaps she wrote this piece nearly 20 years earlier, or perhaps she remembered reading it.

Buttons

There was a good deal of talking to be done before it was finally decided to admit a new member to the Forest family. Down-stairs the cook and the two maids had found much to say against it, but old Thomas the butler had hardly known at first which side to take. He was sure that it would be a great trouble to have a boy in the house, and he feared that such a person would be more hindrance [hinderance] than help. Still, the truth remained that Thomas was growing old and stout, and that he disliked to be always hurrying up-stairs to answer the front door bell, and half the time the errands were but foolish ones. Either the parlor fire wanted mending, or Mrs. Forest wished to have a letter posted, or Miss Alice was obliged to send for a carriage, or the street door would be besieged half a dozen times within the half hour just when Thomas was busy arranging the table for dinner, and at such times Susan and Bridget, who were good-natured girls enough, were sure to be at the top of the house and of no use whatever, and Thomas puffed and fumed and thought nobody in the city had so much care as he.

But when Mrs. Forest had suggested that they might find a young lad useful in the household there was an alarmed feeling in the kitchen, and, as we have seen, even Thomas himself could mention objections.

To tell the truth, it was an imaginary boy who was so much dreaded; a wicked boy, who never could be found when he was wanted, who broke everything he touched, and who made muddy boot-tracks all over the clean floors of the basement. A boy with a fabulous appetite, who darted selfishly at the choicest morsels of food, who used bad language, and who would steal if he had a chance, and lie inexcusably and continually; whom the cook must cook for and the seamstress sew for, and whose muddy tracks and clutters of whittlings and upset pockets the other maid must be forever sweeping up, and whose unaccomplished duties would be added to poor Thomas's already crushing burden. In short, a cloud seemed to overspread the whole sky; but when Mrs. Forest made up her mind to a thing it was sure to be done. And so, though she was the kindest of mistresses, there was a silent rebellion, and the good people down-stairs looked upon themselves as being a little removed from martyrdom and went about their work for the next few days with unhappy faces.

It luckily happened that Miss Alice Forest went out one morning to see a poor old woman who had formerly been well-to-do, but who, through long illness and increasing age, had become unable to work. She had long since come to the end of her own savings, and, as the cold weather came on, it seemed to her and to the kind people who had taken an interest in her, that she could no longer take care of herself. Her chief anxiety seemed to be her little grandson, of whom she was very fond. She could not bear to be separated from him, but he had been at school, and at work in his play hours and vacations, earning only a small amount of money from a very hard master. It seemed, even to her, that he could have a more comfortable home elsewhere. She could no longer cook for him, and the poor soul tried to stop the tears that fell from her eyes with her bent and stiffened fingers. Alice Forest remembered the little fellow very well, though it happened that she had not seen him lately, and a sudden thought made her eyes shine with a new light.

"Mrs. Kaley," she said, "I know just the right thing. I wonder I have not thought of it before. Mamma and I have been saying that we must have a younger person to help Thomas. He can't go up and down-stairs so well as he used, and many of our friends find a boy in buttons the greatest comfort in the world. You know a boy doesn't get tired with the running about, and Mamma and I so often have notes to send, and lately I have had to depend upon messengers."

"Thomas always was one that liked to save himself," said old Mrs. Kaley, looking cheerful again; and they both laughed a little.

"I will hear Dan's lessons myself," said Alice, who grew more enthusiastic every minute over her new plan, "and you know that Mamma is sure not to let him be over-worked. We will get some clothes for him and see that he is well taken care of, and if you are in the Old Ladies' Home he can often go round to see you."

"I'm only afraid he is too small to be of much use to you," said Mrs. Kaley, crying again. "But there was never anything that was such a comfort to me. Often I've said to myself, if Thomas were giving up the place and Dan were an older lad, there's nothing would let me die so happy as to know the poor boy was so well placed as with Mrs. Forest. His poor grandfather was Lord Westland's valet when I married him, and never a man knew his business better. I'm sure some of it must be in his children, though poor Danny is all that is left me now out of all my family. Dear, dear, I always hoped I

would get back to England, and lay my poor bones with my own people there. But indeed it's [its] joy that makes me cry now, Miss Alice; it is indeed. I have been waked these many nights with trouble of mind about Dan."

So, one morning, a few days later, Thomas, and Nora, the cook, who happened to be in the kitchen together -- heard a light, quick step coming down the stairs, and looked quickly round to see a little fellow, in dark green clothes, fastened and trimmed with rows of small, shining silver buttons. He looked from one to the other, and all fears which she had conjured up of this type of all boyish wickedness fled from Nora's motherly heart. Dan looked a little pale and thin and a trifle sober, but his hair was so curly and his face so clean, and he looked so harmless and so lonely and so afraid they might not be going to like him that, before Nora had time to lift the corner of her apron to her eyes, Thomas had said, in his most condescending fashion: "I suppose we see the Lord High Admiral, now; don't we, Nora? and it's I myself will give you a welcome, my little man."

And Dan lost the blown-away look he had worn at first, and smiled cheerfully, and sidled into a chair, very shy, but quite disposed to like his new surroundings. Nora asked for his grandmother, who was an old friend; and Thomas fairly bustled for once, he was so anxious to impress his young aid with the importance and circumstance of these new duties. Dan thought it was quite confusing and tremendous. Miss Alice was going to have a lunch party that day, and he had already been told about waiting at the door. His grandmother's housekeeping seemed nothing beside this; and it gave him great comfort when his young mistress's big dog came along wagging and friendly and smuggled its nose into his idle hand. "Laws, he'll take care o' the dog for us, any way," said Susan, who now made her appearance. And Dan smiled again and stroked the creature's silky head as if he could think of nothing pleasanter.

Even Thomas liked this dog; though Towser was still very young and full of pranks. He was hardly three quarters-grown, and though gentle Mrs. Forest had wondered if it were possible to keep him in the house, her daughter had begged so hard for her pet that she had consented to bear his company. He never succeeded in taking so long a walk as he wished, and he went bounding up and down-stairs to make up for his loss of out-door exercise. But he was a delightful, affectionate creature, and had already won everybody's heart, and it was not surprising that little Dan, or

Buttons, as he must now be called, was his willing servant from the first moment of their meeting.

It was like entering a new world when Buttons came to a knowledge of his duties that day; but he was quick and ready to learn, and shrewd Thomas noticed that his fingers were strong and sure, and that he handled the glass and china in a way that did not promise much breaking. He liked to see the pretty things, and he soon knew a great deal about the house. He was not the less likely to prove useful because many of his ancestors had had long and careful training to just such business, and by the time he began to open the street door to Miss Alice's friends, he had a sense of pride and possession and of belonging to the pleasant house which was now to be his home. He wondered deeply at a great deal that went on, and meant to ask his grandmother many questions. In the hurry of serving the lunch he had little to do except to watch what was being done; but he was told he would have more part in such ceremonies for the future. He perched himself in the kitchen in a wide window ledge, with his ears wide open to catch the sound of any bell that might ring. His new buttons shone in a delightful fashion, and when two or three of his cronies came down into the narrow area by the basement window and made faces at him, he felt it to be a matter of small consequence, and turned manfully away, not even resenting the spectacle of Jim Harris's tongue, which was being extended to its fullest and most derisive length.

There was a good deal of excitement when the little feast was over; one of the young ladies could not find her muff, though she was sure that she had brought it with her. Buttons was appealed to, but could not tell if he had seen it, though he tried very hard to remember, and got down on his hands and knees and crept about among the chair-legs and foot-stools in the little reception room, which was already growing dark in the short Winter day. He felt very sorry for pretty Miss Dean, and listened eagerly to whatever was said, and wished he could find the muff, which had just been given to her for a birthday present. She was sure that she had put it down on one of the chairs near the grate; but at last she was persuaded that she must have dropped it as she stepped from the carriage, and she went away feeling much grieved. Dan's grandmother used to sew furs sometimes for a fur dealer, when she was well, and he knew that they were often worth a great deal of money. It seemed to him as if this

unhappy event ought to make a great excitement; but to his surprise everybody seemed to forget about it after a little while, so many important things were continually happening in this interesting new world.

For a week or two everything went smoothly. The other servants praised their new comrade to Mrs. Forest, and she was much amused to see the good effect of so much youthful spirit upon old Thomas, who seemed determined that nobody should think there was such a great difference between Buttons's age and his own. The women said that he gave them no trouble, and was always ready to help, which was, indeed, true; but after a time the first bloom of his enthusiasm was a little faded, and there came a day when he stayed out-of-doors very late in the afternoon, on his way home from an errand. Jim Harris and some other friends had waylaid him, and they had been coasting together and time had flown faster than usual. Mrs. Forest had said more than once that Buttons must have a play day; but it was most unfortunate that he should have chosen an afternoon when Susan was already out and Thomas also; and although Bridget was very busy with some important sewing up-stairs, she and the unwilling cook had to share the duty of waiting upon the door. There were an unusual number of callers that afternoon, for one reason and another, and when naughty Buttons came in, with his eyes shining and the reddest cheeks in the world, he was shocked to find himself in deep disgrace. And when he was asked what he had done with Miss Alice's little leather belt-bag, which she had left on the table in the hall, he had not the least idea.

Mrs. Forest sent for him and spoke very kindly. She said he had been a very good boy and quick at learning, but he must be careful to know about his work, and to ask if he were wanted before he made plans with his playmates. She should take care that he had an afternoon to himself now and then; and he must remember what he saw, too, and must take charge of the hall whenever he was in it. They were afraid that the man who had come just after lunch to beg had stolen Miss Alice's pretty bag. There was money in it, and some concert tickets which she had taken great trouble to get. The little chain had broken that held the bag to its belt, and Miss Alice had taken it off, meaning to carry it down town to be mended when she went out again in the afternoon. Buttons must not let such people in. It was quite unsafe. "I do not wish to turn deserving people away," said the good woman, "but, if you will come to me, I will send a message so they can go to the proper place for work or help.

And as for those who would rather beg than work, we have nothing to give them, Buttons." But Buttons hardly understood. He wished he had come in sooner, and he knew that he ought not to have let the bag be stolen. He was very fond of Miss Alice, who was always so kind to him, and he went scampering down the kitchen stairs again, for fear she would appear. Towser, the good-natured great puppy, jumped and whined as if he wished to say that he ought to have gone out-doors to play that afternoon; but as for Nora she would not turn her head to look at little Dan, and he went softly to the place where his house clothes were kept and began to put them on.

"'Tis all along of that Harris boy," said Nora. "He's a young thief, that'll come to the gallows yet." And Dan thought she spoke of him, and flushed angrily; but as he went back to the kitchen he noticed that he had lost one of his shining buttons already, and he felt both guilty and penitent, and made up his mind not to make so much trouble again. They were all very good to him; only that morning Nora had baked him the best turnover he ever ate in his life.

It was the very next day that, while Dan was eating his dinner, the dining-room bell was rung as if somebody were in a great hurry.

"Where are my overshoes?" Miss Alice asked, as the boy made his appearance; and Buttons went confidently toward the hall closed.

"No, Miss Alice," he said, looking a little frightened. "I forgot to clean them and put them away. Thomas wanted me, and after I pulled them off and you went up-stairs, I put them down for a minute, right here by the chair, and then I forgot them. I did not mean to. Perhaps Thomas took them down-stairs."

But alas, Thomas knew nothing about them, nor any one else, and Dan's young mistress was in a great hurry to go out. It seemed to him that the witches must have had a hand in it; and since Miss Alice was late he was sent up to the corner of the street to call a cab for her, and he felt exactly as if he were going to cry, and did not feel happy again even when the good-natured driver asked him to get up on the box and drive back to the house.

That evening Mrs. Forest and Alice were sitting by the library fire, and after a while they let their books lie idle in their laps while they had a serious talk about Buttons. He was such a merry-looking little fellow, and so willing and

eager to help, and so entirely to be trusted in many ways, that it seemed a great pity he should be so careless; and, worse than that, it was not thought in the kitchen that he told the truth.

"I shall be so sorry to let him go away on his grandmother's account," said Alice, gravely. "Boys will be boys, Mamma, and I think if we have a little patience" --

"The worst thing about him is his playing with a Harris boy, Nora thinks," said Mrs. Forest. "She believes that these things which we have missed have been taken away and sold. Old Mrs. Kaley used to work for a fur shop, and I am afraid Dan knew the value of Mary Dean's muff only too well. The child has such honest eyes, though, it seems hardly possible he should have been such a little rascal; but if the older boy is bad he may have dared him to it. It was the very first day Dan came, you know."

"I can't believe it," said Alice, indignantly, "and Nora always takes the worst view of things. I heard her muttering this morning about having a little longears waiting round to hear every word that she said, and you know she professed great affection for Buttons at first. The Harris boy snow-balled her once, last Winter, Susan says, and she has never forgiven him. She was coming home from a funeral, and her best bonnet was quite ruined."

"We will do nothing about it for a week or two," said Mrs. Forest, laughing a little at poor Nora's mishap. "We will take pains to keep the child, if possible. He is already very useful, and saves everybody a great many steps, and you say that he is doing well at his lessons. Poor little man! We will not turn him adrift, if we can help ourselves; for, if his grandmother dies, he has not a friend in the world who could really take care of him; and that is a hard matter, when one is only a dozen years old."

But the next morning brought a story of further misdemeanors. It seemed that Nora had baked, and afterward frosted, a cake for lunch, and had put it aside to cool, and it had disappeared within half an hour. Buttons had been very angry when he was accused of the theft, and had been sulky, and, for the first time, a little saucy; at least, Nora felt that she had by no means been treated with respect. A little later, one of her slippers vanished. She had left them near the range when she had gone out to early service, and had not thought, in her hurry after she came in,

to take off her best boots. It was not a happy Saint's day* at all; and she came up to Mrs. Forest with a tale of woe.

Mrs. Forest was very busy with some letters, and was quite disturbed when Nora, who was an excellent cook, and had lived with her contentedly for many years, announced her intention of leaving after a fortnight, rather than be troubled by mischievous monkeys like Dan.

Luckily Susan appeared on the scene at that moment with the luncheon cake, which was half eaten already, and altogether spoiled. It had a strangely battered look as if it had been gnawed and rolled about the floor. "I found it in Buttons's room, beside the bed, ma'am," said Susan, much excited, and I would never believe anything against the child till now."

"And I that was cosseting him with every choice mouthful that was mine to give him," said poor Nora, raising her voice and the corner of her apron at once, "being a growing lad, and with a look like my sister's son that died. For an ungrateful young thief I never saw his match; and he up to his tricks every hour in the day."

"What in the world is Towser about under the sofa?" asked Mrs. Forest, suddenly. "What is he eating? Can you see, Susan?"

"Bless my heart," said Susan, who had knelt down promptly to get a good look at the dog. "If I live, it's your slipper, Nora; but its small use you'll ever have of it again." And she produced it, much mangled and defaced, to the great sorrow of its owner.

"It's a common trick with young dogs," said Susan, apologetically; for she was very fond of Towser.

"But I wonder if he has not been the plunderer all the time!" said Mrs. Forest, suddenly. "I remember now that I have often seen him playing with something or other. Do you think he could have carried away any of the other things we have been missing, Nora?"

All hatred of the Harris boy and suspicion of Buttons vanished at once.

"I believe myself that it was the dog and nobody else," cried the excited Nora. "Come away, Susan, to Danny's room, and we may find more beside the cake. I'll hunt the house over sooner than suspect an innocent lad." And presently the story was brought back that naughty Towser had crumbled his stolen cake all over the floor under

Danny's bed, and that one of Miss Alice's overshoes and a glove had been found behind a clothes-basket in the entry.

Buttons listened placidly to this explanation, and was grateful for an uncommonly good supper, by means of which Nora made her apologies. And it was several days before the muff came to light from behind a shavings barrel in the furnace cellar. It was not very much hurt, though Towser had evidently meant to have a great deal of fun with it later. Either he had forgotten it altogether or was saving it for a special holiday. The little bag was found, too; but he was not guilty of that; for it had been somehow pushed overboard and had gone down behind the heavy hall table into a crack which all the family said looked entirely too narrow to hold it.

Buttons thought everybody was very good to him. He still played with the Harris boy whenever he had the chance, for, if the truth must be told, Jim was not a bad boy at all. And Dan watched Towser faithfully, as an added duty and responsibility, and the dog grew steadier and wiser a great deal faster than any one would believe he could. Since he loved Danny better than he did anybody in the house, it is well he never knew how his friend was scolded and suspected for his own wrong doings.

"Indeed, 'tis a lesson to us all to be careful how we condemn the innocent," said Thomas that night at supper, and Buttons looked at him gravely, as if he meant to lay the lesson to heart as much as any one.

Notes

"Buttons" appeared in *The Independent* (36:27-8) August 7, 1884.

Saint's day: The story does not seem to make clear what day this is. Possibly it refers to All Saints Day on November 1, but it could be any particular saint in the Roman Catholic calendar of worship. Nora appears to be an Irish Catholic.

Misdirected Energy.

There is something ominous in the number of advertisements, in our most widely circulated papers, which offer scraps of silk for patchwork.* I have not a word to say about the quality of material which certain friends of mine have had in return for the money they have sent to these merchants. I am going to protest against the whole state of things that makes this business possible and profitable.

Several hundred years ago it was the custom for women to embroider tapestries, but they had many reasons for doing such work. In the first place there were very few shops, and almost all the cloth that was worn by a household had to be woven and shaped by the members of it; of course all the decoration and adornment of a fine house was necessarily simple and largely of home manufacture. The famous tapestries were almost always the work of the richest women, for they only were free from the incessant household work. In one way they had nothing else to do. Many could not read at all, and, if they could, they had, at best, only their prayer books and a handful of other volumes to spend their time upon; books that were not read so much for what we should call instruction, as for some half superstitious reverence for religious things. Repetition was more important than anything else to the average mind.

But now that our walls are already covered with neat papers, and our chairs are comfortably cushioned, why should we go on behaving as if we lived in houses with damp gray stone walls, and bare and comfortless furnishings? Why need so many women spend so much of their time in needlework which is quite unnecessary, and really not beautiful. [no question mark] It does not merit admiration when a woman has not one single decent photograph or picture of any sort in her house, and goes on year after year eagerly copying the latest fashions in tidies. More money goes in such ways in the course of five years than would put some beautiful thing within her reach that would be a constant joy and education. Our taste grows by what it feeds upon; and a piece of good sense in the way of ornament puts all the nonsense to shame.

I believe in having pretty colors in a room. I believe in making it dainty and attractive and home-like as we can; but if anybody asked me what I thought the best way to begin, I should answer *by reading*.

This will seem quite apart to some people from any connection with fancy work, but this is what I mean; we must take some way of providing ourselves with the best ideas. If I go into a library, or even stand before one small shelf of well chosen books, this is the thing I think of which has more force for me every year. Here are the records of what the best thinkers* have thought and observed about life and its successes and failures. Some of us may live in the same town with a very wise and charming man or woman; we may even have a very helpful and suggestive person under the same roof; but all of us can be on the most intimate terms of friendship with the best men and women of all ages, if we will read what they have written and printed for us, and left as a legacy for our use. The followers of the Old Testament and of the New, have also left testaments for us to read, and some of the wise men and women of our own day are telling us what they think of great questions of modern society. If we do live in the same town with them, they may be so busy with their work that we ought not to claim much of their time, but we can read what they say and be better for it, and gain the closest sort of friendship with them.

Most people think that reading is simply a thing to be enjoyed, to make an idle hour pass pleasantly; but, while that is a part of the mission of literature, it is only a small part. I am sure that we forget often that we first of all must read for the sake of learning something, and making ourselves more intelligent. I suppose that one of the very first aims of every writer is to make what he has to say as pleasant and attractive as possible. The food of our minds must be palatable, but we must bring an appetite to the feast, Fortunately we all have a certain instinct at first toward what belongs to us, as animals do for their proper food; but, unfortunately, a large part of the reading public never becomes civilized in its literary taste. When we see some of the great piles of absurd, if not shameful, literature that occupy much of the space on every news-stand, it is impossible not to feel that the readers of it are like the Digger Indians* and their kindred, who live on dirt and vermin.

But those who really have a proper liking for good books sometimes read far less than they ought, because they are always thinking that other things must be done first. It is because fancy work steals so much of the time that reading ought to have, that I want some of my readers to find fault with it. There is too little strength and vigor in American women,* and it is a pity any of it should be wasted. We are in this world for the sake of growth and development in spiritual

things -- for the sake of profiting by the experience of life; we ought to learn something, and grow a little, mentally and spiritually, every day of our lives; we ought to be continually elevating our uses and enlarging our horizons. *

Since this is true, ought we to spend a great proportion of our time in doing things that, to all intents and purposes, leave us just where they find us? Every woman has some work to do, some care to take and provision to make, some duties for every day; a certain routine, which whether profitable or unprofitable, uses a great part of her time. Then there comes an hour when she can do what she pleases. Perhaps it is only a few minutes in the morning or at night, but the free time is always ours -- longer or shorter.

Now, if a person lives in a small town and has to be busy in her own house, to look after her family's wants, she sometimes feels shut in to a small circle of things. She grows tired of her little round of duties, and fretful, perhaps, and looks a little way up and down the street, as if she were a bird in a cage. She has a great deal of happiness as she goes along, but still she has times of wondering if she will ever get her work done, and *get ahead* of things, to a place where she can take a long breath.

Perhaps some neighbor with a great deal more free time shows her triumphantly a great silk quilt which she has been making, and our poor friend feels as if she really ought to make one too. Everybody has a silk quilt, and so her own few tired evening hours are spent in a desire to rival the tempting piece of work. Perhaps she stitches and fits it together with aching back and stiff fingers and smarting eyes, and it is something to talk about when friends come in, and at last it is done; but after it has been shown to everybody, and its maker has seen a new pattern which is ever so much more to her taste, she puts it away because she doesn't really have a use for it. There is all her time and strength wasted; next year there is a fashion for making elaborate tidies, and she struggles to do those too, and her sitting-room is tangled in worsted works of strange shapes and discordant colors, and life grows less and less interesting, and, when its emergencies come, she somehow is overthrown by them, instead of being their conqueror. When she hears her husband or some of her own friends talk about the events of the time, or some new book, she feels stupid and left out, and wishes she had a little time for reading. On the parlor table are some books she had before she was married -- she used to be a good scholar at school -

- and there are two or three great useless volumes she has bought at the door, not because they could tell her anything that it was important for her to know, but because they had ornamental covers.

I wish everybody would read three or four good novels every year, if only for the sake of seeing something of people in other situations of life. It is a great pleasure to know some of the characters in Mrs. Oliphant's stories,* for instance; to be familiar with the pretty English houses they live in, and to follow them through their perplexities, and interests and little excitements. I wish, when we find things in our story books that we don't understand, we could make notes of them, and look up the explanation or details in somebody's encyclopædia. I wish we got new ideas about our everyday work; there are plenty of wise people trying to help us cook better and more economically, and telling us what we ought to know -- *we*, in our familiar homes. Some of the greatest scholars in the world have been men and women who were very busy about other things than books through almost the whole of their waking hours. Newspapers are a help, but they don't take the place of good books. It is only by getting at new ideas -- finding out what wiser people than we think about life in its different aspects -- that we shall grow and be really fit to settle the great problems of existence. So, if we must stay at home, let us go traveling with General Gordon or Stanley,*or some of the brave men who are real missionaries wherever they go, no matter whether it is north or south or east or west. The way to make our houses beautiful is to fill them and their ordering with a large and intelligent spirit. If we only think scraps of worsted and patchwork, we shall forever go on making them; if we think books and pictures and simple coverings and charming colors and attractive economies, instead of repellant extravagances, we shall go on finding these and putting them in their places in our homes. It is not for nothing that there are so many delightful biographies nowadays, and that they are made so much more interesting every year; they are an outgrowth of civilization, and are meant for us to take pattern by. To match our age there are thousands of books; to match the condition of the ancient queens of France there were the crewels and the tambour frames and the ambitious schemes for making tapestries. Machinery does so much of the work of our houses so much more cheaply than we can do it ourselves, I will do better things; I will climb the next step and the next. It is going back too far and hindering ourselves too much, putting ourselves into wrong relations

with our time, to use our precious leisure in making patchwork tapestries, or in doing anything which is of so little real use or ornament, and makes such waste of our half hours and our strength.

Notes

"Misdirected Energy" appeared in *The Congregationalist*, Thursday Oct. 9, 1884 p. 333, first page of this issue. This text is made available courtesy of the Newberry Library.

patchwork: pieces of fabric for fitting together decorative tops of quilts.

tidies: A receptacle for sewing materials, odds and ends. Probably in this case, Jewett refers to pieces of fancywork used to protect parts of a chair or sofa from wear and dirt.

best thinkers: See Matthew Arnold's preface to *Literature and Dogma*. "Matthew Arnold, b. Dec. 24, 1822, d. Apr. 15, 1888, was a major Victorian poet, the principal English literary critic of his generation, an important commentator on society and culture, and an effective government official. His father was Thomas Arnold, the headmaster of Rugby School." (Source: *Grolier Multimedia Encyclopedia*).

Digger Indians: The *Grolier Multimedia Encyclopedia* identifies Digger Indians as the Paiute, "North American Indians who were traditionally divided into northern and southern groups that spoke different Shoshonean languages. The Northern Paiute occupied portions of Oregon, Idaho, Nevada, and California; the Southern Paiute were in parts of Utah, Arizona, Nevada, and California. Sparse food resources in the Great Basin area forced the Northern Paiute to live in small groups. Temporary leaders were chosen for rabbit drives, war, and dance festivities. Individual families lived in sagebrush or rush huts, called wickiups. They made a variety of twined and coiled baskets adapted for seed collecting, processing, and storage. The Southern Paiute subsisted principally by digging for roots, although those occupying the high plateau skirting the Grand Canyon area planted maize and squash in irrigated fields." Clearly this account relates only remotely to Jewett's reference to the Diggers as "living on dirt and vermin." It appears Jewett has accepted uncritically the widespread view that at least some of the Paiutes lived at a low level of civilization. In November of 1884, *The American Missionary* (38:11) reported: "The Digger Indians, were until a few years

ago, considered the most ignorant and least intelligent human beings on the Pacific coast. Those who live on Rancho Chico have now been educated in civilized ways. They have learned to read and write almost as well as white people; and some have even become musicians. They recently gave an entertainment in San Francisco, under the care of their instructors" (326). Another "Indian" note on the same page tells of Sarah Winnemunca, "daughter of a chief of the Piutes," giving a lecture in Virginia City. These notes give some idea of the complexity of how whites thought and wrote about Indians at this time. Jewett's reference stands out here, because in other texts, such as "Tame Indians" (1875) and "York Garrison" (1886), she seems at pains to emphasize the humanity and culture of Native Americans. A likely source for Jewett's "information" is *California Sketches, Second Series* (1883) by O. P. Fitzgerald, available on-line as a Gutenberg ebook. The second sketch, on "The Diggers," opens:

> The Digger Indian holds a low place in the scale of humanity. He is not intelligent; he is not handsome; he is not very brave. He stands near the foot of his class, and I fear he is not likely to go up any higher. It is more likely that the places that know him now will soon know him no more, for the reason that he seems readier to adopt the bad white man's whisky and diseases than the good white man's morals and religion. Ethnologically he has given rise to much conflicting speculation, with which I will not trouble the gentle reader. He has been in California a long time, and he does not know that he was ever anywhere else. His pedigree does not trouble him; he is more concerned about getting something to eat. It is not because he is an agriculturist that he is called a Digger, but because he grabbles for wild roots, and has a general fondness for dirt. I said he was not handsome, and when we consider his rusty, dark-brown color, his heavy features, fishy black eyes, coarse black hair, and clumsy gait, nobody will dispute the statement. But one Digger is uglier than another, and an old squaw caps the climax....
>
> The Digger has a good appetite, and he is not particular about his eating. He likes grasshoppers, clover, acorns, roots, and fish. The flesh of a dead mule, horse, cow, or hog, does not come amiss to him--I mean the flesh of such as die natural deaths. He eats what he can get, and all he can get. In the grasshopper season he is fat and flourishing. In the suburbs of Sonora I came one day upon a lot of squaws, who were engaged in catching

> grasshoppers. Stretched along in line, armed with thick branches of pine, they threshed the ground in front of them as they advanced, driving the grasshoppers before them in constantly increasing numbers, until the air was thick with the flying insects. Their course was directed to a deep gully, or gulch, into which they fell exhausted. It was astonishing to see with what dexterity the squaws would gather them up and thrust them into a sort of covered basket; made of willow-twigs or tule-grass, while the insects would be trying to escape; but would fall back unable to rise above the sides of the gulch in which they had been entrapped. The grasshoppers are dried, or cured, for winter use. A white man who had tried them told me they were pleasant eating, having a flavor very similar to that of a good shrimp. (I was content to take his word for it.)

American women: The idea that American women were especially weak, delicate, unhealthy was widely expressed in the late 19th century. One helpful source on this topic is Chapter 2 of Dale M. Bauer, editor, *The Yellow Wallpaper* by Charlotte Perkins Gilman. New York: Bedford/St. Martin's, 1998.

enlarging our horizons: This theme recurs in much of Jewett's early writing; the language here echoes Ralph Waldo Emerson's in "Self-Reliance" (1841) and H. D. Thoreau's in *Walden* (1854).

Mrs. Oliphant's stories: Margaret Oliphant (1828-97) was a Scots writer of over 100 books.

General Gordon or Stanley: Probably, Jewett refers to Charles George Gordon (1833-1885). Gordon was a British war hero, who fought in the Crimean War (1853-56), the Second Opium War in China (1860), and eventually died in the siege of Khartoum. Jewett may have admired him especially for his activity in suppressing the slave trade and keeping order while he was governor-general of the Sudan (1877-1880). Almost certainly she refers to Sir Henry Morton Stanley (1841-1904) "a British-American journalist and explorer who achieved fame in 1871, when he found the Scottish missionary and explorer David Livingstone." (Source: *Grolier Multimedia Encyclopedia*).

Town Clerks

EVERY year of my life I find myself sorrier that I did not get into the habit, when I was growing up, of making notes of the facts and fancies that interested me. My father had an immense fund of knowledge of the local history and tradition of our native town, and I was always very much interested in what he had to say. During a long experience of practice as a physician he had an excellent opportunity to make himself acquainted with what information belonged both to his contemporaries and the generation before his own. Beside him I had several friends who were very old people and whom I used to like to visit because they were so entertaining with their stories of the old times: of their own childhood and the people who had borne the same relations to them as they did to me. But the years went by, and now I would give anything if I had kept at least some of the very valuable knowledge which has utterly perished with my elders and betters just because I had not enough wisdom and forethought to now and then write a half-page of records. I remember vaguely the once familiar stories which used to delight me, but I cannot tell them again with accuracy, or be sure of many dates or names which I should be more than glad to turn to in some little note book. There are some persons who have the power of memory developed to a marvelous degree -- who are living encyclopædias, and who are rarely to be caught tripping in any statement. But these are by no means common and are very apt early in life to direct their gift into some special channel. If that is not the case they just let their lives drift on without anyplace -- their minds are like ragbags out of which one may sometimes pull a piece of cloth which is large enough for some use, but where most of the contents are utterly worthless; conspicuous only for their quantity. And these persons who have never trained and employed their memories cannot be depended upon as recorders, so we will count them out of this plan. Most of us can remember pretty well the things which most closely concern us and which minister to our chief interests -- that is, we remember them for a time and then, if they are not great leading facts, but only details and suggestions, they fade away. It is a great deal better as Hamerton* says, to have a selecting memory than a miscellaneous one, which holds no end of useless matter, but for all that we waste and lose a great many things it would be for other people's advantage if not our own, to keep. Perhaps we can apply this thought to other

things afterward, but first I should like to gather a Company of Town Clerks. Every town elects a man to keep the records because people have long ago found out that they cannot get on comfortably without a systematic registration of the most important facts of their history. If you go to the town clerk's office -- I am speaking first of all to country boys and girls -- you will be surprised to find that the town has been keeping a sort of diary ever since it was a town at all, and I dare say that you will take the oldest volume in your hands first and turn over its yellow leaves with a good deal of reverence. The early records will seem very interesting to you, and you will find your own family name perhaps, before you have read the first page, and then will look with great eagerness to see what your grandfather and his grandfather were busy about. There will be the record of their births and marriages and deaths perhaps and you can piece out the outlines of your family history. I shall not say much about these old books because if you really care about them you will go to the town clerk and ask if you may look at his little library very carefully -- and if you don't think it worth while to spend your time in this way, there is no use in my trying to persuade you. Perhaps you will think you have spent an hour very wisely, and will begin to understand one of the ways in which people fit themselves for the writing of history. If you should go into any of the great storehouses of English records you would be pretty sure to find several persons busily at work over the great volumes, some making notes from the documents of the time of Queen Anne and some reading carefully the worn and crumbling parchments which gave his title to the Master of Rolls.* These gentlemen and ladies will spend many days in such research if they are going to write a chapter of English history, and there are certain periods when partisanship and rival factions in politics have left opposing accounts of people and events, so that the historians of today are still taking sides, and Queen Elizabeth and Queen Mary of Scots,* for example, are rivals yet, with troops of faithful followers. Many a lie has been given to the keeping of these faithful pages and while vexed questions puzzle the scholars, which the brown pages could easily have been made to answer, they tell no secrets -- they are deaf and dumb -- the old record books, though we cannot help thinking they have a certain wisdom of their own and are conscious of the past. But, to come back to our own time, here in America; I cannot help feeling that there ought to be more than one clerk for every town. The one who is regularly appointed can do all the most important business;

can go- to the town-meetings and make out the marriage licenses and do all that sort of thing, but he will be sure to leave out a good many things that people will like to remember, and to make sure of a great many years from now, when we are dead and gone. I said at first that I was so sorry that I did not write down some of the dates and stories which my old friends used to tell me, and so I am going to urge you to profit by my regret. Every boy and girl will readily think of some friend who can remember what happened a great many years ago -- perhaps it will be your own grandfather or grandmother, and your eyes shine as you think how many times they have told you stories of their childhood and youth, and of the men and women who were most interesting and important then. Now, don't get a sheet of paper and sit down before the dear old souls as if you were going to insist upon their making their wills or to do some other uncomfortable things; don't say to them: "Who did you use to know and how old was he?" or attack them in any foolish way. When some evening has been spent most pleasantly in talking about old times, and they have been exercising their memories in a most delightful way both for your sake and their own, just try to see how much you can save for yourself; try to write down all you can think of easily. Perhaps they will begin by saying how the village has grown in the last fifty years; how the place where somebody's fine house stands now was a bit of rough pasture land, and then they will go on to tell you who cleared that up and built a little house when he was married, and then you can ask whom *he* married and will quickly learn all the fortunes of the family. You will be perfectly amazed to find out how much that is interesting has happened to that one small piece of land -- how many people have owned it -- or else the varied successes and misfortunes which have come to those who have lived there, three generations it may be, since your grandfather was a boy. There are two good sides to spending an evening in this way -- you will be sure to learn something and it will give pleasure to the one who entertains you -- besides this, you will be making it easy for yourself to be accurate in making notes and in paying attention to a speaker, and these things will be most valuable to you all your life long. I remember my father saying to me when I was a little child that I must get into a firm habit of listening carefully if I tried to listen at all, else I should not be able to listen to or remember the things I really cared to keep. It used to seem to me very stupid and unnecessary when people talked to me about disciplining my mind, but I have

learned now what they meant and how hard it is to do without such discipline. It is to have one's mind under control, to be able to use it, and to make it work accurately. There are some lessons at school which are very uninteresting while one is studying them, but because you insist upon your memory holding fast the truths of them, and your reason working with the rules of them -- you can take up any studies of the same sort afterward with very little difficulty. If you can't learn to play one game of marbles you will probably bungle at all, and if you can't muster enough cleverness of fingers and sense of harmony to manage one set of scales and exercises on the piano you will probably never make a musician. I don't believe that we all need aim at being historians, yet I am sure we should not be sorry if we began to fill a little blank book with bits of interesting fact about the history of our own towns, of their most noted men, and most striking events. By and by when you are grown up it may happen that somebody in the family will say, "Now, Grandmother could have told us all about that -- she used to speak of it often, but I have only a vague recollection of the story." Then you will suddenly remember the little record book, and find it on a top shelf with its pages written in your childish hand which seems already unfamiliar, and there will be the few lines which it will be such a satisfaction to have. Perhaps it may be very important to somebody else if not to you. I am not sure that it is wise to keep a diary, for most of us have not anything that is worth writing about in every one of our days, but I do believe that it is worth while to have a sort of journal where we can keep some account of the most important things, if only for the pleasure we shall have in looking them over by and by. There are many charming books which the world would have been sorry to miss -- that were made up in just this way, of personal reminiscences, and notes of men and things -- and a few like Mr. White's History of Selborne* which is a plain record of a very small English village and its wild birds and animals and out-of-door life. You have no idea how much more interesting it will make the whole world to you if you carefully acquaint yourself with the smallest part of it. Don't try to make a fine story out of what conversation you hear. Just begin by putting down short notes -- or if you find you can remember part of a long series of reminiscences write them on alternate lines of your page and when you hear the account repeated you can fill in the gaps. Your friend will be pleased enough if you ask within a day or two whether his grand-uncle's name was John or Jonas, or whether it was 1822

when he saw the town in such gala dress and was one of the great procession and took part in the festivities in honor of Lafayette* -- or whether it was your great uncle or his, who was taken prisoner and carried to the island of Jamaica in the war of 1812. And you will find out about the old ministers and doctors of the town -- and a great many things well worth keeping. I can't begin to tell you all the advantages it will be -- first to listen carefully, then to make written notes, and most of all to tell things yourself just as they are, with certainty and simplicity. It will do you more good than formal compositions and you will soon learn to discriminate between worthless incidents and valuable ones -- though I advise you always to follow your own instincts and write exactly what seems most important to you at the time. Tell about yourself and what you do if you think it will be wise to know the true facts in the case twenty years after. You won't care to know that the Fourth of July, 1884, was a pleasant day, but you will care to remind yourself that you were this figure or that in the Antiques and Horribles.* When you read that you will remember the whole day well enough. Certain facts are the keys to whole store-rooms in your memory, and those are the ones to be written down carefully in your best round hand. But this is all about being your own clerk: I hope you won't forget to be assistant town clerks as well, and rescue every bit of the town history you can find, floating about in the river of everyday talk.

Notes

"Town Clerks" appeared in a special volume "T" of *Wide Awake*, Boston: D. Lothrop & Co., 1885, pp. 13-15. The volume was prepared for the Chautauqua Young Folks Reading Union, "the young people's branch of the Chautauqua movement for popular home education." The introduction to the volume opens:

> As the C.Y.F.R.U. is now beginning what in institutions of learning (one of which we are, of course) is called "the scholastic year," it may be well to explain its designs and plans, for the benefit of our new readers. It is an endeavor to provide for young people, boys and girls, the opportunities which the great C.L.S.C., “the College at Home,” gives to the older people: namely, a course of reading which will at once interest and instruct, and give acquaintance with the most important departments of knowledge. This is given partly in this JOURNAL and in the magazine WIDE AWAKE, and partly in a number of selected books, apart from the magazines. The course is

> carefully prepared to include subjects concerning which a well-read boy or girl needs to know. Upon these subjects articles are prepared in serial form, giving variety to the readings, and leading the student from month to month through interesting and instructive papers, illustrated whenever pictures are useful. No person can even glance over the list of topics in the Required Readings of the last twelve months without noticing their range and the value of the knowledge contained in them. Three years of careful reading in the course of the C.Y.F.R.U. will give no light education; and that, too, with ease and without severe study; for the course can be read in twenty minutes a day.

Encarta (1998) describes the Chautauqua movement, an "adult education movement founded in the United States. Combining education, recreation, and religion, the movement took its name from Chautauqua Lake, New York, on whose shores the first, and by far the most successful, of the Chautauqua schools was founded. There, in 1874, American Methodist Bishop John Heyl Vincent set up a Sunday school teachers assembly designed to 'utilize the general demand for summer rest by uniting daily study with healthful recreation.' The project was so successful that other denominations joined the assembly. Additional features, including popular lectures, concerts, readings, and social entertainment, were soon added, and the program opened to the general public. In 1878 the Chautauqua Literary and Scientific Circle, designed to give year-round service to local study groups, was set up, and in 1882 a correspondence school division, one of the first of its kind in the country, was established." The text of "Town Clerks" is available by courtesy of the University of New England Maine Women Writers Collection.

Hamerton: Philip Gilbert Hamerton (1834-1894), English artist and art critic, explains his distinction between two kinds of memory in "Letter X" in *The Intellectual Life* (1873).

Queen Anne … title to the Master of Rolls: Anne (1665-1714) was queen of England (1702-14), the last sovereign of the house of Stuart. *Encarta* identifies the Master of the Rolls as the president of the Civil Division of the English Court of Appeal, the last court of appeal in a civil judgment. A subsequent appeal can be made to the House of Lords.

Queen Elizabeth and Queen Mary of Scots: Mary Stuart (1542-1587) was queen of Scotland from her birth until 1568, when she was forced to abdicate in favor of her son, James

VI, who eventually became King James I of England. Because of complexities of religion and politics, the Catholic Mary's reign was precarious. Upon her abdication, she sought refuge with the Protestant Queen of England, Elizabeth I (1533-1603; reign 1558-1603). The politically and religiously charged rivalry between the two queens eventually led to Elizabeth ordering Mary's execution for treason.

Mr. White's History of Selborne: Gilbert White (1720-1793), though a fellow at Oriel College, Oxford, lived most of his life at Selbourne, in England, as a curate, where he could follow his avocations of naturalist and writer. His correspondence with Daines Barrington grew into the *Natural History and Antiquities of Selbourne* (1788).

whether it was 1822 … Lafayette: The French Marquis de Lafayette (1757-1834) was an enormously popular hero in the United States after his participation in the American Revolution of 1776. The Marquis and Marquise de Lafayette made a grand tour of the United States in 1825. Jewett makes use of the event in her children's story, "Peg's Little Chair," which appeared in *Wide Awake* in 1891.

war of 1812:: The *Grolier Multimedia Encyclopedia* says, "The War of 1812 was fought between the United States and Great Britain from June 1812 to the spring of 1815, although the peace treaty ending the war was signed in Europe in December 1814. The main land fighting of the war occurred along the Canadian border, in the Chesapeake Bay region, and along the Gulf of Mexico; extensive action also took place at sea." Jewett's grandfather, Theodore Furber Jewett was captured from his American merchant ship during the War of 1812 and held briefly on the Dartmoor prison ship at Bristol, England (Blanchard, *Sarah Orne Jewett*, p. 8).

Antiques and Horribles: The Antiques and Horribles was once a common part of the celebration of the American Independence Day on July 4. It consisted of a procession of masked and costumed figures, often including Uncle Sam, the Yankee cartoon figure dressed in top-hat, stars and stripes often used to graphically represent the United States. Julia Ward Howe (1819-1910) observes in her essay, "How to Celebrate the Fourth of July":

> "Removing to Boston some ten years later, I found the night of the third of July rendered almost sleepless by the shrill gamut of gunpowder discharges. The ringing of bells and the booming of cannon destroyed the last chance of

an early morning nap, and in self-defense most people left their beds and went forth to see what could be seen. This was some-times a mock procession of the Antiques and Horribles, so called in parody of the Ancient and Honorable Artillery, so well known in and about Boston."

Bed-Room Book-Shelves

"You know the time-honored joke about my family?" my friend asked, looking up with a droll smile. "They say that we never go to bed and never get up." "Yes," I answered, "but the world will never accept the fact that there are two classes of people – those who are at their best when they wake early in the morning and then run down like clocks, and those who are at their worst and weakest and dullest when sleep is just over, but are gradually winding themselves up all day, so that when evening comes they are equal to anything. The trouble is that the morning people are such a majority that they rule society and make all its laws. The evening people are obliged – poor things – to get up and have breakfast when they do and drag themselves out to keep early appointments, and when they come to their happy evening and are wide awake and blooming like primroses, all the morning people are stupid and sleepy and unsympathetic." My friend sighed and nodded. "There is so little provision made for us," she said. "It seems really quite heartless. Last week I was paying a visit at the W.'s. You know how charming the house is?" "And how charming they are," I added. "Yes; and though they are morning people they can not help that, dear souls! Only I found them getting sleepy just before 10, and said good night out of sheer affection, for I was just ready to enjoy myself. I went upstairs and meant to delight myself in reading for an hour or two. Alas! I had left my own book at home; something, too, that I was uncommonly interested in. It was a great blow, but I looked confidently round that luxurious room, and found everything needed to make me comfortable except books; so I went to bed and laid awake, as I always do, until between 12 and 1." "How odd," said I, "for they are famous readers. And even morning people themselves often like to read when they wake too early." "And one likes to find a clever book to take up in the daytime. You know that guests often like to hide themselves in their rooms, and it is a great satisfaction to the hostess to have them do so. On a longish visit, I mean; when the affairs of the household have to go on as usual, I think there should be a comfortable couch and a table where one can write, in every guest-chamber. And a little shelf of books and a magazine or two." "One might guess at the preferences of the coming guest and arrange the books specially, some new ones and some old ones. Miss Thackeray's "Village on the Cliff,"* Mrs. Rutherford's "Children," and Thoreau's "Cape Cod," or one

of Burroughs' books[,] something of Mrs. Oliphant's, and Thackeray's "Roundabout Papers." Tennyson's poems, one of the Carlyle volumes, Longfellow's "Evangeline." Dear me, how easy to make a list!" "But, after all, some people would never touch them," said I. "Then the books should be there to stare them in the face all the more," said my friend, decidedly.["]

Notes

The earliest known publication of this essay is in the Household Department of the *Inter-Ocean from Chicago*, Sunday, November 21, 1886, p. 19. The essay also appeared in the *Columbus Journal* (9 March 1887, p. 4), from which this text is transcribed.

Miss Thackeray's "Village on the Cliff": The works Jewett mentions include *The Village on the Cliff* appeared (1871) by British author Anne Isabella Thackeray, Lady Ritchie (1837-1919), the eldest daughter of the novelist William Makepeace Thackeray. and

Mrs. Rutherford's "Children": Wikipedia says, "Susan Bogert Warner (1819-1885), was an American evangelical writer of religious fiction, children's fiction, and theological works. Born in New York City, she wrote, under the name of "Elizabeth Wetherell," thirty novels, many of which went into multiple editions. However, her first novel, *The Wide, Wide World* (1850), was the most popular." *Mrs. Rutherford's Children* was published in 1853.

Thoreau's "Cape Cod": Henry David Thoreau's (1817-1862) *Cape Cod* appeared in 1865.

one of Burroughs' books: Wikipedia says, "John Burroughs (1837-1921) was an American naturalist and nature essayist, active in the U.S. conservation movement. The first of his essay collections was *Wake-Robin* in 1871."

something of Mrs. Oliphant's: Wikipedia says, "Margaret Oliphant Wilson Oliphant ... (1828-1897), was a Scottish novelist and historical writer, who usually wrote as Mrs. Oliphant. Her fictional works encompass 'domestic realism, the historical novel and tales of the supernatural."

"Thackeray's "Roundabout Papers": Wikipedia says, William Makepeace Thackeray ...(1811-1863) was an English novelist of the 19th century. He is famous for his satirical works, particularly *Vanity Fair*, a panoramic portrait

of English society." *The Roudabout Papers* (1863) appeared originally as columns in *Cornhill Magazine*.

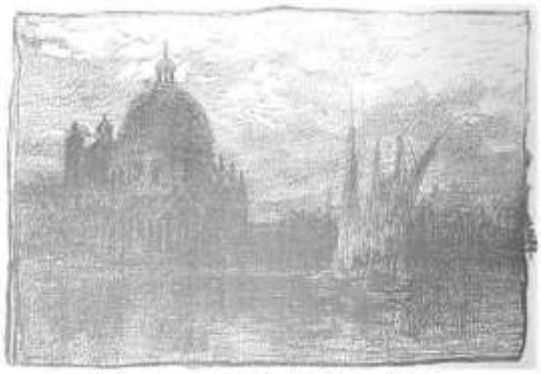
*Tennyson's poem*s: Wikipedia says, "Alfred Tennyson, 1st Baron Tennyson, FRS (1809-1892) was Poet Laureate of Great Britain and Ireland during much of Queen Victoria's reign and remains one of the most popular British poets."

one of the Carlyle volumes: Wikipedia says: "Thomas Carlyle (1795-1881) was a Scottish philosopher, satirical writer, essayist, historian and teacher. Considered one of the most important social commentators of his time, he presented many lectures during his lifetime with certain acclaim in the Victorian era."

Longfellow's "Evangeline": *Evangeline, A Tale of Acadie* (1847) is an epic poem by the American poet, Henry Wadsworth Longfellow (1807-1882).

An Artist's Search for the Picturesque

Here is ideal book-making brought to fortunate realization, a writer of stories is able to illustrate them with charming pictures, and to design his own book cover. The artist's sure hand, quick eye and good taste show themselves everywhere in Mr. Hopkinson Smith's "Well-Worn Roads,"* which is certainly one of the handsomest and most companionable books of the new year. It is eminently suggestive of Christmas. There is a kind of generosity in its size and excellence, yet after reading it through delightedly, the only fault one can find is that it cannot be carried about in one's pocket. The gabled roofs and the canals of Holland, the dome of the *Salute* and the palaces of Venice, with groups of fishing boats, the Moorish arches and brilliant sunshine of Spain; all these are familiar enough, yet they are reproduced for us here in such a manner as to leave out the conventional aspect of things. They suddenly awaken many reminiscences; they are as different from the usual pictures of Venice, for example, as a live flower is different from a pressed one; the subtle link that makes a likeness truly part of the thing itself is not broken here. It is not only Mr. Hopkinson Smith's clever choice of subject, or his accuracy of detail, especially in the recognition of shadows and reflections, but his most sympathetic reading between the lines of the brush, of the sentiment of the place he sees and paints. Some of the smaller sketches are delightful examples of his power of suggestiveness: the flask of Chianti with two old Venetian glasses, even the Amsterdam cab; but perhaps most of all, on page 57, the high-peaked sails of the fruit-boats, like birds' wings ready for flight, seen against the anchored, immovable dome of the *Salute*.



A Glimpse of Venice. From "Well-Worn Roads." [Houghton, Mifflin & Co.]

The larger illustrations are full of bright colors, especially those of Spain and Venice. The heat and light of summer weather are made very evident. This is the first time that the Lewis process* (known best to the public through the reproduction of Mr. Vedder's "Omar Khayyam" illustrations),* has been used in reproducing watercolors, and the result is surprisingly good. But whatever praise can be given to the beauty and suggestiveness of the pictures of "Well-Worn Roads," the text is even better. Such charming short sketches have not been printed for many a day, with their delicate characterization and touches of humor and true pathos. It was a pretty idea to give the reader a glimpse of the circumstances under which each of the pictures was painted, and one presses forward in spirit to the front of every elbowing crowd that gathers to look over the artist's shoulder. May we long remember the touching incident of that sad little gray nun who stood guard over the beleaguered easel, and revealed a renounced acquaintance with the use of rose-madder!* There is a great temptation to give a hint of the charm of each story; the dramatic legal proceedings about the gondola-top; the gondolier and his little lame daughter; the gypsy dance, and the cab-studio in Amsterdam; but many readers, if they are wise, will discover for themselves the author's unconscious betrayals of his good fellowship and knowledge of human nature.

A Bit of Holland. From "Well Worn Roads." [Houghton, Mifflin & Co.]

"Well-Worn Roads," by F. Hopkinson Smith, [Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1 vol., folio, $15.00.]

Notes

This review of *Well-Worn Roads* by F. Hopkinson Smith appeared *in The Book Buyer 3,2 (1 December 1886), 437-439.*

Santa Maria della Salute: "(English: Saint Mary of Health), commonly known simply as the Salute, is a Roman Catholic church and minor basilica located in the Dorsoduro sestiere of the Italian city of Venice." (Wikipedia)

Rubaiyat of Omar Khayyam, The Astronomer-Poet of Persia Rendered into English Verse by Edward FitzGerald with an Accompaniment of Drawings by Elihu Vedder A description of this book from a bookseller's advertisement:

> Houghton, Mifflin and Company (Bernard Quaritch, London), Boston, 1884. Hard Cover.... Illustrated by Elihu Vedder (illustrator). First Edition Thus. 1. Photo-lithograph plates (56) With ornamental Title-page and 56 magnificent full-page Illustrations by Elihu Vedder, reproduced by the Lewis phototype process. Printed at the Riverside Press, Cambridge, Massachusetts. Medium brown flat-weave cloth over beveled boards; front cover with gilt-ruled borders, symbolist design of vase, vine, swirl and stars, and titling 'Rubaiyat of Omar Khayyam' and 'Drawings by Elihu Vedder'; rear cover without decoration; spine with gilt-ruled borders, floral ornaments, and titling 'Rubaiyat of Omar Khayyam'; illustrator's facsimile signature, gilt, on front cover, lower right "V."; grey coated endpapers with grapevine decoration; [also issued uniform in grey]. t.e.g. Detailed collation: 2 Frontis; 3 Title; 6 Pictorial Imprint; 7 Pictorial dedication; 10 Pictorial Fly-title; 11-103 Text of Third Edition; 106 Pictorial Note; 107-111 Notes, within ornamental border; 114-122 Appendix: -- Omar Khayyam (by FitzGerald); 123-126 Notes on the Text; 127 List of Illustrations (56). [Potter 201][Morris & Levin 92]. From the moment of its publication, Elihu Vedder's Rubáiyát of Omar Khayyám achieved unparalleled success. The first edition appeared in Boston on 8 November 1884; six days later, it was sold out. Critics rushed to acclaim it as a masterwork of American art, and Vedder (1836-1923) as the master American artist. [Smithsonian American Art Museum].

Lewis process: A review of *The Mahogany Tree* by W. M. Thackeray in the New York *Tribune* for Thursday 12 December 1886, p. 6, describes the Lewis phototype process: "a modification of the albertype, in which the gelatine of the plate is made harder with a view to stronger contrasts in the printing."

Rose Madder: "The commercial name sometimes used to designate a paint made from the pigment Madder Lake -- a traditional lake pigment, extracted from the common madder plant *Rubia tinctorum*." (Wikipedia)

Getting Things Done

This is a busy and distracting world! One is so apt to forget things and it is very trying to have no excuse but forgetfulness. Here is a little prescription for young memories -- well-meaning memories that wish to keep the smaller duties of life well in mind. Let us call the patient John (there are a good many Johns in America just growing up and troubled about many things). John has an aunt beside his father and mother, to remind him of his work and he goes to school and has his lessons to think of beside his engagements with the other boys. These are most apt to be remembered, but he really means to do the things he ought to do. One night he goes to bed quite sorrowful in his mind. His mother had asked him to get some buttons in the village at the store next but one to the schoolhouse, so that she could finish his new striped shirts. John forgot them; he wanted his new shirts too. His father told him to speak for Mr. Chase's red horse for the next two days to help in the farm work. John forgot that, and the red horse was promised to somebody else and he forgot the kindling-wood which he usually brought before he went away in the morning, he forgot to mend the hencoop where he had seen a slat loosened, and the chickens got out and travelled through the flower-garden. Nobody else had seen the slat and it was his affair; he really did mean to remember to take the hammer and a nail or two when he went through the yard again. Yes, and his aunt asked him to look out some words in the big dictionary at school -- at last poor John got discouraged and wondered what he had better do to restore his failing wits. Dear me! how he tosses about on the bed, and tries to think what he must do to-morrow. This is a bad case indeed. Let us whisper the prescription into his ear -- "Make a little list, Johnny, take your pencil and a bit of paper and set down the errands and everything else that you want to remember." The patient takes heart and here is his record with a blank space at the bottom for last additions in the morning: Pick some peas for mother. Mend the gate-latch. Look out those words. Get my shirt-buttons. Tell Bill Downs I don't want his old woodchuck. Make that list of all the birds I know by sight that the teacher wants. So it went on, and twenty times next day John pulls out the business-like strip of brown paper and consults it with care; by night he has crossed off everything but the woodchuck item, for the reason that he and Bill Downs made up and were friends again after they had worked off their animosity in a good scuffle, and John went

home with him after school and was so pleased with the woodchuck's looks that he allowed his offer of its value in pond lilies to stand. John had planted some lily roots in a small pond back of his garden and guarded them with jealous care. The other boys liked to have them to sell in the cars.* Now this prescription seems at first thought to be quite silly. One might forget also to look at the list, but somehow one doesn't and it is a great pleasure to cross off things when they are fairly done and out of the way. Then there are two other good reasons for keeping a list; first you get into a habit of thinking over what you have to do and arranging your day a little and so growing systematic; secondly, after a while you can keep the list in your own mind by force of habit and need not even write it down. Your memory is trained to serve you as it should -- there is really no reason why we should annoy ourselves and disappoint other people by letting the thought of our duties be indistinct and unreliable.

Notes

This article first appeared without a title in "The Contributors and the Children" column in *Wide Awake* 24: 2 (January 1887): 150-1.

cars: On the train.

Snowshoes for Girls

THIS is a word to country boys who are lucky enough to have sisters. I have spent most of my life in n country village and known only too well what an efficient blockade the first snow-storm is. I never enjoy being out of doors so much as I do in late autumn, for all through the November and early December days it is rarely cold or windy enough to make one uncomfortable after a few minutes of quick walking. When even a few inches of snow have fallen I have always had to say good-by to the upland pastures, the tops of the hills, and the sunny hollows and fence-corners where there is comfortable shelter from the northwest wind. Then follows clover-leaf track of a rabbit, and being independent of either roads or the vain and chilling attempt at exercise in sleigh-riding. I am eager to do all I can to bring back our ancestors' sensible fashion of shoeing themselves in winter, and to see snowshoes in all the farmhouses again, and in the village houses too. It is very easy to learn to use them and there would be so much more visiting from country house to house in winter. I cannot imagine why they ever went out of fashion in New England. In all my drives about the country, I remember seeing only once the track of snowshoes over a high drift of light new-fallen snow. Now, boys, you boys who have sisters and who can use tools, I beg you to find out for yourselves how to make strong, light snowshoes, and this spring, when the growing wood is full of sap, bend the frames of them and stretch the thongs of them. Find out the right time and the right way to do all this in some book of sports or from some wise old Indian or trapper or Canadian woodsman, and when you go across country next winter take your sister with you. New England girls have spent a great many bright winter days in the house simply because there was snow on the ground outside. Let us set a new fashion of following a sensible old fashion and be the leaders of a Snowshoe Club. Somebody who knows how to make this curious foot-gear must write to the WIDE AWAKE and tell the rest of us, and by and by we will play at being Indians, and take a new look at our fields and hillsides that will make the blue jays flutter out of their safe quarters in great surprise.

Note

This article appeared in *Wide Awake* 24:6 (May 1887): 405, in the column "The Contributors and the Children."

My School Days

I am afraid that when I went to Berwick Academy, I really cared more for the outside of the school than the inside. I remember a good deal more about the great view* toward the mountains, or down river, and the boys and girls themselves, or even the ground sparrows and little field strawberries that grew in the thin grass, than I do about learning my lessons. I must take my place at the foot of the list when the Academy's best scholars are named over, but I owe a great deal to my school days nevertheless. Many of my associates were stimulating and interesting to me because they brought a certain foreign flavour and interest into the routine of school life.

In my first year or two at school, in 1862 and 1863, we were very fond of two girls, both a good deal older than I, who came from a seaport town far down the coast of Maine. Nothing made me happier than to decoy them into relating their experiences on ship board, for they were each daughters of captains in the merchant service and had spent much of their lives at sea. What wings that gave my fancy! I used to point to places on my geography maps in school hours (when whispering was forbidden) with a questioning look and be answered by a nod or a shake of the head, and then I used to try to imagine what these pleasant-faced Searsport girls had done and seen in Lisbon or in Havre or at the Hague and even in Bombay.* And it used to seem quite fitting that they understood the broken English of some young Cubans who boarded with them down at the old Academy boarding house.* All the boys and girls who are left to recall with me the handsome dark faces of those lads from Trinidad* in Cuba must often have wondered what became of them as I have. They were most conspicuous in the school life, admired by the girls and fellowshipped with by the boys -- Francisco and Edwardo and Venancio. I can see them every one and remember, too, how generous they were with their importations of guava jelly -- and this I only whisper -- of their small cigarettes. These must have been chosen by judicious parents, for they were curiously sweet and little like tobacco. There was a wild curiosity at first about these new scholars. They stood in our minds for Cuba itself -- for rich sugar planters, and buccaneers and pirates and Christopher Columbuses all at once, but as I recall them now they were only laughing, quick-tempered, brown-

skinned little fellows who seemed to me already like men. I have always hoped that one or all of them would some day make a pilgrimage to the old school house. It startles me to think what middle aged gentlemen they must be.

A little later than the Cubans' pre-eminence the war* made many changes in the village and even in the school. I used to have great inspirations of patriotism which were neither deep nor sincere until long afterward when I had grown older and understood what the war really meant. Sometimes an elder scholar who had been at school a year or two earlier would appear on the playground in his new uniform and startle me into a sudden consciousness of Southern battle-fields. We made great heroes of these young men; soon it came about that there were soldiers' funerals in the village churches and we were dismissed to take our places in the crowded pews.* More or less youthful patriotism worked itself off at the Wednesday declamation and rehearsal hour, and once or twice at the Exhibition we had dialogues, in one of which the loyal and seceding states had a placid altercation and the Southerners spoke their little pieces and covered their heads with black veils. It did not seem in the least droll to me then, but I cannot help smiling over it now as I write. At last there came a spring day when word was brought to us that Richmond had fallen and Mr. Stockin dismissed his flock and we all followed the drum two by two down into the village as proudly as if we were Grant's army* itself.

There were two Danes who came to school just before this time and one of them always gave me great pleasure. He had come in to Kennebunk* with one of the shipmasters and was a thorough-going, cheerful, rough young sailor. I used to tease him to tell me stories of his seafaring, and try to make him a continuation of my favorite Hans Andersen* story book, which was not such a difficult matter with his simple-hearted ways and his love for a far away Northern home. Poor fellow! he went to the war, too, and I never saw him again and I believe he had been there before he came to school, for he was popularly supposed by us to have once commanded a small United States craft named the Pink on a Virginia river. A young officer in the regular Navy appeared on the hill one day fine with bright buttons, and as I timidly spoke to him I dared to say that our Dane had been a captain, but the officer gave me an incredulous glance which established for me at once the great distance between regulars and volunteers.

How serious and brilliant an occasion Exhibition Day was then, what a flutter of white dresses and what scattering of flowers from short locks that were perhaps for the first time arranged in grownup fashion. Some of the boys were going to college; we all said goodbye without an idea what we meant or what partings were really coming. There are few left here in town with whom I can talk over the old days.*

The Trustees were always a most dignified body. Colonel Peirce used to come up from Portsmouth and Mr. John P. Lord and Mr. Cogswell and Mr. Hayes the President, and the village ministers and Mr. Hobbs and my father;* those are the ones I first remember. Mr. Stockin, the teacher, was more sober than usual on this great day, but he used to reassure us kindly, and be very much disappointed because we could not all have prizes. How hot it used to be! how I can see the familiar faces and smell the wilting oak leaves on the graceful ceiling and rafters overhead.

It was a little hard to begin this rambling paper, but it is a great deal harder to end it. I wish that other old scholars would follow me and write something of what they remember. I should like to hear about Dr. Gray's time* at the Academy, perhaps the most interesting years of any. How few of the younger scholars know anything about that wandering Oxford scholar who liked his work and who gave the school an impulse which it did not lose for many years. His grave should not be unmarked and neglected as it is in the Old Fields burying ground. Mr. Goodwin's scholars,* too, remember him with love and gratitude and owe to him much of their knowledge of good books. For my part I am as grateful to my fellow scholars as to my teachers for lessons of patience and of generosity and thoughtfulness. I have watched many of them lift and carry the burdens of life with closer sympathy and truer affection than they have ever suspected.

Notes

"My School Days" appeared in *The Berwick Scholar* I,i (October, 1887), p. 1. Annotations for this essay are mainly by Wendy Pirsig of the Old Berwick Historical Society.

great view: These views are no longer seen from Berwick Academy because of trees, but in the 1800s the landscape was open agricultural countryside. (WP)

Searsport ... Lisbon ... Havre ... the Hague .. Bombay: Searsport is a coastal town south of Bangor, Maine. Lisbon is a port city in Portugal, Le Havre on the English Channel in France, The Hague in southwest Netherlands, Bombay on the west coast of India.

boarding house: In *The Old Academy on the Hill,* Marie Donahue records that The Hayman House on Vine Street had since the 1850s served as Berwick Academy's boarding house, "for pupils whose families do not reside in the village," according to the school catalog. (WP)

Trinidad: Trinidad is 90 km from Cienfuegos, in central Cuba. A colonial sugar-producing town, also known as a haven for smugglers through the late 1700s, it attracted an influx of French planters following Haiti's slave revolt of the early 1800s. Through this period, several South Berwick merchants, including Jewett's grandfather and great uncle, traded in Cuba and the Caribbean, but why Cuban families would have sent young people to Berwick Academy in the early years of the Civil War is not clear. A connection could perhaps have been a merchant such as John Holmes Burleigh, who had been at sea for seven years after graduating from Berwick Academy in 1837, and returned with a fortune with which he took control of the local woolen mill. In 1862, he represented South Berwick in the Maine House of Representatives, and in 1864, Jewett's senior year at Berwick Academy, he became a trustee. He served in the U. S. Congress in the 1870s, and built a hillside mansion next door to the school. Foreign nationals in South Berwick would have been rarities in the 1800s. Mary Jewett, in her late 19th century essay about South Berwick Village before the fire of 1870, describes the Main Street business area across from the Jewett House. One structure was owned by Noah Pike. "The Pike building was much larger than its surrounding neighbors and held accommodations for two families above the two stores, one being the Deacon's harness shop, and the other had a changing tide of affairs. For some time a Cuban, Ambuday by name, had a barbers shop there, and in his spare hours made the neighborhood cheerful by the tinkle of his guitar and his songs, greatly to the pleasure of the school children." Edward B. Pike (1841-1928) wrote, in a similar essay, "Next the building owned by Noah Pike a harness maker and in a part of it by one Ambuday a Barber said to be a Spaniard who used to sit on the front steps and play a guitar in the evening." Whether Ambuday had any connection to Sarah Orne Jewett's class at Berwick Academy is unknown. The above noted essays

are found in the Old Berwick Historical Society archives. (WP)

the war: The American Civil War, 1861-1865.

crowded pews: A list of South Berwick soldiers who served in the Civil War is engraved on the monument at Portland Street and Agamenticus Road. (WP)

Stockin ... Grant's army: Marie Donahue identifies this teacher as Abner Stockin, and notes in *The Old Academy* that the trustees specially commended him in 1864, Jewett's senior year. Stockin served as preceptor (headmaster) throughout Jewett's enrollment, from 1861-64. (WP) Ulysses S. Grant (1822-1885) became the general in chief of the Union Armies during the American Civil War in 1864. His capture of Richmond, Virginia in 1865 was decisive in bringing an end to the war. He was President of the United States 1869-1877.

Kennebunk: A town on the Mousam River, south of Portland, Maine.

Hans Andersen: Hans Christian Andersen (1805-1875) was a popular Danish writer of novels, stories, and fairy-tales.

old days: Most of the Academy's graduates of the Civil War generation -- those who might have become South Berwick's leading citizens -- left the area as adults, as the local mill-based economy faltered and was not soon replaced by other opportunities. (WP)

Colonel Peirce ... Mr. John P. Lord and Mr. Cogswell and Mr. Hayes the President, ... Mr. Hobbs and my father:

Colonel Peirce probably is Joshua Winslow Peirce (1791-1874), a prominent businessman from the area of Portsmouth, NH and South Berwick, ME.

John Perkins Lord, Esq. (1786-1877), son of Berwick Academy co-founder General John Lord, graduated from Harvard College in 1805, studied law with Daniel Webster and Jeremiah Mason in Portsmouth, and became a member of the legislature. He was also a merchant in Portsmouth and an officer of customs in Boston. Lord may have been a key figure in the construction of the Portsmouth Manufacturing Company cotton textile mill at South Berwick's river landing around 1830. He was a Berwick Academy trustee for more than 50 years. (Old Berwick Historical Society)

In the 1860s, William Lambert Cogswell (b. 1806) initiated prize books and gold medals awarded to leading students .

Jewett herself won a prize book, according to Marie Donahue in *The Old Academy on the Hill*; Cogswell prizes are awarded to this day. Cogswell was the son of Northend Cogswell (1764-1837) and Elizabeth Lambert of South Berwick. Northend Cogswell may have been a lawyer, and another son, Charles Northend Cogswell (1797-1843), became a law partner of William Allen Hayes, Berwick Academy's president from 1832-1851. Donahue says William Lambert Cogswell was director of the Astor Library in New York City, precursor to New York Public Library, founded by the legacy of John Jacob Astor. It is difficult to confirm this, but Cogswell perhaps was related to Astor Library superintendent Joseph Green Cogswell (1786-1871) (*Columbia Encyclopedia*): "American librarian and bibliographer, b. Ipswich, Mass. After studying abroad, Cogswell taught mineralogy and geology at Harvard and became librarian in 1821. In 1823 he helped to found the Round Hill School at Northampton, Mass. He superintended the Astor Library in New York City (now part of the New York Public Library) and was librarian from 1848 to 1861 and trustee to 1864."

Francis Brown Hayes, son of William Allen Hayes, and president of the Boston and Maine Railroad, according to Donahue, assumed the presidency of the Berwick Academy trustees following his father's death, and served from 1854-1885, from the time of the reconstruction of the school following the arson fire of 1851, through the Civil War and Jewett's student days, up until just two years before Jewett wrote this article. A portrait and a marble bust of Francis B. Hayes are displayed in Fogg Memorial Library at the Academy.

Hiram H. Hobbs was secretary of the trustees from 1846-1883, and was succeeded by his son Charles C. Hobbs from 1893 to 1913 *(Old Academy on the Hill).* Hiram H. Hobbs (1802-1884 according to *South Berwick Maine Record Book*, the 1967 cemetery guide by John Eldridge Frost) married a descendant of Thomas and Elizabeth Wallingford, whose family are models for characters in *The Tory Lover*.

Charles Cushing Hobbs was born April 7, 1835 *(Vital Records of Berwick, North Berwick and South Berwick).* See the Charles Cushing Hobbs Talk. The school building where this likely took place was built in the early 1850s and was torn down after the construction of Fogg Memorial in 1894. (WP)

Jewett's father was Dr. Theodore Jewett (1815-1878).

Dr. Gray's time: Donahue writes in *Old Academy*: "Though Dr. J. B. M. Gray was headmaster for only a year, he so moved his students that upon his untimely death they planted an oak tree at his grave site in the Old Fields Burying Ground and placed a plaque on a huge field stone with this inscription: *This tablet and oak tree mark the grave of Dr. J. B. M. Gray, an Oxford man who from 1855-57 was preceptor of Berwick Academy; an inspiring teacher of vast learning and greatly beloved.* (WP)

Mr. Goodwin's scholars: Ichabod Goodwin, a graduate of Berwick and Bowdoin and a tutor at the college, replaced Dr. Gray as preceptor in 1856-57. His portrait is in the Berwick Academy archives. In *Old Academy,* Donahue quotes Susan Hayes Ward, a student who later became literary editor of *The Independent*, a New York weekly edited by her brother, William Hayes Ward (the Wards published the young Robert Frost). Susan Ward said of her old teacher, whom she called the most inspiring she had ever had: "He loved the study of language… any language -- Greek, Latin, German, Spanish, French, all delighted him. He appreciated the beauty and power of words." Donahue continued: "A great admirer of Abraham Lincoln's way with words long before the country at large recognized his greatness, Mr. Goodwin read to his students choice passages from Lincoln's debates with Douglas and his electrifying speech at Cooper Union. A silver cup that Headmaster Goodwin received from his grateful students graces the mantel in the headmaster's office " (in 1991). Goodwin was related to Gov. Ichabod Goodwin, a Berwick alumnus and trustee of the 1850s, who served as governor of New Hampshire during the Civil War. (WP)

The Wrong Side of Clubs

I have been thinking a good deal lately about the wrong side of the effect of clubs and classes. I must begin by declaring that many towns need more than they have and not be misunderstood as an enemy of clubs altogether. But for the most part we have got the idea of organization so thoroughly into our minds, the value of joining what one person has learned or can think or do with what another person knows or plans or does, that we have to guard against what old-fashioned people call "not standing in our own lot and place."*

The clubs are good for us, just so far as they help us as individuals to grow and become as valuable as we can be to ourselves, our families, and the town and country where we live. There is an undoubted value of the club as a club, but this depends of course upon the value of the persons of whom the club is formed. And sometimes, perhaps always, we can develop ourselves better alone, from the outcome of our own thought, than in the best of company.

Growing wiser and more able to do our work does not invariable depend upon the stimulus we get from others, even from those who seem to be climbing the same hill and aiming at the same mark.

I know two or three girls who live in a large wide-awake town where there is a fine school and the teachers of course and all the studying that goes on gives an intellectual tone to society in general. There are some book-clubs and reading clubs of course, there are clubs for discussion of the topics of the day, and, besides this, sewing societies connected with the churches, and benevolent associations to which my young friends give a good proportion of their time. But I was startled to find they also had not only a theatricals club and a boat club and a French club and a walking club, but a picnic club, and that they seemed to have almost no personal and individual existence. And after a few days of listening I heard one dear girl deplore her lack of time for practising, though she has a remarkable gift for music and if left to herself would naturally put it first of all her pursuits. Another dear girl seemed to be neglecting her gift for drawing in the same way, protesting piteously that she hated to be doing nothing but scratching a hasty sketch now and then at one of the club picnics. There was no idleness, for the clubs involved various committees, and these girls were being appealed to and interrupted constantly in the routine or emergencies of

so much general business. The quiet home-life was reduced to a fragment of time; I wonder if this is not so in many other wide awake towns?

I have not much patience with at least half the members of such clamorous societies -- they are pretty sure to be persons who would do nothing by themselves and who like the excitement and shelter of those efficient girls and boys who do all the real work unselfishly. It seems a cruel slight and piece of selfishness to refuse to join a proposed union of forces for any good object; but I hope that every club-bound young reader of mine will stop and think whether there is undoubted profit to be won from making at least any new promises. There is a great deal said nowadays about "being in the swim," but after all one must not dissipate one's powers, particularly if one has really a calling of one's own, and if the organizations of society will hinder that calling from being properly answered. Sometimes a solitary walk or row on the river, or a whole afternoon to one's self to grow quiet and to think and plan in, to "listen to the voices"* in, is the greatest comfort and help in the world. In our reading it is a grave question whether the evening club-meeting every week that drags through some book of not vital interest to half the people who read it, and half the time is even then wasted in idle talk -- whether an evening like this is so well spent as if every member of the club stayed at home and read the book that really belonged to her and had a message for her.

Some clubs we must and ought to have, but do let us remember to save time enough for ourselves, for our own life and plans at home with our families and with our work and books. Club union is not always strength; sometimes it means the weakness that comes from a profitless scattering of our forces.*

Notes

"The Wrong Side of Clubs" appeared in *Wide Awake* (26:214-215) in February 1888. This text is made available thanks to the assistance of the Newberry Library and the courtesy of the Southern Illinois University at Carbondale library.

not standing in our own lot and place: This phrase is echoed in a variety of places, for example in Ralph Waldo Emerson (1803-1882), "Self-Reliance" (1841), near the beginning, where he admonishes the reader to "Trust thyself" and to

"Accept the place divine providence has found for you." See also Daniel 12:12-13.

"listen to the voices": This allusion could easily be to Ralph Waldo Emerson in "Nature" (1836) or William Wordsworth in any number of poems such as "Tintern Abbey" (1798) or to any of several other transcendentalist writers. The Bible refers often to listening to God's voice in stillness or a pastoral or private situation, as in Psalms 95 and John 10, the story of the transfiguration of Christ in Luke 9. Perhaps also the story of Pentecost in Acts 2 is relevant.

scattering of our forces: Early in "Self-Reliance," Emerson says, "The objection to conforming to the usages that have become dead to you is that it scatters your force."

A Plea for Front Yards

I have said more than once what I thought about the disappearance of front yards in our country villages, for as I drive along the familiar roads I find every summer fewer and fewer of the old-fashioned gardens. What has become of the lovely white roses, and blush roses, and the great red conserve roses with their golden hearts, and how few honey-suckles grow beside the door-ways and along the fences! Where have all the snowberry bushes gone and the tall blue larkspurs and white mallows?* Where are even the persistent cinnamon roses with their thorny thicket? In many a front-door garden where these used to grow there is nothing left now but a much-browsed lilac-bush and a maple or two.

Nobody can tell exactly how it all began, but somebody who liked town life better than country life must have come to his old home some summer and said, "It is the fashion, where I live now, to have stone copings about the house-lots. There are no cattle about the streets there, and we can leave our bits of ground open. My neighbor and I have taken down the high fence that used to shut in the side windows of both our houses and it is a great deal pleasanter. You must pull down the old front fence here and make the place look like other people's."

Perhaps the grandmother, who loved the front garden better than anybody, was away that day and was treated to the sight of a fancied improvement when she came home at night. To be sure, the old fence had been leaning, and some of the pickets were off or loose, but they only needed an hour's work or a new post to make them strong again. The gate and the front fence beside it were of a pretty criss-cross pattern of wood-work, and the gate-posts were topped by wooden balls: somehow they were the only decorative thing about the square old house, and gave the front door, plain and square built as it was, a touch of elegance and reserve.

"It looks all wrong to me," said the grandmother, ruefully, when the young folks confronted her with their improvement. "How can you keep the cows, and what's worse, the hens and chickens, out? And while the young folks said, "why, *everybody* is taking away their front fences, and they're all out of fashion now!" the old lady went off to her own room with a grim, disapproving face. "You may tend to the garden, then; I'm done with it," she said with unusual spirit for her gentle nature.

The wise old soul knew how it would be. Some of the delicate plants missed the shelter of the fence that winter; the winds swept over and the snow drifted deep and the ice lingered late on the polyanthus and daffy roots.* The first green shoots that made their appearance in border or climbing vine were nipped off by a tame calf which was allowed to run about the yard where she pleased. When the first weeks of June came and the garden was apt to look its best with the early summer flowers, there was somehow less of it than usual. Everybody had taken turns at driving away the calf, and the hens, and the cows, and even old Major, the horse, but, while nobody watched, every one of the innocent beasts had taken as many nibbles as they could get. Grandmother said nothing; she was very feeble and could not have taken much care of her posies at any rate; yet she looked very sad when she asked one of the children for a sprig of flowering currant and was told that the cow had eaten off the whole top of the bush. "'T was your grandpa's bush," she said. "He always said nothing ever smelt so sweet. He *would* put a sprig of it in his button-hole when we was goin' to be married. 'T is the first year I've ever known since that I couldn't pick me some of the little blossoms." But the flowering currant dwindled and died away that summer.

People who drove by thought that the farm-house looked straggling and neglected. What new flowers were planted did not grow so well, and the family concluded that it was an unrewarding trouble to have a garden at all, and they would let it go another year. A few tangles of thorny rose-stems battled with the tough grass, and some of the bushes grew irregularly after a year or two, but the charming old garden went to ruin for the lack of its protection from the outer world.

Certain things belong together, and a pretty wooden fence finishes and frames our village and country road-side houses better than anything. It is no use to say that it is the fashion to go without, and so excuse ourselves for pulling down a fence which we are too lazy to mend or too stingy to replace. Let us keep our old-time country flowers blooming as long as we can, and in the same old places.

I have known great short-sightedness in the villages where people come to spend the summers, simply because they looked so quaint and pretty, and unlike the new, uninteresting neighborhoods built up in later years. Instead of being quick to understand the reason for so many strangers coming, and then preserving carefully all the pleasant and alluring features of the town, what happens?

Trees are cut down, road-side thickets are grubbed up and left to wither; the old buildings which have interesting associations are left to decay or are spoiled by ignorant remodelling. Then people begin to say, "Oh yes, it used to be a charming place when we went there first, but now it is like any other. It has been spoiled year by year, and the money we have paid for going there has been used in doing away with the very things that pleased us most."

We who live in the beloved old New England towns here by the sea must remember very often that we are custodians of something that is every year more valuable and interesting to the rest of this great growing country. The elder towns are mothers of the younger, and every year more descendants of the old townsfolk will come straying back to find what they may of the early houses, and the old trees, and churches, and burying-grounds.

Let us try to preserve the character of these old homes and old neighborhoods as best we can, and not try to make them look like newer places not half nor quarter so beautiful as they. Let us keep the pleasant old houses standing, and our grandmothers' front yards blooming, and teach the old associations and legends to all newcomers just as long as we can.

Notes

"A Plea for Front Yards" first appeared in *The Fête* (v. 1, no. 1) of August 21-22, 1888, published by the Eliot Library Association of Eliot, Maine. It was reprinted in *The Cornhill Booklet* (3:4-7) in Autumn 1902. The text here is from *Cornhill*.

conserve roses ... honey-suckles ... snowberry bushes ... larkspurs ... white mallows ... cinnamon roses: Conserve roses would be preserved with sugar as confections or as medicine. "Honeysuckle" is a name given to a variety of flowering bushes and vines, often with strong sweet perfumes. Snowberry is related to honeysuckle, with white berries. Larkspur is "any plant of the genus *Delphinium*; so called from the spur-shaped calyx. The common larkspur is *D. Consolida*." (Source: *Oxford English Dictionary*). White mallows (also known as mallows, clustering mallows, and marshmallows) are flowering plants, parts of which are used herbally to relieve coughs and bronchitis, to soothe skin inflammations, to relieve sore throat; represent `sweet disposition' in the nineteenth-century language of flowers.

(Research: Ted Eden). Cinnamon roses are a species of rose (R. cinnamonea). Biographer Francis Matthiessen reports that as a child, Jewett would make a coddle of cinnamon rose petals with cinnamon and brown sugar. See Chapter 1.

polyanthus and daffy roots: Polyanthus could be the narcissus or a variety of primrose, both of which bloom in early spring. Daffies are daffodils.

Would Women Vote?

This compilation appeared in the Brandon *Mail* [Manitoba] -- Nov 8, 1888, p. 3. Jewett's contribution appears first. This is followed by the entire text, with Jewett's piece shown in context.

Jewett's Statement

I believe it would have been better to carefully restrict the voting of men by high educational and certain property qualifications. But since only the matter of general representation, and not a certain degree of intelligence and knowledge of the care of property are considered in the matter of deciding upon public questions which concern women as well as men, I believe common justice gives women the right to vote. Personally, I have no wish to hasten the day when woman suffrage will be allowed, but I believe that day to be inevitable, and I should certainly consider it my duty to vote. To the plea that the ignorant vote would be so greatly increased, I maintain that women will become educated by the use and possession of their right much faster than men who have become educated, and that there will be a larger proportion of conscientious and unpartisan votes than are cast now.

WOULD WOMEN VOTE?

Over Thirty of the Most Famous Women Answer the Question.

Curiously enough the most important and vital question which enters into the woman suffrage discussion has hitherto been overlooked -- would women vote if they could? With view to securing the best attainable answer to this query, it has been propounded to some of the brightest minds -- women whose opinions would be most valuable. The writers whose letters are given below represent, it will be noticed, almost every walk of life in which the women of the United States have distinguished themselves, and this collection of opinions, it may justly be urged, will stand as the most important contribution ever offered to the woman suffrage question.

The Duke of Argyle, whom I remember once to have seen superbly overshadowed by his magnificent mother-in-law, the Duchess of Sutherland, though himself a fair

specimen of progressive manhood, is sternly conservative womanward. In a lecture, which some twenty years ago he was gracious enough to deliver before a Mechanics' Institute, he said, "A woman has no right to appear upon a platform except when she is about to be hung -- then it is unavoidable." This smart saying caused great hilarity among his Grace's audience, a little wit from a nobleman going a great way. I used to quote that sentence in a lecture I was bold enough to deliver from many a platform, and it always brought a laugh at woman's expense -- but then, again, my comment on it, though not particularly smart, never failed to bring generous applause, and this comment was: "The freedom of the scaffold, the ghastly equality of the gallows, as graciously accorded to woman by the Duke of Argyle, is not enough. Give her a fair swing at life as well as at death; let her have a voice at least in the selection of the men who make and administer the laws under which woman may be taxed, divorced, deprived of her children, imprisoned, tried, and hung." That was my sentiment twenty years ago, it is mine to-day, and I propose to stand by it. Would I vote if I could? Yea, verily, at divers times and in divers places, to make up for my long political disability. I think that for the first presidential election after my tardy enfranchisement I would hie me to a certain city in which I lived during my trying days of the Republic, and when my little literary income was taxed for the carrying of a war in which no woman had any glory stock, only a ruinous investment of anxieties and agonies, and in that city I would wield the franchise with the patriotic prodigality of a newly-landed Hibernian Democrat, casting my vote right and left from "morn to dewy eve."

Grace Greenwood.

If the right were mine, I should hold it a duty and a pleasure to go to the polls and vote.

Susan E. Wallace

If suffrage were given me I certainly should not go the polls without my husband's company. Had that right been given before he was taken from me. it is not necessary for me to say what I should have done.

Mrs. Henry Ward Beecher.

Personally I have no sympathy with the Woman's Suffrage movement, but should it come to pass that the majority of women of the United States thought it fit to have a vote, I should fall into line as a matter of duty. When I think of the attendant necessities, such as separate polls for women, women inspectors of election, the means of appointment and the gradual merging of the detestable features of practical politics into a woman's life, I cannot but say that it is bad enough when men are compelled to mingle in the crowd that stir up the ingredients thrown into the political cauldron.

Anna Catharine Green.

Under no circumstances would I exercise the right of suffrage were it possible for me to do so. I see no benefit that could accrue to my sex by such on act. On the other hand, I see the harm which might ensue. There is a great deal of talk about the refining influence of woman upon politics, but the coarsening effects of polities upon woman are evidently overlooked. No, no! I do not wish to vote, and I hope the day may be far distant when my sex is given the lawful right to do so.

Marion Harland.

I do not feel prepared to say what, as an individual, I would do were franchise given to women.

Edith M. Thomas.

Whether I would vote would depend upon what was to be voted for. Political questions, as I look at them now from the outside, do not interest me enough to make me desire to be a voter. They do not seem to me to involve the principles that I really care for -- party politics I mean, of course. If I saw that my vote would help to make the national standard a higher one, I should consider it my duty to give it, and my desire is always to do my duty,

Lucy Larcom.

I should not vote. My reasons are that whenever I undertake any new enterprise I give a vast amount of mentality, vital force, and time to it. I have only enough mentality, vital force, and time now to inadequately meet the demands of nearer

duties than national affairs. To keep my family comfortably looked after, my home attractive to my household and guests, (which is still a part of woman's sphere. I think), my literary contracts filled, and to follow my idea of duty in other directions, renders it impossible for me to enter into the subject of suffrage intelligently. I leave it, therefore, for the present to others who are more capable or to those who have fewer obligations of a domestic nature.

Ella Wheeler Wilcox

I have never worked for suffrage because I do not believe in it for all men any more than for all women. But if it came unsought, if it was conferred, its exercise becomes the citizen's duty. When the candidate suited me, I should certainly vote, but I would desire no part or lot in mere machine politics. The great point in regard to suffrage, so far as women are concerned, is the recognition which the state accords to manhood. Womanhood does not exist for it, and presumably, therefore, has no value. The vulgar and ignorant look upon it in this way, and treat women accordingly. The state ought to recognize those upon whom it imposes taxes and burdens in some other way than punishable creatures. If women are not allowed to exist as citizens, they ought not to be taxed as citizens, and they should be as free of punishment as they are declared to be of responsibility. I like to be governed myself, by some one who understands it, and I do not want any part in it because I do not think I understand it. But if it is to be a free game in which everybody takes a hand -- a dinner for which every one cooks his own potato -- women should not be left out without being heavily handicapped in the straggle for that existence which, once imposed, must be maintained; and it is not creditable to the great modern Republic to cast such a slur upon the women who helped to found it, or lower them in the eyes of the brutal and ignorant to whom it opens its arms.

Jenny June.

I might vote if pressed into the necessity by the voting of all sorts of other women. But I shall hope that it may never fall to my experience. I believe that woman occupies a central, not an external place in the order of things, and I do not wish that order turned inside out.

Adeline D. T. Whitney.

Did I possess the right of suffrage, I certainly should vote on almost all occasions. The exceptions would be those few cases where the question to be voted upon demanded for an intelligent decision, technical knowledge that I had either insufficient time or ability to acquire; or where I happened to be distinctly opposed to all the candidates nominated for election.

Mary Putnam Jacobi, M. D.

Nothing would induce me to go to the polls and vote. For the reason that I do not think it is a woman's place, or within a woman's capacity to do so. I fully agree with St. Paul in his estimate of a woman's powers and duties.

Rose Terry Cooke.

I believe it would have been better to carefully restrict the voting of men by high educational and certain property qualifications. But since only the matter of general representation, and not a certain degree of intelligence and knowledge of the care of property are considered in the matter of deciding upon public questions which concern women as well as men, I believe common justice gives women the right to vote. Personally, I have no wish to hasten the day when woman suffrage will be allowed, but I believe that day to be inevitable, and I should certainly consider it my duty to vote. To the plea that the ignorant vote would be so greatly increased, I maintain that women will become educated by the use and possession of their right much faster than men who have become educated, and that there will be a larger proportion of conscientious and unpartisan votes than are cast now,

Under no imaginable circumstances could I go to the polls or exercise the right of voting. American women enjoy without restraint every civil, social, ethical, and intellectual right compatible with feminine delicacy and refined Christian womanhood; and to invite them into the arena of politics would prove subversive of all domestic quietude, loosen the ties that link them to their true kingdom, the home hearth,

and prove as disastrous to harmonious social order as did the "Wooden Horse" to the households of Troy. "Woman's right to vote" would involve the forfeiture of woman's privilege of commanding the reverence and deferential homage of mankind. Feminine opinion is a powerful political factor when expressed gently in the sacred precincts of home by dropping ballots of noble aims and exalted principles and sentiments into the open hearts and minds of brothers, husbands and sons, but wrangling and wrestling at "election polls" would inevitably resolve the whole question of woman's political influence into one of mere numerical valuation.

Augusta Evans Wilson.

I am in favor of Woman Suffrage, and would vote if the right were extended to me, for many reasons, based on the advantage to be derived therefrom by both sexes. One of my weightiest reasons for it is, that I think it would be the surest means of securing for women the simple justice of equal pay for equal work. Facts show that voters alone have their interests property guarded. For example, while the disbanded volunteers of the late war who stay at home and vote are a privileged class on whom honors and emoluments are heaped -- and very justly -- the regular army, who fought no less bravely, but who are non-voters, are treated with scant consideration. In time of peace, moreover, I believe that the exercise of suffrage would train women to higher thoughts and aims, and introduce a refining influence in politics, so that women would be made stronger and men finer thereby.

Mary L. Booth.

I should most certainly vote if I had the legal right to do so.

Lucy Stone.

For the sake of other women who have wrongs to right, and to exert an influence in the direction of progress and reform, I should go to the polls and vote. Interested in all topics of the time: Education, religion, politics, the liquor question, social purity (with one moral. standard for both sexes), I should gladly endure a little discomfort or criticism for the privilege of declaring my conviction by a vote.

Kate Sanborn.

The sense of duty alone would induce me to vote if I could, but never should I do so from choice. The ballot-box receives woman's best aid when she exercises her influence upon her husband, brother or father to vote honestly and for the highest and best principles. If the polls are surrounded with such an impure atmosphere as to make respectable men dread going to them on election day, surely woman would have no place there.

Christine Terhune Herrick. [Daughter of Mary Virginia Terhune (Marion Harland), see above.]

To a good citizen -- man or woman -- the right to vote should imply the honorable exercise of a grave trust, after a conscientious consideration of the history, the significance, and the tendencies of national movements and political situations. Personally, I am not impatient for the advent of Woman Suffrage. But if it should come I certainly would recognize the obligations involved.

Mary Mapes Dodge.

Should I exercise the right of suffrage if I had it? I certainly should think I ought to do so.

Elizabeth Stuart Phelps.

Would women vote ! I confidently answer yes. Majorities of men must be in favor of woman's vote before it will be granted, since only by their will can this change come. When they have grown so large-minded and generous-hearted as to welcome woman to a place beside them upon the throne of government, women will not be at all backward about coming forward. King Majority will find his suit not less successful than have been those of lesser kings since time began. In some of the states women have voted, much to the terror of the illicit saloons and the liquor traffic, and women all over our country are gaining some dim idea that for one half the race to be wholly governed by laws made and administered by the other half is not fair play.

Frances [Francis] E. Willard.

I have never desired suffrage for women. I think woman has her sphere, and man his sphere, and that these spheres are not interchangeable. -- Nevertheless, if suffrage were given to women, I fear that I should feel it my duty to vote, but I, for one, would prefer that no such additional burden should be laid upon me.

Louise Chandler Moulton.

Whatever my opinions as to the importance or desirability to women of the ballot, if the polls were opened to them I should feel obliged to vote, for the same reason that I insist every man should vote now, namely, that the intelligence of the country shall be represented as well as its ignorance.

Olive Thorne.

I have always believed in the right of Woman Suffrage, and when a few years since the right was first given in Boston to vote upon school matters, I complied with the conditions and voted.

Elizabeth P. Peabody.

I do not admit that any man, or body of men, can "extend to me the right" of self-government. That "right," like the right to breathe, is already as much woman's as man's; he simply denies her the chance to exercise it. Should opportunity arise, I should most certainly vote -- not as a privilege graciously granted by my masters, but as a right and a duty.

Elizabeth Akers.

Old English Songs

Review of *Old Songs*, compiled and illustrated by Edwin A. Abbey and Alfred Parsons.

When the spring flowers bloom again year after year, with what unfailing delight everybody sees them first. The primroses and daisies, the daffodils and dandelions; how grown people and little children alike greet and gather them. The ingenuity of gardeners is sure to tempt our eyes and purses with varied blossoms, for the flower-shows and florist catalogues there are new orchids and now hybrid roses, but we keep a safe place in our hearts for the sweet old flowers of spring.

Here is a new book of Old Songs like a handful of these very flowers of May. There are other books of verse this year with new and cheerful thoughts, and well-rhymed metaphysics, and scholarly workmanship, but this is our familiar posy from the English

springtime of love-making and love-breaking and out-of-door life, the gayety of simple-hearted people let out for holiday after a winter's housing. The very pomps and ceremonies of these old days had something that was honest and merry and delightful. They could wear fine array and fairly bedizen themselves with no forebodings of the amusement of posterity. They could sit late at their feasts; they could cry in

public when they were sorry and laugh as long as they liked and as loud; they could sing the night through as if it were worth their while. "There we staid talking and singing and drinking great draughts of claret and eating botargo* and bread and butter till twelve at night, it being moonshine," says Mr. Pepys.* The world behaved as if it were still young. The Old Songs are like cuckoos' songs; they belong to spring; they are as new this year as they were last year, as they will be new when we are old and after we are forgotten. They are beautifully printed and bound in this new edition. As for the pictures, it seems as if Mr. Abbey and Mr. Parsons must have lived once before, in that boisterous, gay, sentimental age when the old ballads were written. They had sketchbooks too, and have found them again in secret cupboards of the old London houses. Else how could they draw these maids and men to the life? It would be hard enough to find the rustic harvesters and the taverns, but when it comes to Sally in Our Alley and her young man, our Mr. Abbey saw them himself once, stepping bravely forth that Sunday morning, and could never forget, nor can we, the pleasing sight. Here are the maids and men whom the old songsters themselves saw, whom they courted and sang; here are the very flowers that bloomed for breast-knots, and Mr. Parsons has drawn them so that they will be fresh and alive for us the year round.

From Abbey's "Old Songs." Copyright, 1885, by Harper & Brothers.
A Love Song.

The evidence of a simpler, pleasanter life than ours -- a life unfettered by conventionalities of the modern sort; simple,

even blundering love-making, loitering under elder-bushes and on tavern-porch benches, life in which a sprig of marjoram and lavender and gay marigolds, and sweethearts and harvesting seem to fill the place of stock-exchanges and Redfern fashions* -- such a book is restful and delightful. We need it in our hurried day much more than they needed it in Wither's or Sir John Suckling's time.* We turn a page, and here is faithless Barbara Allen and Sweet Nelly, my Heart's Delight, done to the very life; we catch the twinkle in somebody's eye and the trick of the song, lock arms and go along in the ballad-folks' good company. To read the songs or to hear them has been good enough, but now to see the pictures of them, the ballad-folks, before our eyes! Come, let us walk abroad with Sally all unsuspected by her jealous 'prentice lad -- let us follow on with Jockey to the Fair! And since spring comes every year, and true lovers and heartless maidens and hay-making and late suppers and good company still exist, for the Old Songs' sakes and for their new pictures' sakes let everybody turn at least one page of such an enchanting book. Old Songs. Illustrated by Edwin A. Abbey and Alfred Parsons. 410 leather, $7.50. Harper & Brothers, New York.

Notes

This review appeared in *The Book Buyer* 5.11 (Dec 1, 1888): 466-468.

Botargo: "a Mediterranean delicacy of salted, cured fish roe, typically from grey mullet, tuna, or swordfish." (Wikipedia)

Samuel Pepys: "(1633-1703) was an English naval administrator and Member of Parliament who is now most famous for the diary he kept for a decade while still a relatively young man." (Wikipedia)

Redfern fashions: Redfern & Sons, "(later Redfern Ltd), was a British couture house, (open c.1850 to 1932; 1936–40) founded in Cowes on the Isle of Wight. By the 1890s it had branches in London, Paris, Edinburgh, and New York." (Wikipedia)

Wither's or Sir John Suckling's time: George Wither (1588-1667) "was an English poet, pamphleteer, and satirist. He was a prolific writer who adopted a deliberate plainness of style." Sir John Suckling (1609-1642) "was an English poet and one prominent figure among those renowned for careless gaiety, wit, and all the accomplishments of a

Cavalier poet; and also the inventor of the card game cribbage. He is best known for his poem 'Ballad Upon a Wedding.'" (Wikipedia)

Unlearned Lessons

I am sorry to say that the best remembered part of my life, while I was at Berwick Academy, is the out-door part. I have a much more vivid recollection of a certain ground-sparrow's nest in the grass, and the progress of its young tenants, than of my grammar lessons, and I remember the view from the door-way, as we saw it then, of the snow-covered White Mountains in clear spring weather, much better than any outlook I ever got toward the higher mathematics. There does not seem to be any good reason why I should not have learned to study and have had all my out of door experiences and pleasures beside; in fact, one should have ministered to the other. I believe that I could go now to the very spot and very tuft of grass where I found the bird's nest, but, alas! I know not the lessons which should have been learned in the same early summer.

I dare say that almost all young readers of what I am now going to write, will believe that I have chosen a dull subject. I must brave their opinion, for I have long wished to say what my guilty heart has taught me about the mistakes of my own school days. Nothing inside the school walls, unless it was the pleasure of being with some of my friends among the teachers and scholars, quite repaid me for the hardships of being shut away from open air life. I do not remember that I had any proper sense or clear idea of the use, present or future, of going to school, or of the reasons why I should be sorry all my life long because I had no understanding of that part of my education. Now that years have gone by, and I have had a great deal of work to do and perhaps special need of the development and training that I missed then, I long for the sake of the young people, for whose help in the world's affairs I and many others beside me watch and wait, to put before them some of my unlearned lessons.

I am afraid that many of my readers are going to school ignorantly, just as I did, without understanding that school asks of us the habit of attention and that it gives in return the power of learning--the use of a trained mind. We are not at our lessons just for the sake of those lessons themselves, but for the sake of *learning to learn* any lessons. If we were equipped for the duties and problems of life with the information in our reading books and arithmetics, that would be one thing; but the truth is that life is always bringing us new facts and problems, our own special lessons, and we need for them all the discipline of mind we can possibly gain. It is for this that we are set as early as possible to the

training of our minds by the best methods, so that they will be fit to serve us whichever way we turn. I never understood this when I was at school; the lessons of the text books were only an end in themselves to me, not a means by which I was being fitted to learn other lessons. The lack of a discipline which I might so easily have had then, has made my work of writing a great deal more difficult, for when I put my mind down to close study it flies off, and I miss very often the delightful sense of facility and accuracy, and the power, as we say, of getting things by heart. I never really learned to learn, and when I am busy with the deeper lessons that make the foundations of even the lightest stories, I am reminded over and over again of those idle misunderstood school-days when I was unconsciously missing the golden gift of proper school training.*

The word culture is so often misused and degraded that I like to remind myself of the definition that Matthew Arnold* has made so famous: "*To know the best that has been thought and said in the world*."* The habit of attention, the power of study, are most necessary for furthering us on our way toward culture, and this noble sentence of Mr. Arnold's is a test of moral and mental quality. It marks a line between serious, satisfactory people who are trying to make and to take the best of life, and people who live on low levels thoughtlessly and willingly; those who are growing and those who are not growing. Many useful men and women have been greater observers than readers, but we must keep growing, however we may get our growth, if we mean to be adequate to our positions and our work. We find a large part of the best that has been thought and said in the world stored away in books, we must go a long way round to get at certain truths in any other fashion, and even if some of the wisest people cannot be called great readers, one is sure to discover that there are two or three of the world's best works which they know almost by heart. It seems to me that there are two kinds of 'best books' for us, those that advise us and those that companion us. But, without a well drilled power of understanding, how much that concerns our own quiet, yet inexpressibly important lives is locked away between the covers of those books that stand on our own shelves. Beside the needs of our personal characters, and our duty to our neighbors we must not forget the need of trained minds and clearheadedness in this young rich country of ours. We are in great danger of degrading our national wealth and power to unworthy ends. Through the possession of culture only can we come to the real meaning and possession of

aristocracy: *the rule of the best*. The definition of this word is as much degraded in common use as the meaning of a word can be, but we must never forget the true sense of it, and keep that high ideal always in our minds. We must not have the rule of brute force in town or state, or the rule of money, or of political trickery, but the rule of the best. Knowledge is power, not ignorance; ignorance can only delay, not advance.

When we come face to face with the great business of life, what a thing it is to feel a sense of equipment. I warn you that if you are not lending yourself gladly to the proper training of your mind, if you lounge through school because the other young men and women go, and as if it were a favor to your family and even to the teachers and the school itself because you lend your presence, you will miss this delightful sense of equipment, and cannot use what you do know, by and by when you need it most. Your pride will be hurt and your self-love, and you will feel that the world conspires against you as so many un-equipped workers do. What is industrial training worth without ideas and a clear mind behind it? What misery comes to any man who has natural ability and who cannot use it! He thinks of things too late, he sees people of less real gift distance him every day. Nobody knows until he is fairly in the middle of life how all the idle school days count, how it weakens and degrades a man face to face with great questions and competitions to fumble about in his brain for a power that is not there, or to find his power of learning and understanding new things slipping away year by year because it is not helped to grow. A slow mind needs training--a quick mind needs it even more.

I am tempted to write longer, but I hope that I have said something that will make the use and purpose of school a little more plain, that will make my younger schoolmates covet hard study instead of evading it, and help them to make the most and best of their lives. Out of ordinary ability and great, conscientious industry joined, have come some of the most wonderful, useful characters know to humanity.

I beg you not to do things now that you are sure to be ashamed of, by and by, dear schoolmates of the old beloved school! Make your school days inside and outside the Academy walls just as kind and busy and loveable and respectable as you possibly can. Youth has no past, that is its one lack, but you are making your past on which to look back a few years later with pleasure or displeasure. It is not enough to think only of sharpening your wits for living

successfully when you are men and women, weighted with the demands of our complex modern life. Think most of learning the deeper lessons of being good, for the heart rules the inner court of character, and the mind is, after all, only the heart's servitor.

Jewett's note

I wish that everybody who reads this page would also read a fine essay by President Hyde,* of Bowdoin College, which was published in the December number of *The Atlantic Monthly*.

Notes

"Unlearned Lessons" appeared in *The Berwick Scholar,* Vol. II. No. 6. Berwick Academy, February, 1889, pp. 1-2. This piece is available here courtesy of the archives of the Berwick Academy, South Berwick, ME.

Matthew Arnold: See Matthew Arnold's preface to *Literature and Dogma*. Matthew Arnold (1822-1888) "was a major Victorian poet, the principal English literary critic of his generation, an important commentator on society and culture, and an effective government official. His father was Thomas Arnold, the headmaster of Rugby School." (Source: *Grolier Multimedia Encyclopedia*).

a fine essay by President Hyde: Jewett refers to William De Witt Hyde, "The Future of the Country College," *Atlantic Monthly* v. 62; Issue 374 (December 1888) 721-726.

Dan's Wife

Dan Parish had gone to his wedding. His mother was waiting for him to come home with his wife to the old farm-house on Prospect Hill, that high ridge of good farming land which on their side sloped westward. As Ann Parish stood in her kitchen doorway to look out, the low sun blinded her eyes; the fertile fields spread out before her like a dazzling green carpet. She watched the road for a minute and could see no one coming, then she went back to her rocking-chair. It creaked in a querulous way as she moved, as if it tried to express her own discontent. "I don't know 's [know's] I care if their supper is spoiled," said the impatient woman aloud. "Madam'll take her own time. I don't know as there's like to be such a meal spread in this house again very soon. She'll have to see to all those things for herself, and then there'll be no fault-findin' with my old-fashioned ways." And the rocking-chair creaked more angrily.

The supper table stood in the floor laden with the best that Ann Parish could provide. She had made the sponge-cake* by a famous ten-egg receipt of her grandmother's, and the short-biscuit were also of that noted house-keeper's fashion. There were some rich peach preserves, the last jar of the last fruit which the old blood peach-tree* bore before it fell: in fact, this wedding supper was like a commemorative feast, in memory of past joys, and was offered more for ostentation's sake than for love's sake. Mrs. Parish's family, the Kenways, were renowned house-keepers, and the deposed mistress of the Parish farm had fairly tired herself out, in this great effort to keep up her family's reputation. She had not been very well in the last year or two, partly from mistaken ambitions and over-work in her youth. The farm had been weighted with a mortgage when she came to it, and, later, her only daughter, a quick scholar, must be kept at school and generously provided with what she needed, until too much study, and too little wholesome work and exercise and out-door air, fostered a consumptive tendency, and brought her home to a long lingering illness and early death. Dan Parish had been eager to marry, for his mother's sake as well as his own; he had worked early and late, and paid off the last of the mortgage after his father's early death, and now his life looked bright and full of hope. He could make plenty of money off the farm; the rapid growth of a manufacturing village only three miles away promised a good market, his mother would have a kind daughter to help her, and he himself would have the dear, sensible, loving companion, for

whom he had worked and waited patiently, and had loved with all his heart since they were at school together.

While his mother was waiting and fretting, the young couple were driving slowly home in the late afternoon. They had followed the simple country fashion of going to the minister's house to be married. Their wedding was quickly over, and Hannah Parish still held in one hand a shining new copy of the Scriptures,* which had been the minister's gift. Early that morning Dan had brought her trunk and a box or two and a few pieces of furniture from her sister's house to the new home. Hannah had lived with this elder sister of late years, and helped to bring up the large family. She thought of them now sitting down to supper without her for the first time, but she was too happy to sigh even for their sakes. She and Dan had been looking forward to this day and this very drive for a long time. No wonder that the horse was lingering as he pleased. At last the thought of feed-time quickened the good creature's steps.

Dan and Hannah were having a good plain talk. Now that she was truly his wife, he talked with perfect freedom about his mother, as he never had dared to talk or even think before.

"You'll have to work hard sometimes to keep pleasant, pleasant as you be, darlin'," said Dan. "I'm taxed myself some days, I tell you, but I strive to rec'lect all poor mother has gone through: how hard she had to work long o' the first of it, and father wa'n't one that took right hold as her folks always done; and then she set all her hopes onto poor Eliza, an' with workin' early an' late for her expense at the seminary,* and then paying the doctors, and waitin' on her all through the consumption,* well, you see, it broke mother, an' she ain't what she would been. She feels mortified to give up doin' 's [doin's] she always has done, an' some days when the Furbish girl was there this spring, she couldn't suit her no way. As I've told ye, mother don't want to give up to another, and yet she can't bear things being expected of her."

"Don't you go an' worry, Dan," said his companion, placidly. "I expect women understands each other easier than men reads 'em. You forgit I have been living with sister Lyddy, and her being older than I be, more like an aunt; and when she's wore out she always gets jealous fits about the way I do things, and as for me, I hate to be stood over; but we think a sight of each other underneath, and I always tell her afterward, a good thunder-shower clears the air. I've always took to your mother; she's got pretty ways above

most of the folks about here; perhaps it's because she was your mother that I feel to like her. I'll study to please her the best I can, an' if I can't, I'll stand by my duty; and now I've got you to go to, and you've got me, so 'twon't go hard."

Thin, sharp-faced, anxious Ann Parish sat at home in the creaking rocking-chair, growing more miserable every minute, and more suspicious of the attacks that would inevitably be made on her rights and comforts. "I expect she'll be dreadful sweet 'long at the first on't," grumbled the poor tired soul. "Oh dear, this day'll never end. I was up before four," and she sighed and rocked while the sun went down. The house seemed empty and sad; this hour was a fated crisis. She began to think that something had happened to the young people, and went again to the door.

They were just driving into the yard. "Here we be," said Dan, cheerfully. "I s'pose you'll say we've kept supper a-waitin'." He helped his wife down from the wagon, and they went together to where the sad-faced woman waited on the step.

"I give you welcome," Ann Parish managed to say. "I hope you're goin' to be happier 'n I've been, Hannah. I've had the best of sons -- " But here she broke down, and went into the house with Hannah's strong young arm about her bent shoulders, while Dan hurried off to the barn with his horse. He could not help feeling that the home-coming was better than he feared. His mother had a silent, disapproving manner sometimes that was very hard to bear. To himself he spoke of it as the grumps; but Dan was so filled with happiness that June evening that he feared nothing. Now that his mother was going to live with Hannah and know how good she was, she could no longer keep her strange suspicious fancies and jealous ways of speaking. The horses had a double supper, the cattle had been milked earlier by the hired man, and turned out again to pasture, Jakey had taken himself off to leave the little household to itself for the great occasion.

When Dan came in from the barn the evening meal was ready, and they all sat down. Ann Parish had with ostentatious meekness given up her own place, but the daughter-in-law had affectionately reinstated her at the head of the table. Hannah praised the short-biscuit, the preserved peaches, the cup of tea, and paid everything highest tribute of eager appetite. They were almost merry together, and the mother delighted her son by joining in the cheerfulness of the feast. Traces of the lost beauty of her girlhood came out

in her face, and the son was touched to see how carefully she had dressed herself in her best, and made his wedding supper ready. Afterward he took his mother in his arms and held her, and kissed her over and over again, as if it had been Hannah herself. He had not kissed her before since he was a boy -- they were of stern New England stuff. "You've been the best mother a man ever had," he said, brokenly. "I've got you a good daughter to help you now, and you'll have it easier;" but the poor little woman only burst into tears. Hannah had put on a clean calico apron over her turned-up wedding dress, and was beginning to clear away the supper.

"We haven't left a great sight of anything," she said. "I never shall forget how good the peach was. You must be tired out, mother, so you set right there and rest, and if I don't do things right, you can show me to-morrow."

But at the word mother fresh tears began to flow.

"Poor Eliza! if she had only lived -- all the girl I had," said the despondent woman.

For one moment all the joy of Hannah Parish's wedding day faded out of her heart, and a weight of apprehension took its place. Dan's mother might have remembered him and his happiness. Then the sound of Dan's joyful whistle came to her ears, as he went about his evening work out-of-doors. "I'll hurry with these dishes, and get time to have a little walk with him up top of the hill," thought Hannah. "There, there's a crook in every lot,* and I expect poor mother Parish's got to be mine.

II.

It is impossible to tell just what the common words of our every-day speech mean to other people. They have but a relative meaning; association and experience, and especially the depth and clearness of our thought, determine the significance of words and phrases. The elder Mrs. Parish had been a teacher for a year or two before her marriage; this had a great effect upon her whole career, and gave her a spirit of conviction rather than suggestion toward other people, and at times a vast responsibility for their conversation. She had occasion to correct her son often, and now it was evident that his wife had a very slipshod way of expressing her thoughts. Those mistakes, of which Mrs. Parish was conscious, gave her great annoyance, and one day she was so far disturbed as to compare such delinquencies, with the beautiful way in which Eliza had

always spoken. It was one of the trying things of every day, that the elder woman took pains to pronounce again, in a different, snappish way, certain words with which her son's wife had been careless. But she was limited in her own knowledge of polite speech; and once Hannah gently reminded her that the minister pronounced the adjective in question after her own fashion. He had used it several times in the long prayer that morning.

They were washing the supper dishes together most amicably, but at this difference of opinion and fall of pride, Dan's mother gave Hannah a reproachful look, turned away, took a faltering step or two toward the cupboard, then went to her own room and prepared to pass the night in tears.

"There, don't mind her one grain," said Dan, who was sitting on the door-step. "She will have these spells, and the more you mind 'em, the longer they last. She got sort of excited and wore out getting the house ready, and now the excitement's gone, she feels unstrung. She said this mornin' you was a good girl, and she didn't know as I could done better. 'Twas a good deal for her to proffer, I tell you;" and he looked up affectionately at his young wife. "She's always crosswise Sunday evenings after she gets tired goin' to meetin'. I expect I shall miss footin' it over to see you and keep company," he added, and they both laughed.

"Poor thing! Sunday night's a lonesome time to set all alone," said kind-hearted Hannah. "I'm glad we're here, Dan. I don't mind her much, and it's the best way to stand our ground so far 's [far's] we can. She needs us to be with her. There's lots of good things about your mother. I was thinkin' this morning about something grandsir used to say: she's like a cow that'll give a good pail o' milk, an' then kick it over. It makes me feel bad when I see how she must have worked before we was married. I never saw a house so spick an' span* from garret to cellar."

Dan had a sad consciousness that this was partly done out of his mother's pride in her reputation as a house-keeper, but he had wisdom enough to keep things of that sort to himself. He was joyfully happy and delighted in Hannah's affection for him, after having been disapproved so long by his mother. "She'd go through fire and water any time, but she trips up on nothin', and then blames other folks for the fall," he said to himself. "Come, Hannah, let's go down the orchard lane," he added; and away they went, and lingered about the old place until after moonrise, making plans for their work and their life together. It was pitiful to think how

much pleasanter it was to be out-of-doors than in, but they could be happy anywhere. The Sunday before had been rainy, and that morning they had, in the country parlance, "appeared out." Hannah had worn her simple wedding finery, and they had walked up the aisle to their pew arm in arm. The heads of the congregation had turned as if a wind had tossed them like heads of clover, and after the service there was great hand-shaking and congratulation. It took socially the place of the formal wedding with invited guests, but if it had been the Sunday after their funeral, Dan's mother could not have cried harder through the hymns and prayers, or held her handkerchief to her face more constantly during the long sermon.

"S'pose she *has* seen trouble," said one indignant neighbor, as they walked home together along the country road. "So've all the rest of us that's come to her age. She's got a habit o' pityin' herself, and wants everybody else to jine in. She pressed my hand comin' out o' meetin', as if she was too full for words; but I says, 'There, Ann Parish; whatever the years has brought ye, ye've got the smartest girl in town, an' the best-hearted, for a darter-in-law.' She made out to wag her head an' say yes. But, there, 'tis one of her down times, an' nobody can rise her out on 'em till the 'pinted time, not if ye blow her up with powder."

"Dan's always jest so pleasant," said another woman. "I've seen the boy look at her kind o' sidewise when he come in to supper, and he'd know right off, when he was a little feller, whether 'twould do to say a word or not. She's denied herself everything just because she was pleased to, when Dan would ha' been only too satisfied to have her spend what she wanted. One time she even pinched herself o' eatin' butter, so 's [so's] they'd have a mite more to sell."

"She never pinches herself o' strong tea, I've observed," responded the other. "Tea's as bad a cuss to that make o' woman, as drink is to a drinkin' man. She keeps that old black teapot on the back o' the stove day in an' day out, an' says there's nothing but tea sustains her. I told her one day 'twas the cause o' her poor feelin's, an' she'd better sign the pledge,* an' she never hardly spoke to me the rest o' the day, though I'd gone over neighborin' to help her quilt. She never asked me to stay to supper, nor said good-arternoon as I come away."

The listener chuckled with satisfaction. "I al'ays thought I'd find out what 'twas come atween you two that time. So 'twas on account o' the tea, was it?" And they parted, one to go up

her own shady farm lane, and the other to follow the main road a short distance. Just then Dan and Hannah and old Mrs. Parish drove by in their new two-seated wagon. They had received a hearty greeting from their friends. The women sat together on the back seat, and Hannah had put her own new summer shawl over Mother Parish's shoulders, for the wind had gone into the east, and the air was growing cool.

III.

With all her kind determination and knowledge beforehand of the inevitable difficulties, Dan's wife found her heart fail her more and more as the summer days went by. She did not mind the hard work of the farm; she had always been used to hard work, and she grew fonder and fonder of her own home and of Dan. She had her faults, and hated them more than ever, now that they were met by that chilling fog of rebuke and disapproval. Sometimes the fog would lift, and the elder woman would become cheerful and companionable for a few days, and then it was really a happy time as they sat together at their sewing, or went about the household work. Ann Parish would talk of the past and of Dan's childhood, and give some hint of her true affection for him which burned warmly under the cover of selfishness and jealousy and criticism, which time had slowly woven. Sometimes the poor woman would become almost gay, and look young, even pretty, in the exquisite neatness of her black print gown and smooth hair. "You'd know Mother Parish was different from common folks," Hannah proudly whispered to Dan once, but next morning the chilly fog was there again, and seemed to fill the kitchen. Nothing suited; Ann Parish worked harder than ever since her daughter-in-law had come. She would not admit that her labors were lessened, and was heard to say that Hannah was willing, but she had come of slipshod folks, and took hold of everything in what she deemed the wrong way.

To the outer world their relations looked fair enough, and Dan's work was away from the house. So, since his wife was not a complainer, he did not know the worst of affairs. It really seemed to poor Hannah sometimes that Dan's mother was going crazy. She used to be melancholy and disapproving, but never spiteful and contradictory as now. Hannah patiently reminded herself that it was hard for an older woman to give up the head of affairs, and sometimes it was still harder to keep the lead with failing strength. But as the early autumn came, they were falling into a way of being

silent, and Hannah began to feel low-spirited, while Dan, who had been hindered about his crops and disappointed, spoke sharply, and for the first time openly took his mother's side, when his ignorance of the matters in question made him unjust.

Hannah's pretty girlish freshness seemed to be fading. Ann Parish herself grew thinner and quicker and more convicting in manner; there was little laughter or cheerfulness in the comfortable farm-house, and so the rainy September weather came on.

Dan's mother felt herself increasingly to be pitied. Dan's wife lost heart and gained hopelessness. If she only knew what to do! But she was sure that her mother-in-law disliked her thoroughly, and that it was no use to try any longer to change a settled feeling. She was still affectionately disposed, and was able to look at her house-mate's sullen disposition as a malady and misfortune, rather than a fault, especially in the rare days when Ann Parish was more tolerant and kindly. Somehow she did not feel well and strong, as she did when she first came to the farm. She was full of shivering weakness; and while she tried to throw it off by extra exertion, she grew the more incapable of steady hard work. Dan said one day that she must not work so hard. He was very good to her and tender, and yet she felt a new dislike to him, or rather to his heavy boots and loud voice. Her head was heavy, and she could not bear noises; and she was half afraid of Dan's mother, and startled when the quick, severe little woman stepped forward suddenly from a doorway or a closet. For many days this grew worse and worse; she believed that she had caught a heavy cold; she was flushed and hot, and longed to creep away somewhere into the dark. One morning after breakfast she tried to make her bed and could not, and lay down for a minute to gather strength. One verse of an old hymn drifted through her mind, poor child; she had often heard it sung at evening meetings:*

> "Jesus, the sinner's Friend,* to Thee,
> Lost and undone, for aid I flee:
> Weary of earth, myself, and sin
> , Open Thine arms and take me in."

"Hannah! Hannah!" called the sharp voice from the kitchen, "your bread's all scorched! I never burnt a baking of bread in all the years I kept house -- " But Hannah did not hurry down to the scene of disaster. It seemed no matter about the bread; she could not lift her head from the pillow.

And when she tried to answer, she found her voice fail her; she could not make Dan's mother hear.

In a few minutes the disturbed woman came up to the bedroom. She did not suspect Hannah of indulging herself in a fit of bad temper; it was rather from her habit of curiosity and suspicion, that she looked in and saw a relaxed figure lying among the rumpled bed-clothes. Hannah faintly said that her head ached badly, and she must have taken more cold. She had not been feeling well all the morning.

"I've worked through a good many mornings when I was ready to drop," said Ann Parish, but with less ungraciousness than usual. She hesitated a minute, and then pulled a blanket over her daughter's shoulders, and drew the window-curtain so that the sun would not flare in; then she went away. Dan had taken his dinner to a distant field where he was at work.

Later in the afternoon he came to the house, but found nobody in the kitchen or sitting-room. His mother was not in the bedroom, and he thought that Hannah might have gone to visit some of her friends, which was a relief to his mind, since he had been worrying about her all day. He heard footsteps in the room overhead, which had been his sister's, and presently found his mother there, looking over poor Eliza's bureau, sighing over the school-books and needle-work and other relics, as was her wont on Sundays and in special times of depression.

Dan looked very tall and large in the bedroom, with its sloping ceiling. His mother sighed, but did not speak to him.

"Where's Hannah?" asked the young man.

"She complained of her cold the middle of the morning, and I've just finished all the work."

"Is she sick in bed?" demanded Dan, anxiously, and he gave his mother one dark reproachful look, and turned away.

IV.

The two friends who had walked home from church together that Sunday morning after Hannah appeared a bride, were again in company another Sunday morning in early October, and their voices had a solemn tone.

"Has the doctor given 'em any hope?" one asked the other.

"He says it's a question of whether she's got stren'th to pull through," was the answer. "She's a dreadful sick woman; we both know that as well 's [well's] he does."

"I see her this mornin' 'arly just lookin' through the door, an' she's all gone to a shadow o' what she was."

"It's the worst run o' fever that's ben about here for years. I've helped take care of sights o' sich folks, an' I know. 'Tis a narrow chance for pore Hannah, dear, willin', pleasant creature!"

"My time's past for watchin' with the sick," said the other woman, plaintively. "The wust sorrow my years has brought is bein' useless now where I once could do."

"Nobody amon'st us has done her part more generous," said the younger woman. "I never see such a picture o' sorrow as Dan is. Seems if he couldn't hardly hold in from crying the day through. Him an' Hannah's set the world by each other, an' had to work an' wait a long spell afore 'twas so Dan could feel at ease to marry. I always mistrusted Ann Parish was more difficult with her own folks than none of us ever supposed. I don't believe but what she's made it harder for Hannah than she likes to think of now. She's a dreadful ornery person -- the Kenways always was -- and yet pretty appearing, an' smart as whips. I never liked the look in Ann Parish's eye, an' yet I can't say she ever give me a misbeholden word. Well, pore Hannah's life is in the Lord's hands!" And so the friends parted.

The doctor's gig went up the lane day after day in early morning and at nightfall. Dan and his mother looked years older, and Hannah, burning with fever, talked to them with piteous unconsciousness of their presence. She had not known even Dan for a week. She begged over and over that somebody would tell her what she had done to make Mother Parish hate her.

"I like Mother Parish; I wish I could make her like me," she said once, in a grieved, childish tone, looking up with her dull eyes at the anxious woman herself. There was nobody else in the room.

"Poor darlin'! I love you now if I never did before. Oh, do get well, Hannah! I've always liked you better than I could let on!" besought Ann Parish, with an outburst of tears.

But Hannah did not understand. "Mother Parish don't like me, Dan," she said, sadly.

The house-work was doubled, and the farm-work could not be neglected even while the farm's young mistress seemed lingering on the threshold of death's-door. Dan's mother was overworked; she had no time to fret, scarcely to mourn. Ah, how she missed her daughter's quick step and willingness, and her interest in all the home affairs! Hannah used to sing a good deal about her work in the days when she was first at the farm. Little by little the old feeling faded out; all the mother's hope and prayer was for the love of her two children. It seemed to her that nothing could ever fret her or make her surly any more if Dan's wife could only get well.

V.

In one of the lovely days of the Indian-summer* the two neighbors, after their old custom, waited for each other, and walked home together from church.

"Well," said the elder, "I must say it made me happy to see Parish's folks out to meetin'. Hannah looked feeble, but she's pickin' up fast; she'll be smart before winter, and that's a blessin'."

"I see Dan's mother stealin' glances at her in meetin-time, 'fectionate as could be; there wa'n't none of her tears to-day, same 's [same's] the Sunday after they was married. Hannah looked sweet, didn't she, with them little curly rings o' hair about her forehead? Well, sometimes folks enjoys better health after a fever."

"It's been the greatest blessin' that ever Ann Parish had, to come so nigh losin' her. She feels it too; she knows it has broke down her own foolishness. I tell ye there ain't a gratefuler creatur' in town than she is. And she mothers her now, an' Dan too, as never she did before."

Just then the friends heard a wagon behind them, and stepped back among the late asters* on the road-side. Dan and Hannah and their mother were driving home, and greeted the old neighbors affectionately. After they passed, the friends saw Ann Parish wrap a little spare shawl that she had brought about her daughter's thin shoulders. She tucked it in round her with great care, as if she felt true pleasure in doing kind service.

"Don't you remember 'twas just the other way that first Sunday we saw 'em goin' home?" exclaimed one of the lookers-on.

Notes

"Dan's Wife" appeared in *Harper's Bazar* (22: 562-3, 569) for August 3, 1889, from which this text is taken. Kathrine C. Aydelott, University of Connecticut, has found another printing in the *Washington Post* (p. 15), August 4, 1889, under the title, "Dan Parish's Will."

sponge-cake: a cake made without shortening, distinguished from a butter cake. A 10-egg recipe would be either very rich or very large.

blood peach-tree: We have not been able to determine what variety of tree was familiarly known as a blood peach-tree.

Scriptures: the Christian bible in this case..

seminary: a school, especially a private school for young women..

consumption: now known as tuberculosis..

a crook in every lot: In the Oxford English Dictionary, a *"crook in one's lot"* is something untoward or distressing in one's experience: an affliction, trial (15. b)..

spick an' span: Spick and span, quite new; that is, as new as a spike or nail just made and a chip just split; brand-new; as, a spick and span novelty. See Span-new. (now hyphenated, and more commonly meaning spotlessly clean). (ARTFL Project: 1913 Webster's Revised Unabridged Dictionary)..

sign the pledge: A promise usually in writing to refrain from intoxicants or something considered harmful, e.g.. to abstain from whisky drinking. Here in reference to her drinking too much tea..

meetings: Sunday or weekday church service among American Protestants..

Jesus, the sinner's Friend: The full text can be found in *Spiritual Folk-Songs of Early America: Two Hundred and Fifty Tunes and Texts*, by George Pullen Jackson. Reprint of 1937 ed. New York: Dover, 1964..

Indian Summer: a period of mild, warm, hazy weather following the first frost of late autumn, especially on the North American continent..

later asters: a large genus of chiefly fall-blooming leafy stemmed herbaceous plants (family, *Compositae*) native of temporal regions..

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"Dolly Franklin's Decision" and "A Good Girl"

Introduction

In his *New England Quarterly* article, "Sarah Orne Jewett and Mary E. Wilkins (Freeman): Two Shrewd Businesswomen in Search of New Markets" (1997 Mar. 1997 (70,1): 57-82, Charles Johanningsmeier identifies this story as one that Jewett contributed to S. S. McClure's pioneer newspaper syndicate. Jewett's title was "Dolly Franklin's Decision," under which it appeared in the Boston *Globe* (24 November 1889, sec. 2. p. 5), the first text that appears below. A second, abbreviated version appeared in the New York *World* (24 November 1889, p. 28). Following the second version is a table of major differences between the two versions. It is likely that the story appeared in a number of other newspapers in the United States.

The illustrations both appeared in the Boston *Globe*. Only the second appears in the New York *World*. The illustrator has not be identified. The first is entitled: "She was ringing at the neighbor's." The second is: "It's so nice to have you here."

Dolly Franklin's Decision

Or How a Boston Girl Brought Sunshine into a Home Life.

Somebody asks a question about an ideal girl, and there seems to be no answer. "An imaginary model of perfection," and a gay, helpful, hopeful, often mistaken, but progressing young creature just this side of womanhood, seem to have but little relation to one another, at first thought. Yet which of us has not known a girl to praise and love and set as copy for other girls -- a young, thoughtful Mary or busy Martha,* who filled her place in life well and charmingly? I can think of one just now whom I should like to have a great many other girls see as [she] goes to and fro about her work in her father and mother's house. Her name is Dolly Franklin, and she lives in Boston, but not in the city itself. Her home is in one of the new streets which have been made through an old estate in Roxbury, where only two or three years ago there were fields and even pasture ground, and wild thickets, and flowers that one would never think of looking for so near a great town.

Now there are 10 wooden houses on one side of the street and 10 on the other, built by the same plan, and, as the real estate agent's notice said, "Commodious, modern, and elegant, and for rent at excessively moderate rates." The truth was that of the three adjectives only the second was true of the little houses, and, as for the rent, it was as high as the real estate agent and the owner dared to make it.

Mr. Franklin, Dolly's father, knew that it would not be easy to pay so many dollars a quarter, but he was tempted by two things, there was a lovely view of the lower country and the salt water from the windows of the front bed room upstairs, and in the front yard there was a beautiful young linden tree which had grown on the lawn through which the new street had been made. Some of the other houses had trees, too, but not many of them, and Mr. Franklin had always thought that if he had a place of his own he would plant a linden in front of it. There was a bit of ground behind each house where one might have a very small garden, and there was a narrow strip for flowers at the side next the driveway to the shed. The little home looked much pleasanter than any other in the double row. For some reason it seemed the only one with any individuality to it. Whether this was on account of the linden tree nobody could tell; but when Mr. Franklin went upstairs and looked out of the windows in the June sunlight and thought what a high, dry, sunshiny place it would be for his sick wife, he determined to risk paying the extra rent and to save the money for it some way or other.

Dolly, who had come out with him in the open horse car, was sure that they could not do better. They had to leave their house in town because a large apartment house was going to be built on the land, and, indeed, nobody was very sorry; the street was dark already because a high block of buildings had lately been put up on the other side. Dolly ran up to her mother's room as soon as they came back and told about the new house with great enthusiasm. It seemed as if it were already theirs, and Mrs. Franklin listened, and tried hard to make it clear just which room had the great closet with shelves and drawers and which opened on the back entry and had two windows to the west and the pretty paper with the blue and pink morning glories.

"It was so nice to have you here to see about it all, Dolly," said Mrs. Franklin, when at last the chapters of description seemed to be coming to an end.

"I am thankful," insisted young Dolly. "I knew that father ought to have one of us go with him to see about it; he would

get a house that was either too big or too little, and all he cared about today was the tree in the front yard and the view out of your window."

"How old are you, Dolly?" inquired her father unexpectedly, while every body laughed at him. Bob was there, too, a blustering brother of 12.

"I'm 16," said Dolly.

"I suppose you'll be in school these three years yet," said Mr. Franklin soberly. "I begin to grudge the time. It seems to me that we ought to have you right here."

"Oh, no!" said Dolly's mother quickly, but Dolly's face shone with a new light. She began to speak, and then checked herself in a steady grown-up way, and skipped down stairs to see that her mother's supper was ready in season. There was no fire set in the kitchen. The house girl had not come in, though she had faithfully promised to return from an errand within a few minutes of 3 o'clock, when Dolly had set forth with her father. She was not reliable, this girl, and she was very incompetent, but nobody had known how to get a better person in her place. Housework is a business which is seldom learned as other businesses are. One wonders, when so much well being depends upon it, why so few people take real pride in this honorable employment.

Dolly Franklin felt very cross for a minute. She had helped Lizzie Gregg a long time that morning so that she could go out early, but there was no use fault finding, and she whisked a big apron out of a drawer, and Bob kindly went down cellar for kindlings and made a crackling fire with ever so many matches and at least three newspapers, so that tea was ready in good season, and Dolly was just going up stairs with her mother's little tray when the dallying Lizzie came in.

That night Dolly went to bed early, and for once did not go to sleep as soon her head touched the pillow. This young had was full of plans, and yet she thought that the bright June moon was making her wakeful because it shone into her little room. She had been away from home at school for two years, and she did not think that it would be right to stay away any longer. To be sure the school was free, but there were many little expenses, and it cost much more than if she stayed at home. The question was whether she were really gaining enough in every way to make it worth while. She had never seen so plainly how much her own home needed her, or what unselfishness her father and her mother showed in

their frequent discomfort without her. She had been living with her father's sister while she went to school, and this had been very pleasant; but her aunt had often said that she meant to take some other young girl to live with her in school days when Dolly's school days were over, so that she would not be too much missed.

Dolly liked her lessons, and liked her schoolmates still better. She had always supposed until that night that she would graduate with her class.

II.

The moving was over early in July, and the Franklins were settled in the new house behind the linden tree, and Mrs. Franklin had been so much better for the change that she often could come down to dinner and supper and "behave," as Bob said, "like everybody else." The view out of her window was even a greater pleasure than could be expected. Bob was fast turning into a landscape gardener, and so far had not flagged in keeping the yard and garden patch looking clean and tidy. He had requested a pear tree for his birthday, and though transplanted so late in the season it seemed to be doing well. Dolly was as busy as a bee inside the house; the heedless Lizzy had refused the week before they moved to go into what she was pleased to call the country, and at first Mrs. Franklin had been made very miserable. Dolly proposed advertising, but her mother gave a disconsolate shake of the head.

"Where's old Nora?" asked Mr. Franklin, suddenly. "Have you seen her lately? Doesn't she live somewhere near the new house?"

"Of course," said his wife, brightening. "I think that it can't be more than half a mile. Perhaps she'll come and help us in the morning, and then we'll see what can be done afterward."

Nobody knows to what good end any little lane of decision may lead. Old Nora had indeed helped with the morning. Her children were grown now, and she had much spare time on her hands, and was glad to earn something and to help her old mistress. She had, indeed, helped Dolly amazingly, and they had many a comfortable talk together as they worked in the clean new kitchen. At last Dolly ventured to say a word at the end of the first 10 days, when she and her father were sitting in Mrs. Franklin's room, and there was a pause, and the breeze rustled in the cool tree outside: "Don't you think

we have been getting on well with the housekeeping?" she said timidly, and the mother and father eagerly said yes.

"Then why can't we keep on just in the same way all this summer?" Dolly asked again.

"Oh, but you can't, dear child!" said the mother.

"Why not?" asked Dolly, and she thought that her father never had looked so pleased.

"I can try for awhile at any rate," the girl went on. "It is so easy to do the work here in this nice house, and Nora can wash on Mondays; she says she will, and then she can come again in the week to help with any heavy work, or if we have company. I wish that I could try. It would save us so much money, and you know we had to spend more than we expected in coming here; it would be a way that I could help father along until Bob can do something."

"Why, don't you mean to--"

But Dolly was not ready to say anything else and just then somebody rang the front door bell, and she ran down with her heart beating very fast. It was only a woman with dressmaking patterns to sell, who talked a long time about them. Dolly tried to listen patiently after she had said that nobody wished for any, but at any rate she had time to get over the excitement she had felt about her plans. She could not tell yet whether she must give up going to school any more.

The housekeeping, with some hindrances, went on delightfully that summer. It was, perhaps, a commonplace thing enough that a girl of 16, well grown and strong, and capable as Dolly Franklin was, should cook and sweep and plan and sew for her little home household, but to the anxious girl herself and the applauding members of the family it seemed most wonderful. Dolly was a very good cook, and was always learning new things, and she kept the house looking fresh and pleasant. She was very careful not to waste anything, for she knew how hard her father worked for what they had, and what a difference it made because her mother was not well and strong. There was always a doctor's bill to reckon on, but this half year it promised to be much less than usual.

Nobody knew how many of the lightest things in the housework found their way to Mrs. Franklin's willing, thin hands, and somehow there was a pleasantness in the household that warmed everybody's heart. It made such a

difference when one really wished to do the work; so many girls hate to do it, and are even ashamed of it in their own dear homes; but more and more Dolly found her ambition and her power growing, and the morning work could soon be done in so much less time than at first. She had plenty of time to go into town whenever it was necessary, and she saw as much of her friends as ever she had and somehow enjoyed life a great deal better than before. Sometimes she did not need old Nora for anything but the washing; sometimes she came two or three times in a week to help with hard work; but Dolly looked round and well and prettier than ever, her mother thought, when she and her father and Bob started for church on Sunday morning, all in their Sunday clothes.

III.

It was not very long before the Franklins began to know their neighbors in the new street. The houses were being taken one by one until few were left empty, and Bob knew all the boys by sight and name, and was desperately intimate with one or two. In one house there were some cousins of Mr. Franklin's fellow-bookkeeper, which led to a pleasant acquaintance and neighborliness, and in the next house to theirs was an old gentleman and his daughter, who gave music lessons. Dolly wished to make friends of these people more than of any one else. There was something so tasteful and pretty about their house and they had such charming faces. The old father looked like a soldier and held his head proudly as he walked by; the daughter looked kind and smiling as she hurried out with her music roll. Dolly was sure that she was never impatient with her little music scholars. She sometimes heard the neighbors speaking a foreign language, and they were so polite to one another. The old soldier took off his hat with a fine air when he bade any one good morning.

Dolly wished more and more that she knew them, but she could not tell how to begin, the young lady was a good many years older than she. It was perfectly wonderful how interesting they and their house became; theirs [their's] was the most charming house of the double row, while some looked so cheap and tawdry and unclean that our friend could never believe that they were really all built from the same measurements and painted the same color.

Dolly never had cared much for any of her school lessons, but learned them because she must. She did care for her French lessons, however, and she liked the stories that she was just beginning to read. She could not help a little sigh when she thought that if she stopped going to school she must give them all up. As for the geometry and the next year's chemistry course, she was glad to escape these. She had never said a word about going back to school, but soon it was past the middle of August, and she must let her aunt know if she did not mean to come back. What would her father and mother say? They had always said so much about Dolly's having a good education, but to Dolly it appeared more and more as if she had shut her desk cover [over] for the last time. When the evenings grew longer she would get out her books and study a little. She could help Bob, too, when his school began, for out-of-door Bob suffered many things in the quest for book-learning.

She could look across from the kitchen window, where she oftenest stood, to the house of the interesting neighbors, but she did not know them yet, though the old gentleman had once taken off his hat as he opened her gate most politely. She was just remembering one day that it was a good while since she had seen either the father or daughter, when her mother said that the daughter must be sick; she had not gone by for several days and there had been a doctor's carriage at the door. "Your father says they are French people," said Mrs. Franklin, and Dolly was more interested than ever. She had come up to confer with her mother about something uncommon that was to be made for supper. Two of Dolly's own acquaintances were coming out to tea from town. It was such fun to have what one liked and take pride and pleasure in it, instead of being at the mercy of somebody else who resented a visitor and felt herself aggrieved if there were anything extra to do.

"What comfort we have had this summer! How I shall miss you, Dolly," said the mother, and she spoke so plaintively that Dolly came very near telling her then and there about her plans. It was not that Bob always had his favorite buns and molasses cookies and that Dolly knew exactly how to bake the Sunday beans dry and sweet and brown as her father liked them, but there was a delightful sense of comfort and friendliness all about the house; there was no unwilling and protesting member [members] of the little family. For the wages that they were able to pay they could not have a well-trained, able house-girl; they had been made wretched enough by the untrained, unwilling girls who knew so little about their business and would not take the trouble to learn any more. It had been different when Mrs. Franklin was well and about the house for even the most provoking person could not help feeling the influence of her careful friendly ways as they worked together. But the pale little mistress always said that it was a hard place for a young girl now.

Not hard for Dolly! She was surprised to find how easy it was to do the work, and that every day had some new interesting thing about it. She wondered why there was no drudgery.

One morning as she walked across toward the French neighbors she was tempted to go over herself to ask for the young lady. The doctor had not been there now for a day or two. To be sure they were strangers, but Dolly's warm, young heart was touched when she [the] thought that there seemed to be nobody to show a friendly interest. Late in the morning Dolly put a cup of her mother's broth and some thin oatmeal biscuit and a piece of light cake on a little waiter and started out feeling as if it were a great adventure. On her way down the yard she picked a bright pink geranium flower and two of its fresh green leaves to make the tray look pretty, and the next minute she was ringing at the neighbor's door. The old gentleman came to open it, looking very old and troubled.

"Will you enter?" he asked most politely, and Dolly stepped in, blushing a good deal.

"We have much of trouble," said the old man sadly. "You are kind, my dear. Will you ascend the stairway?" And Dolly went up and entered the room. There was the poor lady who had been very ill, and was better now, so that she had managed to sit up in bed and was trying to write some letters to her pupils. She was so glad to see our Dolly's pleasant face, and proved herself most grateful for the little luncheon

on the tray. It is needless to say that they became fast friends and that Dolly went over to spend an hour or two that very afternoon and sent word besides to Nora, whose strong hands were needed in the neglected kitchen. It seemed when our friend told her father about the French people that night as if she had known them for weeks.

"No, mother," said Dolly Franklin, a week later. "I'm not going back to school, but I'm going to study a great deal harder than I used to there." Somehow the old idea of graduating with the class had faded out, for she needed to know things now that she could not learn in school. Her father had already been easily talked over to the new plan, but Mrs. Franklin anxiously protested.

"I love so to be here, and you need me," said Dolly. "It isn't as if I were going to be a teacher. I'm going to be a home girl always, and I mean to be learning home things. You don't know how ambitious I am. This year, anyway, you will have to keep me, and we will have such good times this winter. Mlle. Trevy is going to give me French lessons: that is, she says that I may read to her, and she will help me to learn to speak all she can. I shouldn't have half so good a chance at the seminary. They are so pleased because father got that translating for them to do for his establishment. Truly, I shall learn more, being with such lovely people. The old gentleman is so nice he never grumbles or frets but I know that it is very hard for them having to be so poor and uncertain. Oh, mother, you will like them so much! There are ever so many nice people in this street!"

"If I were only well!" sighed poor Mrs. Franklin.

"But perhaps you will be soon," said Dolly in a most heartening way. "Think how much better you are than when you came here!"

"Your father says that he is going to pay you just the same that he paid Lizzie Gregg," said Mrs. Franklin, smiling again. "He thinks it is only fair, and so you will have some money that is really your own. The first of the year he will have his increase of salary, and then he can give you more; but he was so pleased this morning, telling me that you had saved so much from what it used to cost him for housekeeping, that he hasn't minded the high rent a bit. You ought to have heard father praise you. He said two or three times that he wished every father and mother had such a good girl. You take more care of us now than we do of you."

"Oh, no!" said Dolly, "I work just because I love to, and you do everything for me." Then she went down to her neat little kitchen with great happiness in her heart. She was sure that none of the girls she knew had such a happy home, but after all Dolly herself did as much as any one to make it so; it was Dolly herself who deserved praise that day. She was lucky to have learned so soon that having plenty of good work and liking [living] it is the best thing in the world.

A Good Girl

Somebody asks a question about an ideal girl, and there seems to be no answer. I can think of one just now whom I should like to have a great many other girls see as she goes to and fro about her work in her father and mother's house. Her name is Dolly Franklin, and she lives in Boston, but not in the city itself. She had been away from home at school for two years, and she did not think that it would be right to stay away any longer. To be sure, the school was free; but there were many little expenses, and it cost much more than if she stayed at home. The question was whether she were really gaining enough in every way to make it worth while. She had never seen so plainly how much her own home needed her, or what unselfishness her father and her mother showed in their frequent discomfort without her. She had been living with her father's sister while she went to school, and this had been very pleasant; but her aunt had often said that she meant to take some other young girl to live with her in school days when Dolly's school days were over, so that she would not be too much missed.

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"I can try for awhile at any rate," the girl went on. "It is so easy to do the work here in this nice house, and Nora can wash on Mondays; she says she will, and then she can come again in the week to help with any heavy work, or if we have company. I wish that I could try. It would save us so much money, and you know we had to spend more than we expected in coming here; it would be a way that I could help father along until Bob can do something."

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"But perhaps you will be soon," said Dolly in a most heartening way. ["]Think how much better you are than when you came here!"

"Your father says that he is going to pay you just the same that he paid Lizzie Gregg," said Mrs. Franklin, smiling again. "He thinks it is only fair, and so you will have some money that is really your own. The first of the year he will have his increase of salary, and then he can give you more; but he was so pleased this morning, telling me that you had saved so much from what it used to cost him for housekeeping that he hasn't minded the high rent a bit. You ought to have heard father praise you. He said two or three times that he wished every father and mother had such a good girl. You take more care of us now than we do of you."

"Oh, no!" said Dolly, "I work just because I love to, and you do everything for me." Then she went down to her neat little kitchen with great happiness in her heart. She was sure that none of the girls she knew had such a happy home, but after all Dolly herself did as much as any one to make it so; it was Dolly herself who deserved praise that day. She was lucky to have learned so soon that having plenty of good work and liking it is the best thing in the world.

Note

thoughtful Mary or busy Martha: See Luke 10, for the story of Jesus's visit to the home of Mary and Martha, sisters of Lazarus.

Major Differences between the two texts.

Minor changes in punctuation are not included here.

Pgph. # in *World* version	New York *World*	Boston *Globe*
1	no answer. I can think of	no answer. "An imaginary model of perfection," and a gay, helpful, hopeful, often mistaken, but progressing young creature just this side of womanhood, seem

		to have but little relation to one another, at first thought. Yet which of us has not known a girl to praise and love and set as copy for other girls -- a young, thoughtful Mary or busy Martha, who filled her place in life well and charmingly? I can think of
	but not in the city itself. She had been away from home ...	but not in the city itself. Her home is in one of the new streets which have been made through an old estate in Roxbury, where only two or three years ago there were fields and even pasture ground, and wild thickets, and flowers that one would never think of looking for so near a great town. [See text for 10 additional paragraphs here in this version.] That night Dolly went to bed early, and for once did not go to sleep as soon her head touched the pillow. This young had was full of plans, and yet she thought that the bright June moon was making her wakeful because it shone into her little room. She had been

		away from home
2 -- 3	Dolly liked her lessons, and liked her schoolmates still better. She had always supposed until that night that she would graduate with her class. The moving was over early in July, and the Franklins were settled in the new house	She had always supposed until that night that she would graduate with her class. II. The moving was over early in July, and the Franklins were settled in their new house
5	we'll see what can be done afterwards."	we'll see what can be done afterward."
11	"Why, don't you mean --"	"Why, don't you mean to --"
12	the excitement she felt about her plans.	the excitement she had felt about her plans.
14	deal better than ever before.	deal better than before.
14 -- 15	their Sunday clothes. It was not very long before	their Sunday clothes. III. It was not very long before
15-16	more than of any one else. There was something so tasteful	more than of any one else. There was something so tasteful
16	any one good morning. Dolly wished more	any one good morning. Dolly wished more
17	Dolly never had cared much for any of her lessons, but learned	Dolly never had cared much for any of her school lessons, but

	them because she must. What would her father and mother say?	learned them because she must. She did care for her French lessons, however, and she liked the stories that she was just beginning to read. She could not help a little sigh when she thought that if she stopped going to school she must give them all up. As for the geometry and the next year's chemistry course, she was glad to escape these. She had never said a word about going back to school, but soon it was past the middle of August, and she must let her aunt know if she did not mean to come back. What would her father and mother say?
21	as she walked across towards the French neighbors	as she walked across toward the French neighbors
.	piece of light cake on the little waiter	piece of light cake on a little waiter

The Centennial Celebration

What one could say about any general subject just now, in THE SCHOLAR, would seem to be of less interest than the subject which concerns us all so much. I mean the Centennial celebration of the founding of our Berwick Academy. We have taken a general interest in it for some months, but I, for one, begin to wonder about the detail, and what can be done by every one of us to make the day a delightful success.

First, I think that we ought to put the village into as good order as we can. Those who remember it as one of the greenest and pleasantest spots in New England will hold us accountable for our care of it, and we have no desire to be called untidy town-keepers any more than careless house-keepers. We must look after the roadsides and by-ways over which we have any control, and even put early flowers into our gardens, which will come into bloom the first of July. It is worth taking a little extra trouble about. To every house among the older houses guests are sure to come, expected and unexpected; there will be a great and happy meeting of old schoolmates, and those who come from out of town will be sure to have some close personal association with one or more houses in town. We can hardly realize now the half forgotten faces that will recall themselves then to our remembrance. I cannot bear the thought that any of these old-time friends should go away and say that the village doesn't look half so pleasant as it used to look. There is something for every one of us to do in order to make the day a success in the best sense. I often think that there is no occasion in life where two people meet, when one is not host and the other guest. Either the place of meeting, or the degree of experience, or fitness in some way puts one person into the position of giving and the other of receiving. On our great Academy day all the town's people will be hosts and hostesses and all who come will be their guests. I say these things to remind some of us of our pleasant duties and cares of hospitality, because I think it is so easy to slip into a way of thinking that an interesting thing is going to happen and that all one has to do is to look on at the pageant. But I do not feel as if there were much need of worrying about a possible lack of attention to our visitors and the old Academy friends. If there is one thing for which our dear town ought to be famous it is hospitality of this sort. The best definition I ever heard of politeness is *to do the kindest thing in the kindest way*;* and I have so often been told by out of town

people of the delightful feasts and friendliness which they have found in South Berwick when they came to conferences and public meetings of one sort and another, that I do not fear in the least that those who come now will not carry away a pleasant remembrance of the day, if only we are fortunate about the weather!

I know that many persons will wish as I do, that there had been less change in some respects. The association of people with inanimate things is very subtle and has a deep influence over their lives. Exactly why we care about sitting in the same chair at our work and looking out of the same windows, while we sew or study, or why we cling to the same pew in church, may puzzle some persons very much; but when we go to a town that we knew once, we always hurry to see the old familiar places, before the finest new buildings or gardens have any power to attract us. I was thinking the other day that there isn't a church in town where any of the old scholars who will come back can find the place where he used to sit and dream about his future. It would be a great pleasure now if we had not changed some of our older buildings just for the sake of change. I would give anything if I could go and find the same seat where I used to sit in the Academy, and I should be glad if I could feel more at home in some other places that I have known and loved ever since my childhood. The very reason that so many people go to Europe is this very association of things and places with people. We can see in England and France the houses where people lived and the churches where they worshipped centuries ago, but in this new country of ours we are very careless about keeping such associations bright and taking reverent care of the places that our ancestors left to us to take care of. We like change for the sake of change; sometimes we persist in making change because other thoughtless people have made them, but in all this we must not forget that we have a duty to those who will come after us. When we have our new Library building,* I do not wish that it may be unwisely expensive or ostentatious, but I hope it will be built, as the old buildings in town were, in fine and simple fashion, and at any rate made strong and permanent. I hope that it may be built so that however long it may stand, those who have it in their keeping may always be proud of it, may grow more and more attached to it and familiar with its exterior and interior from generation to generation, and never be distressed by the change that may befall a wooden building.

As I write to the old and new pupils of the Academy I am tempted to grow enthusiastic over the sentiment we have for one another and for the school. After all, the wisest spirit of things is more than their material shapes, and we are secure in our affection and interest. If there were no buildings at all on the hill, and even if we could not all remember the same superb wide outlook from the hill itself, if these things were blotted out of mind should not we still keep our affectionate feeling for one another, our ineffaceable pleasures of personal remembrance?

Many of us associate the beginning of life long friendships and companionships with these school days, the good and brave work of many lives may have sprung from our boyish and girlish dreams. Many a gray haired man and woman will come to the Centennial with an unspeakable store of memories. It will be a sober day for all of us as we measure what we have really done by what we meant to do when we went to school. The few months or years of our pupilage were always in the hopeful springtime of our youth, and this makes most of us very tender-hearted about Berwick Academy. I hope that all the town boys and girls of my schooldays will help me to trim the hall with oak leaves this summer, just as we used to trim it years ago. And however sad our thoughts may be of our mistakes and failures, we shall each bring what has been good in our lives and be very thankful of what we have been able to do unselfishly and helpfully--we shall be glad to say of a few things in our history, that they came from the dreams of our early life, of the lessons that we have learned, perhaps a year ago, perhaps sixty years ago in Berwick Academy.

The committees are already at work and many plans are already made, but I am sure that each of us, [.] host and guest alike, are making our own private plans and looking forward with great pleasure to what we ourselves are going to do. Those who live out of the town must remember the names of old friends whom they mean to ask for, and who are sure to be pleased by their kind remembrance. I need not make suggestion; however I am sure that the spirit of the day is touching our hearts and making us only too glad to do whatever we can "with both hands, heartily."*

The old town of Berwick might have had the two hundred and fiftieth anniversary of its first settlement in 1877, years before the eldest race of New England towns could have celebrated theirs, but we missed that opportunity. This will be the first general celebration of our region, and I am sure

the three Berwicks will forget their boundaries and be one again, to make an unforgettable [unforgetable] day of our Academy's Centennial.

Notes

"The Centennial Celebration" appeared in *The Berwick Scholar* 4:7 of March 1891. Jewett, a graduate of the Berwick Academy in South Berwick, ME, expresses some of her hopes for the coming celebration of the 100th anniversary of the founding of the academy. See "The Old Town of Berwick" for her account of the founding and some of the history of the Berwick Academy. At the time of the founding, the community was centered in what is now South Berwick, ME. As Jewett wrote, the community had become three towns: South Berwick, North Berwick, and Berwick, all in southern Maine. This text is available courtesy of Colby College Special Collections, Waterville, ME.

the kindest thing in the kindest way: This is a common saying, the origin of which has not been located. Jewett uses it also in "An Every-Day Girl."

new Library building: Fogg Memorial Building, with stained glass and interior design by Jewett's friend, Sarah Wyman Whitman, was completed in 1894.

with both hands, heartily: Possibly an allusion to Colossians 3:22.

A Memorial of the One Hundredth Anniversary

of the Founding of the Berwick Academy South Berwick, Maine

Preface

In presenting to the public this "Memorial of the Celebration of the One Hundredth Anniversary of the Founding of Berwick Academy" I am aware that the records of such a delightful day need little comment.

The general and lasting interest in our great occasion was only another sign of the interest that has always been felt by the town and neighborhood in the affairs of this long-established school, as well as by those of us who have been its pupils. We who can join the deep and tender remembrance of our own youth to our later sense of the value of good influences found ourselves possessed of unexpected sentiment about the academy. In the business and simplicity of daily life, perhaps from an inheritance of that principle of repression and severity so marked in our forefathers, we New Englanders are almost surprised by our own great enthusiasms and overcome with the joy of yielding to their impulses. Once awakened, however, -- once made self-forgetful by the depth of our love and pride in something that touches the history or welfare of country, state, or town, repression of feeling is swept away as by a flood, and there is felt the beating of a common heart, thrilling the least vein of common life. A new expression comes to each face, a new warmth of affection shines in every eye; whatever has seemed selfish and trivial is forgotten; whatever has seemed prosaic and familiar is by some lovely enchantment made poetic and carried higher, and makes possible the keeping of a great festival.

Naturally this reunion of the academy students was of greatest interest to the elderly persons who were present. Such an occasion has naturally less sentiment for young people whose separations have been of shortest duration, and whose meetings and common experiences have been the rule of their lives, not the exception. A very large number were assembled of those who might justly be called the old scholars, and their eager greetings and delighted recognitions of one another were pleasant to hear and to see. Several of these earlier pupils were heard to say that they had come to the celebration with reluctance, being afraid that they should find none of their old companions and that the day would be sad. This did not prove to be true in

any case, so far as was known. Nobody found himself alone at the feast; in fact, the older people made most effort to be present, and really had the best of the pleasure. It was delightful to hear the reminiscences, the merry talk of old schooldays, and the tender words of remembrance for those whose faces were missed. The day was far more significant to those of us who were rich in the memory of our years than to those who were looking forward along the way of life.

There were at least a thousand in the great assembly. The long line of the procession reached nearly from the church to the hill. Beside the former students there were many invited guests. More than one pupil of Berwick Academy must have been deeply moved, even to tears, at his first glance at the simple old school building, which seemed to stand in its place with new dignity -- almost with personality -- to welcome its great brood, -- *Alma Mater* that gathered us men and women her children, back to her side.

In the village a fine spirit of hospitality was as evident as the spirit of interest and pleasant association with which those returned who had grown to be strangers since the time of their schooldays. Even the old remembered trees seemed to wave a welcome. It is safe to say that nobody found himself quite forgotten in the town, and though many names might be repeated here of those who received a special welcome, all were welcomed, and each one added something to the common store of enjoyment.

And now it were well for those of us who believe in the future of Berwick Academy as well as in its past, to cast a glance forward. We believe in the preservation of its time-honored traditions, in the guarding of its individuality. Again and again this has been assailed with plans which have seemed, to some warm friends, full of promise. The modern system of graded schools, or at least the responsibility of some one beside the trustees and the teacher; the guardianship of the town, of the State, have in turn been held up for admiration, but this ancient school has held bravely on its way. Its plan has given large liberty to the best teachers, and has held somewhat in check those who would degrade its work. It is safe to say that there has never been a teacher of any sort of cultivation or distinction, social or intellectual, who possessed the gift for teaching, and made a conscientious use of it, who has not found the community responsive to his efforts. Seasons of the school's decadence have always been recognized and deplored, and the memory of the brighter years, the presence of those

instructors who are truest to their high calling, is sure to be gratefully acknowledged in their turn. To say that our academy has not in the main held bravely to the high hopes and standards of its founders would be unjust. They gave it a dignity and respectability out of their own character which could not be easily lost. Their own respect for culture, and their own desire for a recognition of the higher duties of life, gave the school to their descendants and shaped its career with the simplicity and reasonableness which all really good things must have. The touching earnestness of the early records, the eagerness to keep in touch with the best civilization that was possible to provincial society; yes, and a longing to put it into the power of the young people of that day "to know the best that has been thought and said in the world,"* -- these things are plain to discover. The planting of Berwick Academy was done with good intent.

While to a certain extent it must be ranked as a fitting-school for the colleges and hold its modest place below these and above the common schools, yet to many and many a pupil it has given his last opportunity for instruction, and so has held the final chance of directing and developing his young ambitions. Many a man and woman owe their success in life largely to the impulse here given, to the expectation of the academy that her children will go out into the world to follow duty and to learn truth. The fact that so many men and women have made themselves known and respected by the help of these same advantages has been a great stimulus to their successors. At the time of the celebration it was observed that the pupils of certain teachers were of better development in social and intellectual activity than those of others. Some were evidently living on a higher spiritual level, as if they had been taught by precept, if not by example, the truth, that it is far better to know how to appreciate than to criticise, and as if their early advantages had enabled them to say as Thoreau* did: --

"I hearing get who had but ears; And sight, who had but eyes before."

Above the character of students or principals, however, stands the character -- I had almost said personality -- of the academy itself. Part of this has come to exist because of its age and continuance through so many years, and the natural development which has been so much better than any amount of experiment and change. We restless Americans are apt to forget that *something more* is usually much better

than *something else*. But there is no doubt that the best teachers of our beloved school have always been helped, not hindered, by following its old traditions, and by being in sympathy with its plain ambitions, not trying to make it other than its nature would direct. There was a time when one often heard the academy spoken of as too conservative, and inferior to the high schools that sprang up under its shadow; but it has lived on, though often poor in purse, to have thoughtful people recognize that it could give a beautiful gift to its children, to see the high schools criticised in their turn, and even denied their once vaunted perfection. The gifts of the academy's founders and benefactors render more benefit to us her students than we often stop to reckon; the example of those who have best made use of these gifts serves us better year by year. May it be counted every year, and for every good reason, a higher honor to call one's self a Berwick Academy scholar.

Perhaps we were all in danger of feeling that the academy was of narrow and local interest until a response came to the invitation of its secretary from not only the shores of our own river, but from all over the United States and many parts of Europe, from China and South America, and many far away corners of the world. We thought of the interest of the day as depending almost wholly upon what we of the town could do ourselves, but some of the best-known men in our country came and spoke to us eloquently of what the old steadfast school had done in the past, making noble suggestion not only by their words, but by themselves and the inspiration of their presence. We were hardly willing, after our great day was over, to let it be said that ours was one of the old country academies, but there was a new eagerness in our hearts that it should hold its place as the representative country academy, a model for all the rest. We had hardly taken it in that we counted four college presidents and three governors on our roll, and many college professors and eminent teachers, men and women both; highly accomplished men of professions and men of affairs; soldiers, sailors, and statesmen of renown; and women who in their ever widening public service and beautiful, influential home-keeping lives, have been among the true leaders of civilization in their time.

President Eliot* said not long ago that *the fruit of a liberal education is not knowledge or learning but a thirst for knowledge and a capacity for learning*, and Mr. Lowell* tells us in one of his great essays that, after all, *the better part of a man's education is that which he gives himself*; but adds,

"*it is for this that a good library should furnish the opportunity and the means*." So the truth comes to us once more from a great authority upon matters of education, and from a great scholar, that the best thing we can expect from our schools is not so much the actual acquirement but the direction and stimulus of growing minds. These must come from the personal example and influence of the teacher, and from the spirit of the school.

The history of Berwick Academy as recorded in this memorial of the one hundredth anniversary of its foundation, and the long list of names of those who have gone out into life sincere, awakened, uplifted to their high duties and responsibilities, should make us hopeful, nay, confident of continued vitality and usefulness in the years to come. The increased accommodations that are soon to be offered the school in its house and home will be sure to attract many who have not been aware in other ways of its aims and reputation, but we must never forget that even these great advantages cannot of themselves make a great school and place of learning; they are only the body, not the soul. It is the largeness of view, the enriched personality and unselfish sympathy of those who have it in any way in charge; it is the sincerity of the students, their respect for their opportunities, their happiness and their sober-mindedness, that make together the school's soul, and can maintain as nothing else can its noble character.

Notes

A Memorial of the One Hundredth Anniversary of the Founding of the Berwick Academy South Berwick, Maine was published on July 1, 1891 by the Riverside Press of Cambridge, MA. The Berwick Academy was founded in 1791 (See Jewett's "The Old Town of Berwick" part three). Jewett contributed several pieces for *The Berwick Scholar*, the school magazine founded in 1887. She helped with the Centennial arrangements of her alma mater, contributing to the *Scholar* an article, "The Centennial Celebration" in v. 4 (March 1891). Jewett's preface to this volume is available courtesy of Jean-Paul Michaud of the New York Public Library.

the best that has been thought and said in the world: See Matthew Arnold's preface to *Literature and Dogma*. Matthew Arnold (1822-1888) "was a major Victorian poet, the principal English literary critic of his generation, an important

commentator on society and culture, and an effective government official. His father was Thomas Arnold, the headmaster of Rugby School." (Source: *Grolier Multimedia Encyclopedia*).

Thoreau: The following stanzas are from "Inspiration" by American poet, Henry David Thoreau (1817-1862).

> But now there comes unsought, unseen,
> Some clear divine electuary,
> And I, who had but sensual been,
> Grow sensible, and as God is, am wary.
> I hearing get, who had but ears,
> And sight, who had but eyes before,
> I moments live, who lived but years,
> And truth discern, who knew but learning's lore.

President Eliot: Charles William Eliot, (1834-1926) was, according to the *Grolier Multimedia Encyclopedia*, "a reforming president of Harvard University and editor of the Harvard Classics." The source of the quotation has not been found.

Mr. Lowell: James Russell Lowell (1819-1891) was a poet, editor, professor and diplomat. The quotation is from "Books and the Public Library," an address given "at the opening of the new public library building at Chelsea, Mass., Dec. 22, 1885. "

Reading for Young Women

Advice by James Russell Lowell, Mrs. Linton, Mrs. Oliphant, Sarah Orne Jewett, Oliver Wendell Holmes, Hawthorne, Haggard and James Payn.

An association of literary young ladies in a western city recently deputed one of their number to write to their favorite authors in both hemispheres, requesting them to favor her with some words of wise counsel and advice by which she and her associates might profit. The result was the appended symposium of "Advice to Our Young Women Readers," which will be read to-day with interest and benefit by thousands of young women in all parts of our country.

A Voice from the Grave.

In the appended letter from one of the greatest of American poets any one familiar with his style will recognize at once the mingled sweetness and strength so characteristic of the lovable nature of its writer, the late James Russell Lowell.*

ELMWOOD, CAMBRIDGE, Mass., Jan. 30, 1891. --

My Dear Young Friend: A heart that would not be touched by a letter like yours must be duller than mine. To have any one appeal to us for counsel is one of the strongest proofs of a perfect faith reposed in us that can possibly be afforded. I think I cannot do better than to urge upon you and all my other young women readers the importance of sincerity and earnestness of purpose. Let it be your aim in every act of life to be rather than seem. Avoid all hypocrisies and shams of every kind. Be wholly sincere in every word you speak and everything you do.

Remember that intense earnestness is the key to success in every undertaking. Be in earnest, then. Having formed a purpose, let nothing tempt you from its accomplishment. Like the gallant race-horse, who, steadily maintaining his swift, even stride, goes straight to the goal without the slightest swerving to the right or left, so let your course be in the accomplishment of any purpose upon which you have determined. If you have high and lofty aims, no matter how hard the struggle you may have to make before they can be realized, press on, fight on until you have attained them.

What if you do have to sacrifice the thousand and one pleasures of life? Let them go without a thought. Time enough for them when sincerity and earnestness have made you more than conqueror, have brought you the triumphant winner of a good fight, to a commanding elevation whence you can look down in peace and contentment upon the rugged path up which you have struggled. If you and all my other young women readers will conscientiously follow this advice, and be true to yourselves and to God, you will do all that is possible to attain the happiness that is sincerely wished you by faithfully yours.

J. R. Lowell.

Mrs. E. Lynn Linton's Letter.

Mrs. E. Lynn Linton* is widely known as the author of many novels dealing fearlessly with social problems. Her story "Though the Long Nights," has made her name honored and revered among thousands of readers.

QUEEN ANNE'S MANSIONS. ST. JAMES' PARK, LONDON, S.W., Nov. 1, 1891. --

My Dear Girl: I need hardly say that your letter has deeply touched me. There is no greater reward of endeavor than to know that one has inspired such trust in one's fellows that they come to one for words of encouragement and help in fighting the hard battle of life, and this reward is doubly great when it is the young who come to us for counsel. If you and other young women who have read my books have found in them help or direction I am indeed happy, proud and enriched, and if now or in the future I can pen any words of cheer or helpful advice to you all I shall feel that I am blessed indeed.

In all I have written I have always kept one point steadily before me -- the value of sincerity. All forms of pretense, untruth and hypocrisy I hate and loathe as infinitely degrading to the mind and character and hurtful to society. I want all my girl readers to feel the same way. But with this one has also to recognize the supremacy of the reason and to thus refuse blind obedience to one virtue under all conditions and in all circumstances. Truth itself has sometimes to yield to a virtue which in that special case is higher and more imperative. I have more than once been asked by the young what action I would recommend where they are, say, agnostic as regards religion, while their family, their father and mother, hold orthodox opinions. In some

such cases I have advised outward conformity for the sake of the higher duty to the parent. In others I have recommended bold testimony for the sake of (in that particular case) the higher duty to truth. Nothing that can be named, no virtue even, fits in with all circumstances; and the reason, untrammeled, unprejudiced and without superstition, is our best and safest guide. Remember that, dear young women readers. Rest assured that what your clear, calm, dispassionate, unprejudiced reason tells you is best to do *is* always the very best you can do. Follow, then, that guide. With grateful love I am affectionately yours.

E. Lynn Linton.

What Mrs. Oliphant Writes.

Mrs. Margaret Oliphant,* or, as she always writes her own name, "Margaret Oliphant W. Oliphant," needs no introduction to American readers. She enjoys the reputation of being at once the most prolific, versatile and industrious writer of her time, and has won enduring laurels as a novelist, a historian, a biographer and an essayist.

WINDSOR, Nov. 2, 1891. -- *My Dear Girl:* I am very glad that you and others of my young women readers in America make so good a response to an unknown and distant friend like myself, who being old and full of years and experience may perhaps be able to teach something now and then in her many books to young souls like you. To know that I have awakened in you and your associates a belief that I can write something that will benefit you is the best thing for which a writer can hope. Dear girl, cultivate self-reliance and self-control. Burns* has written truly:

"Prudent, cautious self-control is wisdom's root."

Know yourself thoroughly and be complete mistress of yourself. Learn to rely upon yourself always -- upon others never. Sweetness, strength, truth and courage are qualities that I should love to see combined as the leading characteristics of all my young women readers. Kindly yours,

Margaret W. Oliphant.

Sarah Orne Jewett's Best Word.

Few writers of short stories have ever attained greater popularity than Sarah Orne Jewett, and few have shown such an intimate acquaintance with the characteristics of young girlhood and such tender, delicate sympathy with

them. Of these qualities she gives fresh proof in the appended letter:

SOUTH BERWICK, Me., Nov. 4 -- *Dear Miss -- :* I am very glad that you and others of my girl readers -- your friends -- associate my stories with your every-day life, and I deeply feel the compliment you pay me in coming to me personally for some word that shall come even more nearly home to you, but as you grow older you will always be finding out that other people can't begin to do for us that we can do for ourselves, and that the best thing in the world is, as Charles Kingsley* has said: "To live in the love that floweth forth instead of the love that floweth in." Yet nobody knew better than he how helpful and delightful it is to have the love of friends and to find people and books and music and pictures reaching out to us all the way along our lives with their hands full of help and pleasure! I think that you and your associates have learned already something of the delight of growing and of learning and of being more and more interested in other people. As I write to you, I cannot help thinking that, after all, my best word to you is in my last year's story of "Betty Leicester."* Do you remember when Betty went to Tideshead to stay with the grandaunts? If so I presume you remember how she wrote: "I wish they wouldn't keep saying how slow it is, and nothing going on. We might do so many nice things, but they make such great fusses first, instead of just going [and] doing them.* They think of every reason why you can't do what you can do."

As you read the above you must remember that I meant it for a long letter to girls who, like Betty, have passed the time when they only thought of the world's relation to themselves and have begun to be very serious "about their relation to the world." Dear friend, I send you and all my girl readers a great many good wishes in this note. I pray God to bless you all and make you all a blessing, and so good-by, with my best thanks to all kind friends and readers. Yours affectionately,

The Autocrat of the Breakfast Table.

Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes,* the genial autocrat of the breakfast table, is a striking illustration that we are old according to our feelings and not our years. Though now two years past 80, his letter would seem to indicate that his heart must have been born more than half a century after his body.

BOSTON, Mass., Oct. 25. -- *My Dear Miss:* I am delighted to learn that you and your girl friends who have read my writings have found in them such pleasure and profit as to make you desirous of receiving something directly from my own hand and in my own hand-writing. You will doubtless remember that Lockhart* tells us in his life of Sir Walter Scott that when Sir Walter lay upon his dying bed he said to Lockhart: "My dear, be virtuous, be religious, be good. Nothing else will give you any comfort when you come to lie here." I know of no better words of advice that I can give to you and other girl readers of my writing than those of the author of "Waverly."* Be clever if you will and can, but first of all be good. Believe me, dear miss, very truly yours.

Oliver Wendell Holmes.

Hawthorne Says an Author Likes Flattery.

Julian Hawthorne,* the well-known writer of mysterious stories of deep and thrilling interest, writes very sensibly as follows:

Dear Miss: I am glad to have been of use to you and to your girl friends who are, like yourself, numbered among my readers, but I will continue the good work by telling you that you must not write letters to people you do not know personally. It might result in something that would make you sorry. An author, like other men, likes flattery, and the flattery implied by having a bevy of girl readers apply to him for direction and advice is especially agreeable. It might lead to a correspondence which would soon pass the limits of ordinary literary sympathy and affect you in ways that you are probably far from anticipating now. If there is anything in me that can benefit you you will find it in my writings and not in any possible intercourse with me personally. Yours sincerely,

Julian Hawthorne.

Rider Haggard Says Cultivate Observation.

H. Rider Haggard* has probably had as many women readers in this country during the comparatively short time that his books have been before the public as any other English writer of our day has secured within the same period. In his subjoined letter he urges upon young women readers the cultivation of a most important habit.

NO. 24 REDCLIFFE SQUARE, LONDON, S.W., Nov. 9, 1891. -- *Dear Miss:* It is a pleasure to be informed that you

and others of my feminine American readers like my books and think you have been benefitted [benefited] by them. I should have thought some of them rather too old for very young ladies, but perhaps girls grow up more quickly in America than here.

You ask me for some words of advice and I presume you mean of a literary nature. Let me say, then, to all young women readers, cultivate the habit of observing when you read. Let no unfamiliar word or technical term escape your notice. Have a dictionary beside you and when you come to such a word or term look it out at once and do not rest till you are thoroughly familiar with its meaning. If this causes too much interruption then have paper and pencil at hand and write down all such words, to be hunted out when you have lain aside the book you are reading. In this way even desultory reading may be made a source of intellectual improvement. Very truly yours,

H. Rider Haggard.

Payn Recommends Some Life Work.

James Payn* is one of the best known of present-day English novelists.

LONDON, Nov. 11. -- *Dear Madame:* To all young women readers I would say select some definite life work and prepare yourself to excel in it, remembering that, as the poet* says:

"The heights by great men reached and kept
Were not attained by sudden flight;
For they, while their companions slept,
Were toiling upward through the night."

Yours truly,
James Payn.

Notes

"Reading for Young Women" appeared in *Chicago Weekly News*, December 3, 1891. This text is from Richard Cary's clipping collection, courtesy of Special Collections at the Miller Library of Colby College. In a letter of 17 January 1891, Jewett indicates that she obtained the James Russell Lowell letter that appears in this piece. This suggests that her role in the publication exceeded that of contributing her own part.

James Russell Lowell: Lowell (1819-1891) was an American poet and literary critic, well remembered for his humorous poetry, such as "The Biglow Papers" (1848).

E. Lynn Linton: According to *The Oxford Companion to English Literature*, the English novelist, Eliza Lynn Linton (1822-1898) was especially successful with her novels of contemporary life, such as *Rebel of the Family* (1880). "She offended many of her female contemporaries by her essays attacking feminism...." (575).

Margaret Oliphant: Oliphant (1828-97) was a Scots writer of over 100 books.

Burns has written truly: From Scots poet, Robert Burns (1759-1796) "A Bard's Epitaph":

> Reader, attend! whether thy soul
> Soars Fancy's flights beyond the pole,
> Or darkling grubs this earthly hole
> In low pursuit;
> Know, prudent, cautious, self-control
> Is wisdom's root.

Kingsley: Charles Kingsley (1819-1875), was a British Christian socialist and author, best remembered today perhaps for *The Waterbabies* (1863). However, this quotation appears to be not from Kingsley, but rather from the Scot's author, George MacDonald (1824-1905). See *Phantastes* (1858), chapter 19:

> Better to sit at the waters' birth,
> Than a sea of waves to win;
> To live in the love that floweth forth,
> Than the love that cometh in.
> Flowing, and free, and sure;
> For a cistern of love, though undefiled,
> Keeps not the spirit pure.

Betty Leicester: This letter is from the end of Chapter 12: "I feel more like a Tideshead girl lately, but I wish they wouldn't keep saying how slow it is and nothing going on. We might do so many nice things, but they make such great fusses first, instead of just going and doing them, the way you and I do. *They think of every reason why you can't do things that you can do.*"

Oliver Wendell Holmes: Holmes (1809-1894) was an American poet and author of *The Autocrat of the Breakfast-Table* (1858). Trained as a physician, he was the father of the Supreme Court Justice, Oliver W. Holmes, Jr.

Lockhart: John Gibson Lockhart (1794-1854) is the author of *Memoirs of the Life of Sir Walter Scott* (1837-8).

Waverly: Scots novelist and poet, Sir Walter Scott (1771-1832) published his novel, *Waverly*, in 1814.

Julian Hawthorne: Hawthorne (1846-1934), the son of Nathaniel Hawthorne, was an author in his own right, publishing short stories and novels such as *Idolatry: A Romance* (1874), *Archibald Malmaison* (1879), and *The Professor's Sister* (1888).

H. Rider Haggard: Sir Henry Rider Haggard (1856-1925) was a British novelist and agriculturalist, the author of such popular novels as *King Solomon's Mines* (1885) and *Allan Quatermain* (1887). He also advised the British government on agriculture.

James Payn: Payn (1830-1898) was a British editor, poet, essayist, and a prolific novelist of 100 titles, including *Lost Sir Massinberd* (1864) and *By Proxy* (1878).

the poet says: This passage is from the American poet, Henry Wadsworth Longfellow, (1807-1882), *The Ladder of St. Augustine* (1858), stanza 10.

A Tribute to Whittier on his Eighty-fourth Birthday.

BOSTON LETTER
by CHARLES E. L. WINGATE.
BOSTON, Dec. 7, 1891.

On Saturday, the 19th of this month, John Greenleaf Whittier will reach his eighty-fourth birthday, and the congratulations that will, in mind at least, be offered to the good New England poet will be limited only by the number of men, women and children who know his name. But some of his warmest admirers, at the request of the Boston *Journal*, have willingly offered a few words, in tribute, for the occasion, and from their letters I should like to quote for the pleasure of *The Critic's* readers.

Sarah Orne Jewett selects 'In School Days' as the most beautiful and beloved of Whittier's poems. To Mr. Whittier she pays this warm tribute: -- 'We know him as patriot and poet and as a leader of public opinion. He has buckled on the armor of many a young spirit made eager for the right in life's inevitable warfare; he has been a great teacher of religious truth, a consoler of the disheartened and sorrowful; a kind and sympathetic friend to many whose faces he has never seen and whose grateful voices have never reached his ear. To no man has it been given to show more clearly the loyalty of friendship or the dignity and sincerity of citizenship. If sometimes opportunity has been passed by through lack of physical strength, ability and keenness of mental and spiritual vision and the gift of inspiring others have never failed this great American and poet. The is ours of being sure in these later days that his heart is as young and his mind as young as ever, though his years make a long count, and that he is growing yet like one of our noblest forest trees, some great pine, that came to its prime in an untainted soil, and has drawn its potent sap from hidden springs. The lesser growths gather beneath its boughs, the roots of the great landmark cling fast to the strong New England ledges, but its green top, where singing birds come and go, is held high to the winds and sunshine in clearest air.'

Note

Letters of tribute to John Greenleaf Whittier appeared in *The Boston Journal* of December 12, 1891. Charles E. L. Wingate then quoted selections from these letters in *The Critic* (16:335-6) for December 12, 1891. This text is from *The Critic*. Sarah Orne Jewett's contribution, printed here, appears in the second half of the piece. This text is available courtesy of the Newberry Library.

Annual Report of the Boston Public Library -- 1900-01

Report of the Examining Committee, Section on Books

The Committee on Books suggest the "need of extra assistants in the Children's Reading-room during at least two hours of the afternoon after school hours for the following reasons: (I) This room is then apt to be crowded, especially in bad weather, and (2) guidance in the choice of good reading is here, and here only, possible. The parental function may be exercised and effort may constantly be made to have each child read certain of the best books before going on to elective reading and indiscriminate choice. The children now recommend books to each other and the silliest and least profitable stories are read out of their covers for lack of knowledge of even the names of anything better; there is a natural preference for the easiest reading and the slightest intellectual effort. This can only be counteracted by the affectionate care and interest of instructed older people. The extra assistants might be volunteers or might sometimes be drawn from the waiting lists of those who desire library positions. They would advise the children and befriend them as far as possible.["] "Sometimes a half-hour can be spent with a single child to the best possible purpose," as the most thoughtful of our special workers in this direction has lately said, "but in the present condition of things, the room crowded only at certain hours and the attendants being few, this personal attention is not often possible." The committee also recommend a still greater increase in the supply of standard books for young people (or children's classics). The best collections of fairy tales, which stimulate the imagination, are just now in astonishing demand, though not long ago it was claimed that children cared for them no more. It appears from the records kept of unsuccessful applications (ranging from one hundred in June last to above three thousand in March), that beside the additions already made, fifty extra copies of these "classics" for the Children's Room and fifty for the stacks would not be too large an increase. This committee also recommend further purchases of French and German books of literary value and rank in their own country. They regard as very important the replenishing and careful keeping up of the supply of

Baedeker's and other guide books. They do not see the use of any careful rebinding in this department when new editions are obtainable. They suggest the reprinting of a very useful Readers Handbook, which can still be found at the desks for reference, but is now out of print. The committee are aware of the recent demand for large sums for the multiplication of branch libraries and delivery stations in different parts of the city. At the same time there is cause for regret that so small a proportion of the city's large appropriation has been available for the purchase of books.

Notes

The text given here is from the full committee, summarizing, with some quotation, the report Jewett wrote as chair of the Subcommittee on Books (pp. 55-6). Her report is in the Houghton Library: MS Am 1743.22: [Other stories and articles.] (104) Report of the sub-committee on books. TS.s.; [Boston, n.d.]. 7s.(7p.) Report of the sub-committee on books of The Examining Committee of the Boston Public Library. John E. Frost summarizes Jewett's service on the Examining Committee of the Boston Public Library surveying the library's resources in 1900-01: "This was a great honor for which roughly two score persons of distinction were chosen annually, and during one year Miss Jewett, as chairman, drafted and wrote the report of the sub-committee on books. Sarah attended many meetings of the committee and observed that the report was one 'of which I am proud. I hope it will do some good.'" Frost quotes from Jewett's letter of 5 January 1900, to her sister Mary, which is in the collection of Historic New England. However, this may be somewhat problematic as the letter apparently predates the report.

About Hospitality

Decide on Your Own Style and Don't Change Your Noon Dinners for Guests.

I mean this to be a word about hospitality from the housekeeper's point of view, and it is necessary to say first that this virtue has less to do with quantity than with quality. It is not what the mistress of a house has to offer her guest, but the way she offers it, that gives a beautiful sense of welcome to the stranger or old friend within her gates. Hospitality does not consist alone in making a great feast; it is the welcome, the affectionate readiness to share that makes a guest feel at home.

We have often known hospitality to be limited and constrained because a housekeeper is not, to use her own expression, "ready for company," and so feels ashamed of her feast or of her house in general. Now, what would make us nearly always ready to be hospitable?

Certainly, the only safeguard is in a consciousness that our tables and our rooms are ready to be seen and in doing things just as well as possible every day.

Somebody seems to say as she reads: "Yes, but I like to have things better for my guest than I can afford for myself every day. It is the instinct of humanity to do honor to one's guest and to make a feast for him; and then, if I know that he lives in a finer house than mine, I like to show him that I know how to do things in the proper way. I have a pride in having things like other people!"

Yes, but this isn't the spirit of true hospitality, it is the spirit of vanity and self-assertion. The effort to seem what one is not, hinders the best of pleasure in our little social occasions. There is a time for feasts and for doing honor by a banquet and for gaining those ends of good cheer and social opportunity which no one does well to despise; but we are thinking now of the coming of one or two people for a day, for a week, into our home life.

In many households, particularly in country households, there is one fashion of life for the family and another that is set in motion, usually with much creaking of machinery, when, in country parlance, we "have company."

In a well-kept house, no matter how simple or how economical it is, a guest should be only too grateful to take

his share of the every-day fare and lodging without expecting a special arrangement of either.

We must [first beg]* for the recognition of a house's individuality. Try to settle upon a way of living that can be easily carried on, and then keep to it. Don't try to set your table and serve it like somebody else's that you half remember, or change your simple fashions for others that are beyond your power to manage successfully. You have probably fallen into a certain fashion of setting your table and of supplying it with certain articles of food from motives of expediency. One member of the household cannot eat anything but oatmeal in the morning, so that oatmeal is a steady breakfast diet; and you always have toast for tea, we will say, and fruit for dinner. Just remember that the thing to aim at is a perfection of these inevitable things, and build the variation and serving of your table on these perfections.

We must remember that from the same simple ingredients come the best and the worst results of cooking, the plainest and most distasteful, the most tempting and delicate of dishes. It is always the exactness of care in following the recipes; the proportions, not the ingredients themselves, that make food nourishing and attractive.

Do not try to do what cannot be done with your means. It would be a great deal better to have one delicious dish of rice, like the East Indian peasant or of macaroni like the Italian, than to cover a table with badly cooked food of a dozen different sorts. Just now we spoke of the toast and oatmeal, or of the stand-bys, whatever they chance to be, of every household. Above all, these stand-bys should be tempting, but these are often the very things to which are given the least care and into which least thought and ambition are put.

Then the look of the table counts for a great deal, both in the housekeeper's consciousness and the guests' sense of pleasure. There is one thing which we are learning to depend upon more and more in America, and it not only serves the purpose of food, but of decoration. Nothing is better for a centre-piece than a nice dish of fruit; it gives an elegance at once to the simplest feast -- even the color of a dish of apples with a sprig or two of green leaves among them of laurel, or even, where all other greens fail us, of pine. We have only to look at the gay city fruit stalls, and to count the bags of bananas and oranges sold every day in the smallest village to see within what easy reach the best of

fruit is of the shallowest purse. It is something to be most thankful for, and for every reason.

There has been a great gain in the aspect of our tables in late years, both because fruit and flowers are possible in winter as well as summer, and because pretty china and crockery are no longer luxuries that belong only to deep purses. We must beware of the triviality that has crept in with the cheapness; the finical bad drawing of much of the cheap decorated ware seems to vulgarize the look of a table at once, and we must be careful to choose good, simple shapes and colors. The Japanese blue-and-white and green-and-white wares are charming to mix with our plain white. There is lovely glass now at little cost; clear white glass that makes our tea table shine as the old-fashioned cheap glass never could; and it pays, as all glass and china does, for every bit of care we give it, and as a soft, white linen table-cloth nicely ironed pays us back in beauty for every stroke of the iron.

Now again, to count up, we ask these things of our housekeeper who wishes to make hospitality easy to herself:

First, that she should not try to do things that are beyond her strength or her means. If she has all the dinner put on the table at once in an every day meal she must not suddenly try to have it served in courses in the middle of the day when everybody is busy, because she knows that her guest dines in this way in his larger house in the leisure of the evening.

Second, she must insist upon doing the things she can do in the very best possible way. Anyone can cook well who will insist upon being exact and upon taking the trouble to learn. We can have things just right if we will take pains.

Mind, the table must be made pretty to look at, even if one is to sit down alone, and a big dish or plate of fruit and the orderliness and freshness of everything do more than anything else toward this. It is impossible to suggest details. Every household has its different store of plates and dishes, and its different faces and wishes about the table.

Then when you have made your plan as well as you can, keep to it and live up to it, and don't consent to slip-shod days. What may be a little constraint and effort at first quickly grows into a second nature of a habit. You will feel confident that things are arranged as well as they can be. You will not be flustered if some member of the family appears with a stranger. You will enjoy the pleasantness and repose of

meal times as you never have before. After all it is the good personal atmosphere that makes the pleasantness of your house, the good cheer, the sincerity of your welcome at your dinner. If we are ashamed of the looks of our houses, we are sure to wish those strangers out of them who are so unlucky as to have come in.

There is one main thing worth a steady foundation of good every day housekeeping to build upon: one may make an occasional high holiday with little anxiety and great satisfaction to all concerned.

It is a great thing to do the best that one can every day. There might be so much more variety at exactly the same outlay of money. Think of the good recipes in all our weekly newspapers of which so few people are wise enough to take advantage. It is a lovely thing to remember the simple feasts to which we have been made welcome by friends of town and country. There is a golden hospitality of the heart that makes it a pleasure to be a stranger and go knocking at certain gates. But alas! Some homes show no hospitality and seem to give no welcome even to those who live in them altogether, and find them houses, but no homes.

Notes

"About Hospitality" appeared in the St. Louis *Republic*, February 14, 1892 on p. 25 in Part Three, "Our Women's Page." A shortened version appeared as "When You Have Company" in the Boston *Daily Globe* (14 February 1892, p. 22).

[first beg]: This piece proved especially difficult to obtain, and then it was available only in a barely readable copy. I have made a number of guesses that are probably correct, but I am very unsure of this one. Furthermore, there are quite likely to be errors here, especially of punctuation.

A Letter in *Fame's Tribute to Children*.

Introduction

Jewett was among those who contributed to a booklet that was sold to raise money for a Children's Building at the Chicago Columbian Exhibition of 1893, *Fame's Tribute to Children* (Hays and Company, 1892). The booklet included images of autographed letters by famous Americans, such as then President William Henry Harrison.

A note for the 2nd edition reads: The second edition of Fame's Tribute to children has been published under the direction of Mrs. Geo. L. Dunlap, Chairman of the Children's Building Committee, of the Board of Lady Managers, and the proceeds of its sale will be used for a Memorial Fund.

Following is a transcription of Jewett's letter in that booklet. A copy of the letter was made available by Jean-Paul Michaud.

South Berwick. Maine

So the Friday Club* is going to open a Childrens Home? I wish that it may entertain many a young angel unawares{.}*

It seems to me that if will be a very good chance for teaching and helping some young mothers who come from lonely places and who have not been able to learn the newest ways of caring for little children and making them happy. Could not some good advice be printed in a brief and simple way after the fashion of Day Nursery rules and given to those who come for the pleased and replete babies at night? I am not sure that the babies aren't going to have the best of it at the great Exposition! Sarah Orne Jewett

Notes

Friday Club: The Chicago Friday Club was a social and literary association, mainly of younger women. See *Women of the Fair* and *Cultivating Music in America*, p. 34.

unawares: See the Bible, Hebrews 13:1.

A fair copy of this manuscript almost identical to the text above is held by the University of Wisconsin-Madison Libraries, Department of Rare Books and Special Collections; Cairns Collection of American Women Writers, Comprehensive collection of works by Sarah Orne

Jewett. In that copy, the two errors in this copy are corrected: "children's" and the period after the first sentence.

Day Nursery rules: Day care centers for working mothers were established as early as 1854 in the United States.

From Venice to One at Home

DAY before yesterday, we went to Torcello, "the mother of Venice." In the morning, we had gone on a trading voyage to a beguiling iron-shop, with an English friend, where iron chains held us long with their lovely twisted links, and hanging lamps shone at the end upon empty purses. Alexander the coppersmith wrought us much evil,* as in Scripture times, but Doges' candlesticks and delightful water-pots could not be left behind: so that we gathered a pretty freight for the gondola, and came home to luncheon.

It was the best of afternoons to go to Torcello. Giovanni had another gondolier to help him, by the name of Bastiano, a wise and manful rower; and we also carried a sail, by the advice of friends. It was striped handsomely with orange and red, and had four blue corners, all nicely faded, and was of a lug rig.* This sail cost half a lira, or ten cents extra, which awful information was broken to me most humbly, in a private interview, by Giovanni, who had hired it of a friend for the occasion. There was a light breeze, and we had a long way to go.

First we went down the Grand Canal and turned off under the Bridge of Sighs, coming out at last by Zanipolo, as the people call the great church of San Giovanni e Paoli. It is always pleasant to me to say Zanipolo as if I were a Venetian, but it is a very familiar name for such a big and solemn church, with its own piazza between it and the canal, and the great Colleone statue standing guard.

Soon we got out into the lagoon, and turned toward Murano. We skirted the wall of San Michele, where we had been only a day or two before to a gondolier's funeral, the dear friend of Giovanni, and for years chief gondolier to that friend of ours* whom Venice has long held in happy thraldom. The old brick wall of the Campo Santo was glowing with color, and here and there a tuft of grass or a gay flower nodded down at the rippling sea-water. A light breeze obliged us by coming our way, so we pompously put up the sail and slid away over the smooth reaches just a little faster than we could be rowed, but neither of our crew knew much about sailing a boat, especially one that had neither rudder nor keel: so I had to come to the fore at times with the little that I knew myself, which was of value as far as it went. I was

reminded of our daring attempts to sail the birch-bark canoe down the river at home, with the small yellow sail that cheered but could not navigate, without going sidewise into the wet hemlock boughs, when the wind was a little too stiff.

You remember the great lines of piles that stretch across the lagoons? I knew that they were to mark the channels, but I never thought how much these channels were like roads: you have to follow them, except at high water, so that you meet all the boats that are coming, like carriages on a turnpike. We were unmistakably on the road to Burano, the island-town of fishermen and lace-makers, as Murano is the town of glass-makers. Most of the sails we met were orange and brown; now and then there was a white one, which looked more charming than any, until, as we sailed slowly along, we came in sight of a large fishing-smack, which presently changed her course and let the sunlight flash back to us from a great mainsail of bright scarlet. This, with the low green shore and the blue sky and shining water, was more beautiful than black ink can describe. Ruskin* says somewhere that the island-towns of the lagoons look like handfuls of jewelry scattered on a mirror. As you come closer, there is a moment when they look duller; then, nearer still, you see that the red bricks are very red, and the yellow ones very yellow, and so with the orange and white, and then there are rude pictures in coarse bright mosaic that have a surprising way of catching the sunshine.

The villages on the islands each had their bell-tower. Sometimes there was a bell-tower without any village, but soon we saw the great square campanile of Torcello away to the north. Beyond it, all the way that we had sailed, we had seen the snow-covered Alps glimmering through the haze, but when we came closer to Torcello we forgot to look at either the sea or the mountains. It was a charming bit of low-lying green country, like a little piece of Holland. There were delightful green fields, and one of them was full of hay-cocks, though it is only a little after the middle of May; and the elder was all in bloom, holding great blossoming boughs up against the blue sky. Our little wind served us all the way up an old canal, where the ruined brickwork had crumbled on either hand, and all sorts of grasses and bushes and trees came crowding down to the water's edge. At the end of this canal was a ruined stone pier.

There was no city of Torcello, "mother of Venice," to be seen; only the great campanile with its square top that looked as if it were built to hold up the sky; the huge stone

shape of the cathedral in the blossoming fields, and the ancient octagonal church that stood beside it. It was all startlingly old: the pavements, the stone railings of the little church, the stone shutters of the cathedral, the very paths through the grass, and the grass and flowers themselves; they all belonged to an earlier age. The flowers might have grown in the fields of Enna;* much of the art was Byzantine. Nobody knows exactly how old the cathedral is, but these few old buildings stand alone like the temples of Pæstum,* except, like those, for a few old stone farm-houses; and are full of old mosaic work and delicate carving, though outside they are bare and plain. Inside the damp, gray old cathedral tall shapes of saints and virgins in mosaic stare in each other's eyes, from wall to wall, and hold, from century to century, their crosses and crowns and palms. In the dim, high-vaulted place you feel like whispering, as if you were a poor fly buzzing about these everlasting stone relics and strange creatures of the past. I thought it was a ghostly sort of place at Torcello, but a sweeter, flowerier bit of country you never saw, even in Ireland in June! There were half a dozen pleasant little children with pretty eyes, who kept following us about, looking as if they had grown in the long grass and had to break their stalks when they started.

The afternoon was almost gone, and by the time we were ready to come away, the shadow of the campanile stretched away across the fields; but we were going to Burano before we came back to Venice: in fact, we had thoughts of eating a handful of cherries there with some nice little Venetian cakes, by way of afternoon tea, and we had been told that Burano was the place in which the gondoliers liked best to have an hour to themselves. I bestowed certain *lire* upon them by way of a *gentilezza,* which seemed to strike such joy into their honest hearts that, after making the passage between the islands and entering the narrow canal (filled with fishing-boats) that cuts Burano in halves, they tied us fast in a pretty spot just beyond the middle of the town, and then stood side by side on the shore, and made us a perfectly splendid bow, exactly together, with great waves of their hats; then they took to their heels and ran away like little boys. "*Molto salute!*" they said grandly, as they bowed. I truly hope that it was good *vino rosso* in the shop where they went.

Most of the citizens, young and old, of Burano, stepped with proper haste to that point of the canal, and watched us with deep interest. All that could be spared of the little Venetian cakes was tossed ashore to the children, and it was a

season of great excitement. I never saw more beautiful women than those who stood in a little group, holding their sleepy babies, like the old pictures of the Madonna, and dressed in wonderful shades of dull red and brown and olive and green; you might have thought that all the pictures in Venice came alive at six o'clock, every evening, in Burano. We could look in at the open door-ways and see the women and girls at work with their lace-making, but work was over for the men, and the fishing-boats were all in.

Then we came home, rowing all the way, seven miles to Venice in the sunset; and we met long processions of black boats and gay sails, for they still had the good wind that had brought us over. We listened as best we could to their conversation, and now and then there was a snatch of song and much shouting from boat to boat. We reached home at eight o'clock, just as it was growing dark, and out of our parlor windows we could see the Salute turning white and gray, as it always does at night-fall, the colors of the day fading and falling away before our eyes.

Notes

"From Venice to One at Home" appeared in *The Pilgrim Script* (1: No. 2), January 1893; published by The Women's Rest Tour Association, Boston, MA. This text is available courtesy of Colby College Special Collections, Waterville, ME. The original text does not indent paragraphs. Jewett first visited Italy on her first trip to Europe with Annie Fields in 1882, and Venice was one of her favorite cities, according to Paula Blanchard (*Sarah Orne Jewett*). She and Fields returned in 1892 -- which probably was the occasion for this essay -- and again in 1900.

wrought us much evil: See II Chronicles 33:6.

lug rig: a square sail without a boom; it hangs from an upper yard.

friend of ours: The identity of this friend who is thrall to Venice has not been determined;

Ruskin: John Ruskin (1819-1900), British author and art historian, wrote a good deal about Venice, publishing *The Stones of Venice* in 1851-3).

fields of Enna: Enna is a town in the center of the island of Sicily. It is known for panoramic views.

temples of Pæstum: An ancient city southeast of the modern city of Salerno. Originally a Greek colony on the Italian peninsula, it was conquered by Rome and eventually abandoned. It is now the site of important Roman ruins, especially three Doric temples, the Basilica and temples to Poseidon and Ceres. (Source: *Encarta Encyclopedia*).

A Word From a Neighbor

It gives me great pleasure to know of the continuance and well-being of our York County Institute. I well remember my father's warm interest in its earlier years and how strongly he felt the necessity of some such central gathering place for the many interesting relics and records of our ancient history as a county. Some old papers and bits of local record which he had for some years and prized exceedingly were sent by him to the Historical Collection.

I think that there is nothing better for a growing town or city, than to have a good reading room and I am so glad that this has been arranged. It often is a fosterer of an interest in books and makes a means of communication between young people, in whom the habit of reading, is not yet formed, and the great library which in itself might be unavailable and even unattractive. The papers and magazines that lie invitingly within reach, the pleasant story that a boy in the next chair chuckles over, the sober book of travel or history or biography, that some grown man or woman spends an eager hour upon -- all these books become known or at least introduced to young readers, who look curiously to see their titles. The guarded collection of a great library may be like an unknown crowd but the reading room leads one into a friendship with the individuals that compose it. And when the boy passes from a delighted acquaintance, with some relic of the French and Indian war, to a desire to know something more of the exciting times in which it was used or made -- how good it will be to tell him that in such or such a volume of Mr. Francis Parkman's histories* in the next room, he will find the story told. How few of us York County people know the debt of gratitude, that we owe to Mr. Parkman, or how delightfully and clearly he has written the story of the battle of Woosters River in Berwick, or the sad tale of the burning and devastating of York and Wells; of the troublous times all through our county and state in the French and Indian war! We are just beginning to feel an interest in these most interesting things and to recognize the fact that we inherit from an ancestry, who possessed great traits of courage and unselfishness.

The History of Saco and Biddeford has always been in one of the old bookcases at my home and I have known it well, and Judge Bourne's later History* of Wells and Kennebunk is also most familiar and interesting. I only wish that we had as good a history of our other old towns of York

and Kittery and Berwick for these are the mother towns of York County, from which the rest were born.

I wish that we were more careful to make the writing of future histories possible, by writing down the valuable bits of tradition, that every one of us has the chance of learning from older people. How often we sigh over a lost fund of neighbourhood or local tradition when some old friend goes out of this world, who had the power of remembering and of fixing such things in an orderly memory. All this wealth of tradition and experience might be added to our common store if somebody, who can write at least, if she cannot remember, would take the trouble to write a page of records now and then at the end of a delightful talk. I do not think we value our old church and town record-books half enough. Only the other day I was amazed to find how much there was of deep historical value in one that I had occasion to look over and to one good clergyman with a taste for antiquarian matters, who made some marginal notes about the old houses and people, I believe that I did not know how to be sufficiently grateful. These facts, which he had gained from some very old persons, who died during his pastorate would be perfectly unattainable now.

The existence of the York County Institute is a matter of great pride to me; it was one of the earliest foundations of the sort and born out of the thoughtful and cultivated circle of men and women for whom Saco was early distinguished and by whom, she was able with her sister city of Biddeford to take a most honorable place among our earlier settlements and communities. We are too apt to say that our dear old New England towns are not what they used to be, that the best of their society drifted away after the building of railroads, to the larger cities and wider horizons; that the smaller towns have dwindled in culture as the larger cities have increased, that the smaller towns have been given over to money making alone. But I for one, rejoice in the fact that the general level of culture and intelligence has changed so much for the better. We may miss the picturesque and distinguished figures of the past, who lived such dignified and stately lives and surrounded themselves by an atmosphere of respect and deference, over whom the glamour of distance has placed its veil of enchantment or perhaps mystery -- we may regret a certain repose of manner and a leisurely way of keeping, unhindered, to the higher ends of scholarship and manners and statesmanship and the demands of the great professions.

Yet our own best ladies and gentlemen could meet those of an earlier time without any sort of dismay and while there were only a few far-sighted and generous-thoughted persons to plant our academies and libraries and Institutes, a far larger number have come now to the place, where they demand for themselves and their children, the very best that such foundations can give and are eager and willing to take hold all together, to make them more stable and efficient and to carry them nobly forward as our best and noblest gift to a new generation.

Notes

"A Word from a Neighbor" appeared in *The Artful Dodger* (1:1,3) -- a publication of the York Institute of Saco, Maine -- on January 25, 1893. This text is available courtesy of the Dyer Library Association, which oversees the Dyer Library and the York Institute Museum. Special gratitude is due to Jean-Paul Michaud of the New York Public Library for contacting the association on behalf of the Sarah Orne Jewett Text Project, and to Gerard R. Morin, Dyer Library Director for searching out this text.

Mr. Francis Parkman's histories: Jewett refers to the French and Indian Wars, the series of wars between France and the English colonies (1689-1745). Jewett tells the story of the battle at length, including the carrying of local hostages into Canada in "The Old Town of Berwick," where she gives Parkman's *Frontenac and New France*, Chap. XI as her source. There Woosters River is called Worster's River.

Judge Bourne's later History: Edward Emerson Bourne (1797-1873) and Edward E. Bourne (1831-), *The History of Wells and Kennebunk from the Earliest Settlement to the Year 1820, at which time Kennebunk was set off, and Incorporated, with Biographical Sketches* (Portland, 1875).

Mrs. Osgood of Bar Mills.

One of our Maine women has just died, and "gone into the world of light"* about whom I cannot resist saying a few words, her quiet life seems to me to hold so many good lessons for all the rest of us. I do not know how to tell the tale of the good deeds she wrought. I am not one of the early friends who followed her footsteps most closely, and I have no right to make this in any sense a biographical sketch of her life, except that I do know the lovely qualities of her mind and heart and how eagerly she kept her eyes fixed upon the best things. I do know how well she stood in her lot and place and "made the most," as we say, sometimes, of her advantages. Young people are apt to be wishing for wider opportunities and imagining that it is our surroundings that give us value, as if a tallow candle* were any the better light in a golden candlestick! We cannot be so remote that our minds may not keep in touch with other minds to receive their help and inspiration. We can always learn to know and understand the world about us, we can follow to the skies any highway or byway of our native town. It is in the development of the will, and the gathering of great purposes, that one may make the most and the best of life. To love and look up to some friend who is wiser than we, to help and lead the friend who looks up to us; this joy may be ours, no matter how solitary, how apparently unnourished, how hard-worked and unpromising the daily life may seem in its beginning.

My friend was warm and devoted in her friendships, coming as she did from so generous and truly hospitable a lineage. The daughter of her father and mother could hardly be selfish and narrow-minded, known as they were, and depended upon in the best sense through a wide-spread country-side. She shared a fine inheritance of character, and the loss of her young husband* in the beginning of their married life only seemed to open the doors of her heart the wider and lift her to new and broader levels of friendliness. Her heart was never hopeless, but full of brave and sweet ambitions and desires for others as well as herself. She did, what we all may do; she knew intimately many of the best among our great English books, and enriched her thoughts amazingly in this way, supplementing her own love of country and birthplace, her varied out-of-door pleasures, by the stored wisdom of like-minded men and women of the past. She knew by heart much of what Wordsworth and Lowell and Emerson* have said, and as her beloved garden

flowers came up year by year at the feet of her great garden trees, she was able to link them with flowers and trees that the poets have loved and sung. To her the daily walks and drives in the dear bit of country, that she knew best, were so truly interesting, so full of association and food for thought that she never really needed to see new countries or to follow new paths. Her own library held books enough to be an endless delight and to make her wise with true wisdom. The outlook from her own door, of woodlands and the slope of green fields and river shores, the ceaseless sound of the falling waters of the Saco,* these possessed for her unfailing attractions, they were new and delightful to her until the very end.

I believe that it was because she possessed a great gift for appreciation that her life was so full of happiness and of the power of giving happiness to others. She said once to a friend that she had no gifts except the gift of appreciation, and it was certainly true that she had an unerring instinct for what was best and highest in conduct and in achievement. When I saw her first, away from home, I could not help marking at once her fine, open expression and the pleasantness of her face, and a certain quaintness in her manner of speaking which made me say to myself "this is some dear soul from a quiet country home who has her own way of enjoying and looking on at city life." ['] We country persons know each other by a pleased sense of comradeship, but I had heard unusual praise of this new acquaintance, I knew what interesting people were numbered among her friends, and with what pleasure her yearly visits to Boston and Cambridge were looked forward to. And presently, in her own way, she said most striking things. She was not impatient with trivial talk, or whatever was outside her own experience, though she rarely stopped to waste the precious moments, but eagerly drew the conversation, you never could tell exactly how, toward the broadest and most vital subjects. She would find out if you had heard Emerson's last great lecture, or seen some great play, or knew before she did of a great book for which she had been waiting. You found, when she went away, that you had been telling the best you knew about such things as these, and were full of eagerness to hear whatever she had to say. She had a power of getting from other people the best that they had to give; if she found herself one of a group not interested just then in the things that she loved most, she listened and smiled and felt a little apart, but now and then she gaily told a delightful country story, or gave you a brief

reminiscence of provincial wit. She was always companionable and a happy listener, but if she had her own way the talk was serious; you were uplifted by the unaffected seriousness, the brave simplicity of this sweet country lady. She was full of warmheartedness, of good sense and large sympathy. She really loved her books and her woods and fields and flowers; she loved the friends to whom she looked up, and those who looked up to her. I believe that she must have been the kindest and best of neighbors and interested herself most heartily in the life of her own village, but there was something in her fine nature that responded to the best friendship. Wherever she was, there was something that won the deep respect and affection of James Russell Lowell, the husband of one of her earliest and best-loved friends, of James T. Fields,* and many other well-known to the world and truly eminent. She was so simple, so unpretending and undemanding, so thoughtless of herself in all the usual ways, that to see the letters she must have had from such friends, which, beautiful in their confidence and their recognition of her rare traits, would surprise those who thought they knew Mrs. Osgood, and yet only knew her slightly.

As I write these words, I like to think that uncommon as my friend's character may have been, she is after all a type of what Maine womanhood should and sometimes does grow to be in the shelter of our quiet shore and inland villages. As I look back I see that a great deal of the value of her life and character was ministered to by her love of reading, and because she believed in reading the best books. She was not a scholar, she was hardly to be called a student, though she knew and loved her books so well. Yet she nobly educated herself by steady reading of good books, and grew to be a book lover. She never complained of her library's being small or her social opportunities being few; the world of books to her was always near, and she could always open its enchanted doors and find the best companionship.

It makes but little difference where any of us live if we are only living on the right level. My friend seemed to find the best of everything within her reach though she seldom left her country home, but whatever she did and wherever she went, she added a new bit of gold to her store of happiness. She looked for and kept the best that was thought* and said in her world. She was always giving to those who asked and blessing them out of this store of happiness and joy. There is many a Maine garden that will cherish more than ever some rare blossoming plant that was her gift, but how many other

flowers of sincerity, of sympathy, of sweet suggestion to young people, she scattered all along her way!

Her charming letters were full of rememberable things. Where shall we find any one now who knows the coming and going of spring and summer as she knew it; as Gilbert White* knew his Selbourne [Saeborne] birds, so did she know the wild flowers of her Hollis woods. She wrote of her daily life and her dear housemates, and her beloved garden; of the friends who went and who came as life flowed on, of her own wise thoughts and the books she read and every word was said with perfect fitness and charm. I for one shall sadly miss the coming of these letters, and I for one shall not fail to wish as I have wished many a time already, that I might have given to this dear woman half the pleasure, half the suggestion toward right living and true happiness in a country life, that she always gave to me.

Notes

"Mrs. Osgood of Bar Mills" appeared in the Portland (ME) *Transcript* (56:51), March 22, 1893. This text is available courtesy of Special Collections at the Miller Library, Colby College. While this essay lacks a precise identification of Mrs. Osgood, almost certainly she is Martha Hooper Usher (Mrs. Joseph) Osgood (1 May1823 - 27 February 1893) from Bar Mills, ME, a village about 11 miles west of Portland, ME, on the Saco River, and just east of Hollis Center. She and her sisters, Rebecca and Jane, are identified as active in the Civil War as members of the Buxton -- Hollis Soldiers' Aid Society. Her parents were Ellis B. Usher (1785-1855) and Hannah Lane (1795-1889). Also, at the Harvard Business School Library in the Nathan Webb Collection (Catalog Record, Mss 83 1859-1902, Boxes 1 and 2) are papers relating to a legal case involving Martha Usher Osgood. The catalog entry contains this information:

"Nathan Webb was a lawyer and a judge in Portland, Maine. He practiced family law until 1882, when he became judge of the United States District Court for Maine. His papers illuminate a variety of the ways in which American women's lives intersected with the legal system in the second half of the nineteenth century. "Webb was married to Jane (Jenny) Usher. Webb's papers contain the records of a controversy between two of her sisters, Martha and Elizabeth, over the estate of Elizabeth's husband, Nathaniel Osgood. The will of Nathaniel Osgood (1869) left one third of his estate to his wife Elizabeth and two thirds to his sister-in-

law, Martha Usher Osgood (his brother's widow). Papers in collection deal with the settlement of the estate and the controversy over the will. In 1876, the two widows reached an agreement. The accounts of Nathaniel Osgood's estate also include the records of a disputed claim by Mary O. Cushman, who worked in Osgood's store for forty-five years.

"The collection also contains the will of Martha Osgood (1889). She left her real and personal estate to her mother, sisters, and brother, to use during their lifetimes. Nathan Webb was the executor of the estate and also married to Jane Usher Webb, who stood to inherit part of Martha's estate at Rebecca's demise. Fourteen lively letters concerning the estate written in 1893 and 1894 by the fourth Usher sister, Rebecca, show a woman in firm control of her financial affairs. In 1898 the Probate Court decreed that Webb "deliver the balance of said estate to the life tenant."

into the world of light: Henry Vaughan (1622-1695) was a Welsh mystical poet who wrote in English. "They are all gone into a world of Light!" appears in *Silex Scintillans* (1655) and begins, "They are all gone into a world of light! / And I alone sit lingering here; / Their very memory is fair and bright, / And my sad thoughts doth clear."

loss of her young husband: Osgood's physician husband was Joseph Osgood (1818-1849).

tallow candle: According to the *Grolier Multimedia Encyclopedia* tallow candles would be cheaper and smokier than wax candles. By the 19th century, better quality candles would be made from a variety of substances and would be poured in molds rather than dipped. Jewett used a similar phrase in "An Every-Day Girl."

Wordsworth and Lowell and Emerson: William Wordsworth (1770 -- 1850) was an English Romantic poet and poet laureate of England (1843-50). His *Lyrical Ballads* (1798), written with Samuel Taylor Coleridge, helped launch the English Romantic movement." James Russell Lowell (1819-1891) was an American poet and literary critic, well remembered for his humorous poetry, such as "The Biglow Papers" (1848). Ralph Waldo Emerson (1803-1882) was an American essayist, poet, and orator, a founder of American Transcendentalism.

Saco: Also a coastal Maine town on the Saco River, about 10 miles south of Portland. Bar Mills is on the Saco River as well.

James Russell Lowell … James T. Fields: *James Russell Lowell*: Lowell (1819-1891) was an American poet and literary critic, well remembered for his humorous poetry, such as "The Biglow Papers" (1848). Fields (1817-1881) was an editor and publisher, editor of Houghton, Mifflin, Jewett's publisher, and of *Atlantic Monthly*. After his death, Jewett and Annie Fields spent about half of each year together until Jewett's death in 1909.

best that was thought: See Matthew Arnold's preface to *Literature and Dogma*. Arnold (1822-1888) 24, "was a major Victorian poet, the principal English literary critic of his generation, an important commentator on society and culture, and an effective government official. His father was Thomas Arnold, the headmaster of Rugby School." (Source: *Grolier Multimedia Encyclopedia*).

Gilbert White: Gilbert White (1720-1793), though a fellow at Oriel College, Oxford, lived most of his life at Selbourne, in England, as a curate, where he could follow his avocations of naturalist and writer. His correspondence with Daines Barrington grew into the *Natural History and Antiquities of Selbourne* (1788).

At the Funeral of Phillips Brooks

The day was a winter day with a spring sky, when sudden glooms darkened the great church, and were followed by instant sunlight that made the windows glow, and shone again from the faces that were turned upward. Upon all the black hangings were great triumphal wreaths of laurel; the people sat waiting as if to welcome a victor. If old men sobbed as they sat in their places, it was as if they were weighted down with a remembrance of those sorrows through which they had passed, and of the great flight of life in which he who had died had led them to victory, and healed them of their hurts by his own courage and sight of the peace to come.

That simple way of meeting a great moment, which is the finest flower of our New England behavior, was shown now as perhaps it had never been shown before. The city laid aside its work and hushed its noise. From narrow courts and high houses the people came out, and gathered at the place of mourning; they made a mighty mourning crowd about the church. The sense of a solemn rite pervaded every mind, as if an old inheritance of ancient days had waked again, and the compelling mysteries of a great triumphal scene were joined to the Christian service. The grave pageantry of white gowns and black, the altar heaped with flowers, the scarlet trophy that hung upon the empty pulpit of the great leader and inspirer of men, the weeping crowd, -- all lifted themselves into emblems and mysteries of symbolic shape high toward the spiritual, high above the material plane. The scene grew into that unreality which is the true reality, the life of the world to come.

Expectancy spent itself, and tears ceased to fall; there came a moment that was full of the glory of remembrance, when each heart counted its treasures and renewed its vows. The sunlight came and went. There was a noise at the door, and sorrow fell again upon the place. The people rose to greet the work of death that was coming in. Then the heavy burden, borne shoulder-high on a purple pall, the sacrifice to mortality, the empty armor of God's warrior, was carried, with pride and tears, up the long aisle. The bearers, young in face, who felt their future uncompanioned; the old in face, who followed, whose past was now bereft; every

heart that cried to itself, My friend! my friend! knew again in spirit the voice of him who had spoken words of hope so often in that place, and sorrowed most of all that they should see his face no more.

When the last hymn was sung, a great hymn of praise and courage, it began with a noble outburst, and the light came again to many a tear-dimmed eye. Then the burden was lifted, and with slow steps the young bearers went their way. The leave-taking was too much: the voices that tried to sing were stopped; they faltered one by one with grief, as when the sudden frost of autumn makes shrill the brave notes of summer twilight one by one to cease. A mighty chill of silence crept about; and when the eye could look once more at that which made such sorrow, the burden, with its purple and its lilies, had forever passed.

Notes

This essay appeared in *Atlantic Monthly* (71:566-567), April 1893; anonymously in the "Contributors' Club" section.

Phillips Brooks (1835-1893) was a famous American Episcopal priest, who became rector of Trinity Church in Boston and Bishop of Massachusetts. He died on 23 January 1893.

The Old Town of Berwick

I.

I HAVE always believed that Martin Pring must have been the first English discoverer of my native town, when he came to the head of tide water in the Piscataqua River in 1603. Bartholomew Gosnold had sailed along the coast in 1602, and Pring's pilot was one of Gosnold's seamen. He brought his two little vessels, the "Speedwell" and the "Discoverer," of fifty and twenty-six tons burden respectively, in search of adventure and of sassafras bark, which at that time in England was believed to be a sovereign remedy for human ails. The records say that Pring could find no inhabitants in the Indian villages near the coast, except a few old people, from whom he learned that they had all gone up the river to their chief fishing place. So he followed them at flood tide for a dozen miles or more, finding little wealth of sassafras, but discovering a magnificent wooded country and the noble river itself, with its many tributaries and its great bay. The main branch of the Piscataqua (*river of right angles* or *the great deer drive*, as one may choose to interpret it) would lead him to Newichawannock Falls (*my place of wigwams*), and to Quampeagan (*the great fishing place*). No doubt there were those who could direct him to this point, for, being in June, it was the time of the salmon fishery at the Newichawannock Falls, to which place all the Indians came to catch and dry their fish for winter use. It was the great fishery for all that part of the country.

I have myself traced for some distance the deep-worn footpath which marks the first day's trail northward and northeastward, as I have been told by a very old person who has preserved many of the earlier traditions of the town. I have heard that one might walk across on the salmon, which wedged themselves into solid masses in their efforts to leap the impossible high fall near the mouth of Chadbourne's or the Great Works River, which flows into the Newichawannock (now called the river of Salmon Falls) at Quampeagan, the high point of sandy land between the two streams. On the opposite bank, near the present village of Great Works, were the chiefs' houses, the deputies of Passaconaway, the great sachem of all this part of the country, and after him of Wonalancet and those other sons whom he commanded to be friendly, like himself, with the English people. Two cellars** of their great wigwams may still be seen in a high green slope above the river.

The streams were full of high falls and dashing rapids; they were manifestly full of fish; the pine forests were superb, and in June, Quampeagan is always one of the most beautiful places in the world. If Martin Pring had been looking for a place to come to anchor with his two little vessels in the western world, he could hardly have found greater advantages or temptations than along the great river, with its fine harbor below and such manifest wealth above. The Indians were peaceable and friendly. He must at any rate have gone back to England and told his tales to eager ears and adventurous hearts. Champlain was on the coast in 1605; and Capt. John Smith, in 1614, also returned to carry news of the Piscataqua's advantages for a settlement, and to inspire others to seize upon the great opportunity. He was the intimate friend of Ferdinand Gorges; and when the Laconia colony made its adventure to the region of what is now Portsmouth, in 1623, we find the fisheries and water power of Quampeagan at once made use of and appreciated. In 1630 there was already a busy settlement of two hundred souls at the Great Works, as they called their little group of mills, -- the first mills of any sort that were built in New England. Ambrose Gibbons, the first agent of the proprietors, built a palisaded house on his arrival, in 1623 or 1624, near his famous mill with its gang of eighteen saws; and there have been mills of one sort and another at the Great Works ever since, and the little place has kept its high sounding name, much to the amusement of strangers who do not know its history. It is a picturesque spot, with steep, rocky cliffs and a bold plunge of the river into what was long supposed to be an unfathomable Great Hole, below the highest fall of water. In those early years, when the people in Plymouth were making their piteous defence against hostile Indians and starvation, this more northern settlement seems to have been busy and fearless and well fed.**

The Mason colony, as it is usually called, built its first house (called the Manor House) on Odiorne's Point, below Portsmouth, where some relics of its foundation or cellar and an old pear-tree or two were lately to be seen. Their object was "to found a plantation on Piscataqua River, to cultivate the vine, discover mines, carry on the fisheries, and trade with the natives." Gorges and Mason had great expectations of gaining wealth from certain legendary mines, as well as taking high rank from their possessions of manors and immense landed estates. There were fabulous tales of the wealth of the inland country, the three hills of silver beyond the Saco River, and the huge shining carbuncle* that was

guarded by a spirit somewhere among those White Hills, which every adventurer had seen from his anchorage on the coast. This expedition was not thought unworthy of the interest and fellowship of many men of good family and fortune, and we find them carrying out different social ideas than most of the colonists of their time. Their Great House and Manor House, and the pains they took in maintaining a respectable fashion of life and even a certain degree of state and elegance, strike the reader of their old records at once. There were men of authority among them, and we presently find some of these established at Newichawannock, or Quampeagan.

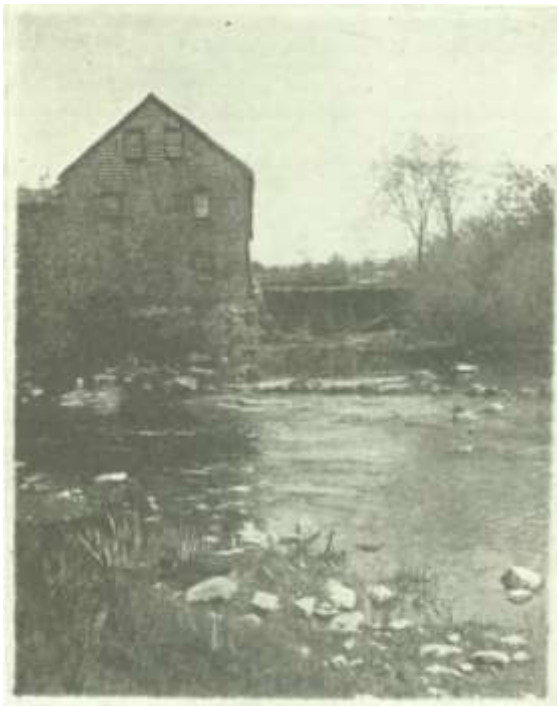
Perhaps Ambrose Gibbons may be called the first settler of the present town of South Berwick. As we have already seen, he was given charge of the mills and trading post, and attempted also the cultivation of vines in what is still called the Vineyard, where there were steep, sunny banks about the river basin below his mills. One of the favorite schemes of Mason was vine growing. The early voyagers who brought back tales of the New World had seen the Maine coast only in summer, and could hardly take the winter weather into account. All the early colonists had to undergo bitter suffering from cold, and even, at times, the lack of food, for this reason. Mason evidently thought that it was possible to rival the wine trade of France and Spain; at any rate he writes to Gibbons anxiously, "I pray you look well to our vines"; and Gibbons could only answer, what careful gardeners in this region have ever since found to be true: "The vines that were planted will come to little. They prosper not in the ground wherein they were set; but them that grow naturally are very good of divers sorts."

In the earlier part of this century there were still so many vines left in the Vineyard that it was a favorite place of resort in autumn for all the Berwick boys. One more than half suspects that it was a survival of vine planting in the earlier colonization of the Northmen and their German servants. If the good vines which Gibbons found and praised had come from the North German valleys, they would have done much better than Mason's, which probably came from France. The half-civilized state of the Indians is a hint in the same direction. One of them drew a serviceable map of the coast for Champlain with a bit of charcoal. These and other things show them not to have been entirely barbarous or without acquaintance with the habits of European life and speech.

But whether the Northmen were the first to know the lovely valley called the Vineyard, everybody who has known the region since will remember the high, steep banks and green intervale below, shaded with fine elms and a magnificent hop hornbeam that stand apart or border the sheltered mill pond, entered on one side by the Great Works River and its wild gorge. The fall of water above, so famous in early history, is at least thirty feet in height, and rushes with great force past the cliffs; but below in the intervale it separates into brook-like streams, and flows gently among willows and alders, circling the mysterious Indian mound. Wild grapevines and tangles of clematis are festooned from tree to tree. In August the water brink is gay with cardinal flowers. Everything seems to grow in the Vineyard, and to bloom brighter than elsewhere. As an old friend once told me, "If you want six herbs, you can go right there and find them." The shyest and rarest birds of the region may be seen there, in secret haunts, or at the time of their migration; it seems like Nature's own garden and pleasure ground. The old turf is like velvet, even on the high banks; and here grow great barberry-bushes, as they grow almost nowhere else. There is no doubt that they always mark for us the very oldest New England settlements and the site or neighborhood of old gardens. Brought over from England with other fruits and berries, they found a much more favorable soil and climate. Cotton Mather shows the importance in which it was held, in describing the escape of a woman from an attack of the Indians upon the Dover garrison,* when she "hid herself among the barberry-bushes *in the garden*."

The Berwick barberries have had time enough to stray far afield from the old cellars and garden spots; but among them you usually find that soft fine turf which only grows where the hand of man has dealt much with the ground. The high flavor of the meagre berry has always been liked by people of the ancient New England stock, as if they were indeed grown of the same ancient soil and gardening. Some of us may feel the presence of an inner truth in the childish belief that certain infants were found in a barberry-bush, and that no other kind of dust or fostering neighborhood would suffice to account for their presence. One lingers over these few traces of our earliest forbears.

The settlements that were fostered by Mason and Gorges fared much better than those like Jamestown, which in 1607 had taken first advantage of the famous royal grant to Popham of all the land between Pemaquid and the Delaware. At Newichawannock the dreams of the three silver hills and the great carbuncle had faded before the actual, visible wealth of the fisheries, and the huge timber pines that clothed the valleys and high hill slopes. The little ships of that time could easily come up the river; but as they had to cut the forests farther and farther back from the river bank, and to extend the farming lands, it was impossible to do without cattle, and these were sent over from England, or rather from Denmark, by Mason, in sufficient numbers. There were some traces left of this great yellow or dun-colored breed of oxen in the Agamenticus region, thirty or forty years ago; and Cow Cove, a charming inlet to the river below the Lower Landing, preserves the tradition that the first cow brought to this part of the country was landed there. In the upland pastures above, near Pound Hill and the Old Fields, are many old cellars with the almost effaced graves, and now and then an ancient hawthorn-bush or strayed garden flower of the earliest farms.



LOW TIDE. THE OLD FISHING PLACE.

Mason had plenty of money at first, and was most generous with provisions of every sort. In 1631 a ship brought many supplies and new settlers from England, and especially a company of Frenchmen, who were to take charge of the salt works.

Few women seem to have come with the first party of colonists. Ambrose Gibbons writes to Mason, in 1634: "A good husband with his wife, to tend cattle and to make butter and cheese, will be profitable; for maids they are soon gonne in this countrie." Gibbons's wife was with him at Quampeagan, and Roger Knight's wife had come also. In a schedule of goods sent out to the colonists in 1634 were "24 children's coates," and among the emigrants that year were twenty-four women. Most of these people were from Devonshire; and they evidently pushed through the Rocky Hills region, or the people with Champernowne and Col. Francis Norton, at York River or Agamenticus, came inland; for the local name of Brixham (a farming district between the great woodland tract and Scotland Parish, later settled) is taken from a fishing town in Devon, from which some of the colonists probably came.

Gibbons did not stay many years at Quampeagan or Newichawannock; and he was succeeded by Humphrey Chadbourne, a man of authority among the early colonists, who had built the Great House at Strawberry Bank (now

Portsmouth), and, after living there in considerable state, removed to the sawmills settlement, as if it were the more advantageous and responsible position. He acquired great estates, buying the valuable peninsula between the two rivers, from the sachem politely called Mr. Rowls. Gibbons fades out of sight very soon. He is said to have been buried on Sanders Point at Newcastle. There was a mysterious person called Leaders or Ledgors, who was also prominent at Newichawannock; and we find the familiar names of Cooper and Knight and Norton and Spencer, who bought so large a tract of land, in 1643, that the men of the settlement were called together to ratify the deed. The estates of Humphrey Chadbourne were for two hundred years in possession of his descendants, and the house of his great-grandson, Judge Chadbourne, is still standing.** When it was built there was no house between it and Canada.

The early settlers of the town were people of good intelligence and found themselves possessed by many advantages. Mason spent all his fortune to further theirs; and, barring the severe winters, for which they were at first unprepared, and the great distance from the managers of the company, they got on much better than many others in like situation. Some of the agents were untrustworthy, but there was, on the whole, a marked difference between these pilgrims to a new world and those of Plymouth or Connecticut. They were firm royalists and Episcopalians, and were careful at first to mind the interests of both Church and State; but it was only at Portsmouth that the church establishment was permanent. The people were happily not given to dignifying their own personal animosities and squabbles for ascendancy by the name of religion. They seem to have been honest, quiet people, with more self-respect than cant and self-seeking. They lived well, and in fact seem to have cared a good deal more for feasting than fasting, and to have had a sense of propriety in household affairs and great hospitality; and all these traits have come down to their descendants. They were not reformers, or people who made life too much a matter of opinion and lacked some of the finer qualities of such as these, yet held steadily on their way, with hardships enough to make them humble and encouragements enough to keep [heep] hope alive. While they looked to the provisioning and forethought of Mason, their own energies were somewhat enfeebled.

Mason died in 1636, bequeathing his much diminished property to his grandsons, with the New England lands. The family sent over an agent, but things were in a bad way;

supplies and remittances ceased on either hand. It is not known when the inhabitants of the eastern shore of the river formed themselves into an order of self-government; but this proving precarious, in 1641, most of these communities of the Piscataqua put themselves formally under the protection of Massachusetts. In 1652 Kittery was formally made a Massachusetts town, and was authorized to send two deputies to the General Court.

It seems to have been many years before anything troubled the settlement at Newichawannock. Humphrey Chadbourne was the father and lawgiver of the little community; but with him we soon associate the Hills, and Plaisteds, and Lords, and Goodwins, from whose intermarriages have descended many distinguished New England men and women. Their garrison houses were not far apart, and this word "garrison" marks definitely the change from a kind of cheerful neighborliness with the friendly people of the Abenaquis tribe to an armed defence against the suspicious and savage Indian foe. In 1673 the old Sawmills settlement at Great Works and the neighboring farms were formally known as the Parish of Unity in Kittery, a name that their lack of history, the surest sign of a peaceful country, seems to have well deserved. It was sometimes called Kittery Commons and then Berwick, but it was not until the year 1713 that Berwick was set off from Kittery and made a separate town, as it had for many years been a separate parish. **

The first great impulse to the population and affairs of the region after the original settlement was in the years of the civil war between Charles I. and the Parliament. Emigration had decreased; in fact, according to Hubbard, "The New England colonies were losing, by returns to the mother country, almost as many as they gained by accessions." When the managers of the company had ceased to support the plantations on the Piscataqua, a trade was opened little

by little with the West India Islands, in which lumber and dried fish were exchanged for the island products, -- so beginning a commercial relation that was always of great advantage to this part of the country. Yet things were languishing and progress was stopped when Cromwell gained a victory over the royal troops at Dunbar, in the north; and "not knowing how to dispose better of his prisoners, he banished them from the realm of England and sent them to America." From Boston they were despatched down the coast to find fellowship in the more conservative royalist colony planted by Gorges, and were given lands in what is still known as Scotland Parish, in the upper part of York, not many miles from the Great Works and Quampeagan, whither, no doubt, some of them were attracted by the mills and general business. "Among these people," says Sullivan, "were the McIntires, the Tuckers, Maxwells, etc. These came to Gorges's government because he was a royalist." There were also the Lovats (Leavitts), Bradwardines (Bradeens), and others, whose descendants are familiar to our sight in York and South Berwick; and among these North Country men there must have been some one who came from the ancient hamlet of Barwick or Berwick-in-Elmet, in Yorkshire.

I was always puzzled to know why the old people of the region called our town Barvick, and why the old church record book, begun in 1701-2, has on its titlepage, "The Records of the Church of Christ at Barvick"; though some later hand has attempted to turn the "v" into "w." Berwick-on-Tweed, for which this New England town has always been supposed to be named, is always pronounced *Berrik*. I should like to know more than I know now about the tiny Yorkshire village, whose existence I only discovered a few months ago, and which some loyal hearts remembered in their new homemaking. They had left a stormy England to find the young colonies beginning a long series of terrible struggles against the Indians, and so fell upon a most anxious time.

The plantations on the Piscataqua, and its upper branch, the Newichawannock (called now above the falls by the English name of Salmon Falls River), suffered more from the first hostile attacks of the Indians than either York or Wells. The river was the great highway, and gave subsistence to the war parties, according to Sullivan's History. We begin to meet on every hand the piteous stories of burned houses and cruelly murdered settlers. The Shorey and Neal garrisons, below Old Fields, and the Plaisted and Tozer and Keay and Wentworth and Spencer garrisons or fortified

houses near the Salmon Falls, seem to have been most depended upon for shelter. There was a stockaded fort on Pine Hill, near the Great Falls, called by the name of Hamilton; but this as only a fort, and not a house. Almost every man went armed to his ploughing or to church. The Plaisted garrison was on the high, upland farm, occupied later for several generations by the Wallingford family; and near the site of it may still be seen the relics of a very old burying ground, of which the well-known Plaisted stone is almost the only one now recognizable. In 1675 the Indians made a determined and terrible assault on Berwick, and Lieut. Roger Plaisted, "like a man of public spirit, sent out seven men from the garrison to see what the matter was," and falling into an ambush, three of them were killed. The next day Plaisted went out at the head of a company of twenty, with a cart and yoke of cattle, to find the bodies; and, being surprised, most of the men ran for their lives;** "while Lieut. Plaisted, out of the height of his courage, disdaining either to fly from or to yield himself (for 'tis said the Indians were loath to kill him, but desirous rather to take him prisoner) into the hands of such cursed caitiffs, did fight it out desperately, till he was slain upon the place. His eldest son and another man were slain in their too late retreat, and his other son was sorely wounded, so that he died within a few weeks after."

"Such," says Williamson in his "History of Maine," "was the fate of this Spartan family, whose intrepidity deserves a monument more durable than marble." The father had represented Kittery four years in the General Court, and was highly respected for his valor, worth and piety. He and his sons were buried on his own land, near the battle ground, full in view from the highway leading through Berwick, whose lettered tombstone tells succeeding ages: --

"Near this place lies buried the body of Roger Plaisted, who was killed by the Indians, Oct. 16, 1675, aged 48 years, also the body of his son, Roger Plaisted, who was killed at the same time."

THE RIVER BANK.

There is no record of any stone to the second son, but an older inscription on this same large stone reads: "Here lies interred the body of Samuel Plaisted, Esq., who departed this life March 20th, 1731,* Æ. 36." This was probably Lieut. Roger Plaisted's uncle, as his father's name was Ichabod. A descendant of the family was one of the recent governors of Maine.

I remember in my childhood a low headstone near by, which bore the name of "Elizabeth Wyat, 18 years." It has quite disappeared with the old apple-tree that it leaned against, but I remember my father's telling me that he had heard from very old people that Elizabeth Wyat was a most beautiful and lovable young creature, whose early death had given the deepest sorrow to all her friends. I somehow take unreasonable pleasure in writing here this brief record, which perhaps no one could write but myself. Her dust long years ago was turned into pink and white apple blossoms against the blue sky, and these, in their turn, faded and fell on the green grass beneath. Mr. Granville Wallingford, the last of his long-respected family, was possessed of a knowledge of much local history, especially about these ancient graves, which are so nearly forgotten; even their very stones are covered deep into the green field out of sight and mind.

In 1678 there were dark days. Two hundred and fifty Englishmen were killed or carried away captive, and almost every settlement beyond the Piscataqua was laid in ashes. Major Waldron of Dover was the great Indian fighter of the region, and there is an account of a hundred Indians captured by him, which were sent to Bermuda and sold as slaves. The disastrous war of King Philip lasted three years, and nearly broke up the flourishing fisheries, upon which the seacoast, and river towns like ours, had begun to depend.

ONE OF THE OLDEST HOUSES.

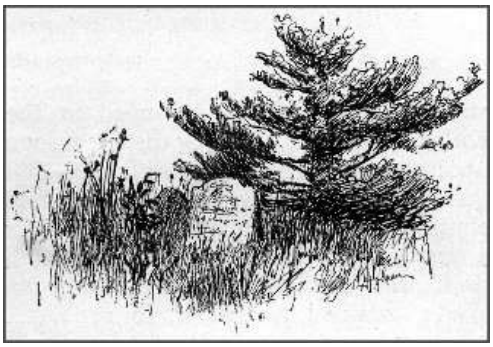
The Old Berwick Historical Society has identified this as the Columbia (Columby) Warren house, immortalized in Gladys Hasty Carroll's *Dunnybrook* (1943).

The story of Berwick is like the story of all the mother towns of New England, and she can boast her children's bravery and heroism with the best. In that same sad month of October, 1675, at the Tozer garrison near Roger Plaisted's, and half a mile above the mills at Salmon Falls, fifteen women and children were saved by the courage of a girl of eighteen, -- "that young heroess," as Hubbard calls her, who, while the rest were escaping, kept the door fast against two Indians, until they chopped it down with their hatchets, with which they then knocked her senseless; but "the poor maid that had ventured her life so far to save many others, was by a strange Providence enabled to recover so much strength after they were gone, as to repair to the next garrison, where she was soon after healed of her wounds and restored to perfect health again"; and so, as Hubbard says, somewhere else in his quaint and graphic "Indian Wars," "did happily make an escape from their bloody and deceitful hands."

Perhaps the most famous battle with the Indians was in 1690, when a party under the command of Hertel,** a Frenchman, and Hopegood, a sachem, attacked Newichawannock. "They killed thirty men, and the rest of the people, after an obstinate and courageous defence, surrendered at discretion." The captives were fifty-four in number, the greater part of whom were women and children. The enemy burned all the houses and mills, and, taking with them what plunder they could carry, retreated to the northward. A party of one hundred and forty men, collected from the neighboring towns, pursued and came up with the savages on Worster's River, at a narrow bridge. They fought

all the afternoon, but with little loss on either side. The French and Indians held their pursuers in check until night, and then continued their retreat, tormenting their captives with shocking cruelty. Among these unfortunate captives was Mrs. Mehetable Goodwin, who may be called the mother of all that representative widely scattered Berwick family, which has shown in different generations so much ability and such marked traits of character. Hetty Goodwin, as she has always been called, was taken by the Indians, with her husband and baby. The man and wife were separated by two parties of the savages, and set forth on their long and suffering journey to Canada, each believing the other to be dead, and leaving behind them their comfortable farm** on a beautiful hill above the river, near the Plaisted garrison. In the early part of the march one of the Indians snatched the baby from its mother's arms and dashed its head against a stone; and when the poor mother dragged her weary steps behind the rest and could not still her cries, they threatened if she did not stop weeping to kill her in the same way. At nightfall she was stooping over a brook trying to wash a bloody handkerchief, and her tears were falling fast again. She forgot the threats of her captives. Suddenly, a compassionate squaw, pitying the poor, lonely mother, threw some water in her face, as if in derision. The tears were hidden, and no one else had noticed them. "This squaw had a mother's heart," the old people used to say, in telling me the story. In Canada the captives underwent great hardships, and "Hetty Goodwin, a well-off woman," was so hungry that she sometimes stole food from the pigs. She was bought at last by a Frenchman; and, supposing herself to be a widow and despairing of ever reaching home again, she married him and had two children. Their name, corrupted probably from the French, was Rand; and the Portsmouth family of the name is said to be descended from them. As I was once told, the captive husband "was a Goodwin, and smart"; so after a while he outwitted the Indians in some way and gained his liberty; and, coming to his home, found that his wife was still alive. He went back to Canada and found her and brought her back; after which they managed to live unmolested and were the parents of many children. Hetty Goodwin's half-buried little headstone may still be seen in the Old Fields burying ground. I never can look at it without a thrill of feeling, or pass the pleasant place where she lived without remembering that she knew that lovely view over hill and dale, up the river, and must often have dreamed and longed for the sound of the river

falls, in the far country to which she was carried a lonely captive, in the northern wilderness of Canada.*



II.

In the ancient church record book there is almost no hint of all these sorrows and anxieties that had come upon the people. In these same dreadful years of 1690 and 1724, when the village was completely destroyed, when they must have feared to sleep in their beds or to take the shortest walk afield, and for a long time after the houses were built only of logs for better defence, there are only the brief records, grown sadly few, of marriages and baptisms and "owning the covenant,"* and now and then an amusingly serious account of the settlement of disputes and desperate animosities between ill-tempered sisters of the congregation.

Of course, through the better part of the first century of occupation, the colonists had all belonged to the church at Portsmouth; and then when Gorges and Mason divided their lands, practically by the natural boundary of the river, and later still, when the town of Kittery was formed, the people of the Great Works and its neighborhood belonged to the Kittery church. The long distance soon became too perilous and difficult; and there had probably been a separate church service for the Parish of Unity for a good many years, before the church itself was formed and the Rev. John Wade ordained as pastor, in 1702. A meeting-house was built at Old Fields, between the busy riverside at the Lower Landing, or Pipestave Landing as it was first called, and the settlement at the Great Works. As early as the 8th of May, 1669, the town of Kittery made Sturgeon Creek the line dividing the town into two parishes, the upper parish being Berwick.** In July, 1669, it was voted at town meeting to lay out one hundred and fifty acres of land in each of these parishes for the use of the ministry. The glebe land belonging to the upper parish was on the southern side of

the Great Works River, and was sold many years ago and its price added to the ministerial fund. I do not know why it has always had the extremely secular name of the Tom Tinker* lot.

We come now to the time when there are careful church and town records practically interchangeable at times. To quote a recent writer, "In the beginning each settlement or town was before all things a congregation, and the town meeting was in most cases the same thing as the assembly of the congregation."**

The town of Berwick was incorporated in 1713, and Elisha Plaisted was the first representative to the General Court of Massachusetts the next year.**

The Rev. John Wade preached for some years before the establishment of the church. He was born in Ipswitch, and graduated at Harvard in 1693. In 1698 he was chaplain of a garrison to the eastward, and died in 1703, hardly two years after his ordination. He wrote a beautiful, scholarly hand, and has left three most interesting, closely written pages of records, describing the founding of his church and early ministry. David Emery was the first deacon, and Nathan Lord the second. Capt. Ichabod Plaisted gave two silver cups, which are still preserved, and a cloth and napkin for the communion table. The second minister, who for half a century was truly the spiritual father and priest of his people, was the Rev. Jeremiah Wise. In his pastorate the town passed through most severe afflictions from its foes; but through his influence everything made for peace, as far as regarded the parish's own existence and government. Again and again "y^{e} chh. voted in y^{e} negative," when it was invited to attend the settling of grievances in neighboring churches; and the church in Salem is rebuked in solemn session as "a chh. obstinate and impenitent in scandal," and the First Church of Christ in Berwick decides to stay at home when "y^{e} Separatists" in Exeter desire delegates.

Parson Wise lived in a house near the old meeting-house, at the upper left-hand corner of the road after you pass the Old Fields burying ground. Beside the constant dread of Indian frays in this border town to which he ministered, there were the two great excitements of the coming of the Quakers and the Salem witchcraft; but there is no record of any real persecution of either Friends or witches, on the eastern side of the Piscataqua. There is no word at all about the latter offenders, but Parson Wise piously records the baptism and owning of the covenant of a certain "Mary Foss, wonderfully recovered from y^{e} Quakers," in 1716. One seems to know the good man familiarly after reading the age-browned pages of the old church book. He wrote a quaint wind-blown-looking hand, that makes the pages look more and more like a bent field of grass. You can see how his fingers grew stiff and old and were sometimes cramped by December cold. Such pastorates are no longer common. We can imagine the loss of the people when he died;** the winter funeral the end of the long dependence and friendship.

THE LAST OF A FAMILY.

There is one incident connected with the Salem witchcraft delusion which has given an unforgetable name and association to a certain part of the present town of South Berwick, in connection with the summoning of the Rev. Stephen Burroughs, of Wells, to appear before the judges in Danvers. The whole history of Burroughs is most interesting and perplexing. He was a man of amazing strength and a curious knowledge of woodcraft, but was accused of cruelty and various misdeeds. An enemy of his in Danvers, where

he had formerly preached, was despatched to Wells on the welcome errand of bringing him to justice, with the help of two constables, -- the strength and cleverness of Burroughs being quite enough to found the charge of witchcraft upon, and cover the desire of revenge for a private grudge. They found the man at his parsonage; and, sure of proving his innocence, he readily agreed to accompany them, but suggested that they should take a shorter path than by the road they had come, -- round by the old coast or post road through York. They pretended afterward, or perhaps believed, that he cast a spell on them, and led them into a gloomy forest, presently coming out on a high, strange ridge, like a backbone to the country. As it grew dark a great thunder-storm gathered, but Burroughs alone seemed to know no fear, and kept on his way. The messenger and his two constables nearly perished with fright, and believed the whole situation to be diabolic. The horses seemed to fly, and the lightning flashed blue and awful gleams about Burroughs, as he rode ahead; and so things were at their worst as they hurried up and down the steep hills of what has ever since been known as the Witch Trot Road. Suddenly the storm ceased, as thunder-storms will, and the moon shone out; and they found themselves near the calm water of the river, near Quampeagan. This was proof enough in that moment of Burroughs's evil powers, and his fate is a matter of history. The Danvers men told the story of their fearful ride, with great glory to themselves no doubt, for many years; and though those who were familiar with the country insisted that the road to the river was shorter by half than the long way through Cape Neddick and Ogunquit, it was easier to accept the marvellous than the reasonable.

There may have been witches in Berwick; but I never heard of any nearer than York, where one has always been said to lie under a great stone in the churchyard; and a terrible person in Portsmouth, described as wearing a white linen hood tied under her chin, a red waistcoat and petticoat,

with a green apron, and a black hat upon her head; and she vanished away, green apron and all, in the shape of a cat!

It is interesting to see how many of the still familiar names of the region appear early in the old records; like Bragdon, Butler, Hodgdon, Grant and Gray, Hooper, Emery, Guptill, Weymouth, Jellison, Warren and Gowen; but other names equally common then are now, as far as I know, extinct in the Berwicks: like Wincal, Broughton, MacPhedris, Kilgore, Hamilton, Bolthood, Reddington, Andros, Shackley, Stockbridge and Percy, and especially Chadbourne, which was for so many years most prominent. We find in the church book Major Charles Frost, an honored parishioner and great Indian fighter, declining to take the responsible office of elder, "because the service is incoherent with his civil and military office." There is a fine picture preserved of Richard Shackley, "y^{e} last of y^{e} Elders." "He was a man of very grave countenance of the old Puritan stamp (which does not seem to appear very often in the Piscataqua plantations), sound in the faith, and very tenacious of his Hopkinsian opinions. He used to wear a red cap in church, and when he heard a minister whose preaching he relished, he would rise in his seat, which was beneath the pulpit, and stand there looking intently at the preacher. When not pleased, he would keep his seat." He wrote a fine, dignified hand: in fact, all these records show the first two ministers and the leaders of the parish to have been men of education and refinement. There is practically no misspelling, though some archaisms of speech, and a general tone of dignity and discretion.

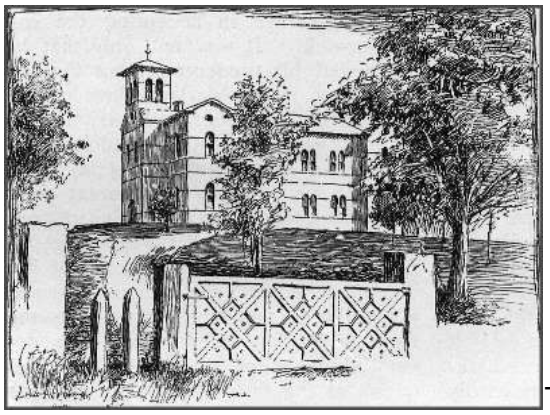
After the death of Mr. Wise, a new handwriting in the old book somewhat afflicts the unprejudiced reader. It is commonplace, tiresome and insistent; and somehow the poor man's troubles with his parish are discovered, as if by instinct, to begin with a mean-spirited self-pity for himself; and one dismisses him, even at this distance of a hundred years, as willingly as his parishioners seem to have done. He tries to use force to bring certain stray-aways into church. He plans about getting more money, and goes on pitying and cherishing himself, and blaming his people, until the end. He was always signing his name as if it stood to him for something very remarkable, while Parson Wise's signature hardly once appears. Directly after his departure, old Richard Shackley, the solemn elder, calls for a day of fasting and prayer, "on account of the maloncholly state of religion in the church and town."

THE HAYES HOUSE.

There followed him a man who is still remembered by some of my older friends, the Rev. John Tompson, who was a far more worthy successor of Parson Wise. He, too, was a college-bred man, of Harvard, 17--, and a descendant of the Parson Tompson of Braintree, so celebrated by Cotton Mather, in his "Magnalia," for his "constellation of converts." Mr. Tompson evidently plucked up his courage in accepting the call to Berwick. It was not only that he succeeded his predecessor, but the call was given in the darkest days of the Revolution, by a poor and anxious parish, with whom he frankly condoles upon its divided and languishing state. Berwick, as neighbor to her parent town of Kittery, had shared in the glorious successes of Pepperell in the siege of Louisburg; and no doubt some of her men marched with the company, formed about Saco, that was present at the fight on Bunker Hill. There is a devout assurance of Mr. Tompson's "Requests at the throne of Grace, that the God of Peace may be with us and bless us," as he ends his letter of acceptance.

These were days of discouragement. The town's business was stopped; the country was making a bitter struggle, and drawing away the best energies of the men to the seat of war. It was manifestly a time when the pine forests were in process of growth, and there was no market for timber, even if it could yet be cut. Some of the richer families had become extinct or had gone away. Judge Hill,** the leading citizen, had died just before the great struggle came on. The country was more and more impoverished, and we can hardly imagine the discouragement that met both minister and people at every hand. It is a temptation to follow the history of the town closely, and to follow with it the closely interwoven fortunes of the sister town of Somersworth,** across the river; but it is increasingly difficult to choose the

leading threads, where everything is so locally important and interesting.



The Old Academy

Two of the most interesting figures of the last century, however, who must by no means be forgotten, were John (or Owen) Sullivan, always called Master Sullivan, and his wife, Margery, who came over to New England from Ireland about 1723. They first landed at York, and spent some time there on the McIntire farm, still occupied by descendants of the royalist exiles. Master Sullivan always surrounded himself with more or less mystery, but insisted that he had "four countesses to his mother and grandmothers, which has been proved true." He feigned great ignorance at first to match his poverty; but at last, tiring of his humble position, tradition says that he wrote a letter to Parson Moody, of York, in seven languages, and presently removed himself to the upper part of Berwick, a few miles above Quampeagan, to the neighborhood of the Great Falls, and opposite the present city of Somersworth. Here he kept a school for a great number of years, and owned a small farm. He is reported to have been indolent according to the standard of his contemporaries, but to have been always reading and a man of great wit and natural powers of mind. His wife was a woman of quick temper, but great tenderness of heart, joined to all the practical ability which Master Sullivan seems to have lacked, except that most noble gift of awakening young minds. Margery Sullivan, -- "the small, beautiful, energetic, courageous woman,** who worked in the fields, so that her thoughtful and studious husband might not be obliged to do it; who drove a cow some thirty miles through woods and along bad roads for her son; who nursed the neighbours when they were ill, and quarrelled with them horribly when they were well; who gloried in her sons' careers, boasting that she never did anything contrary to the will of her

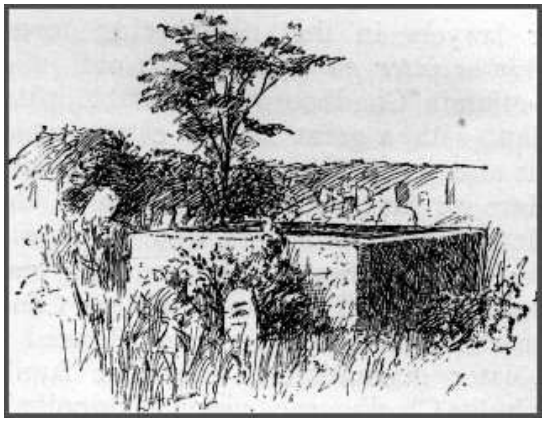
husband. He was her father in age, her master in knowledge, and her husband by marriage." The writer has heard another boast of Margery Sullivan's repeated: that she had dropped corn many a day with two governors: a judge in her arms and a general on her back. Old Master Sullivan died in 1796, at the great age of nearly one hundred and five years, keeping his love for books until the last. His wife died in 1801. Two of their sons, Daniel and Ebenezer, were captains in the Revolutionary army: the first dying on his way home from a captivity in the Jersey prison ship; the second was a lawyer at South Berwick, but died at Charleston, S.C. John Sullivan, the younger, was one of the distinguished officers of the war, major-general by rank, and afterward first president or governor of New Hampshire. James lived at first in Saco (it was to him the cow was driven), and later he became a citizen of Boston; a judge of the Superior Court, attorney-general, and in 1808 governor of Massachusetts.

There is a charming story of his being on circuit in the District of Maine, and going out of his way to pass the night with his old father and mother at Berwick. In the evening he and his father lost their tempers over some political argument and parted in anger. The judge was obliged to leave the house very early in the morning before day, but he was so troubled as he rode away by the thought that he had been disrespectful, that he turned his horse at last and rode back again several miles to beg his father's pardon.

This was the author of the "History of Maine," so often quoted; a delightful work, eloquent at times, and naturally very full of interest when its author touched at any point the history or traditions of his native town. Berwick has had few sons of whom she has such good reason to be proud. The family burying place, at the old farm on Pine Hill, was unfortunately destroyed by the laying out of a road; and the graves of the father and mother being disturbed, the poor ashes that were left and the stone erected by their son James were removed by a descendant to the burial ground of their son and daughter, Gen. John Sullivan and Margery (Mrs. Hardy), at Durham, N. H.

III.

After the Revolution the poverty and anxiety of the country were followed by just such a rousing of the people's energies and consequent renewal of prosperity as in the case of our late War of the Rebellion. It was in 1791 that, in spite



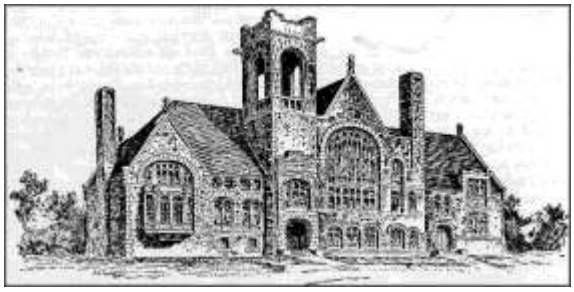
The Hamilton Tomb.

of heavy taxation and much uncertainty, the town of Berwick made up its mind to have as good an academy as Byfield or Yarmouth. One of the old state historians says that Berwick has always been celebrated for the excellence of its schools. A town may have a profession as well as an individual, and Berwick chose to be an educator of youth. Judge Chadbourne gave ten acres of land in the finest possible situation and a sum of money besides, to begin the subscription; and Parson Tompson rode twice to Boston on his old white horse, and finally returned victorious with the charter granted by the General Court and bearing the fine signature of John Hancock. The history of Berwick Academy from that day to the delightful occasion of its centennial celebration* would make a long magazine article in itself; but it can only come in as an episode in the town's history, and as the best expression of the spirit of the Berwick citizens. In giving this necessarily brief account, I shall take the liberty of quoting from the historical address given at the celebration of the academy's hundredth year, by Rev. John Lord, LL. D., one of the most gifted and best known pupils of the old hill school.

"The founders," says Dr. Lord, "were all honorable men, at least they were all respectable citizens in this prominent village, or were distinguished clergymen or lawyers in the neighboring towns. *Primus inter pares*,* there was old Judge Benjamin Chadbourne, a veritable patrician, with a great landed estate, which his ancestor purchased from the Indians." Here we find the great-grandson of that Humphrey Chadbourne who came with the earliest settlers, and was for many years their leader. The late President Chadbourne of Williams College belonged to a later generation of the same family. "Judge Chadbourne lived in a fine colonial residence surrounded by noble elms, not far from the Vineyard, and

was a great lover of trees. He gave to his friend, John Hancock, a large number of elms from his Berwick estate to be planted on Boston Common, where some of them still exist."

There was indeed an interesting group of men in the town, the stamp of whose thought and ambition may still be felt as a good inheritance from the early planters of Berwick [may be felt], I believe, all through her history. The houses built by these men are, for the most part, still standing, and many of their own traits and actions are still remembered. The importance of the village, and its connection with the world outside, can be measured by the manner of its housekeeping; and no one can enter Judge Chadbourne's house or the Hamilton house at the Lower Landing, the Gen. Goodwin house at Old Fields, the Hayes house built by Col. Dudley Hubbard, the Hobbs house built by Madam Elizabeth Wallingford, and long occupied by her children and grandchildren of the Cushing family, the Hayman house, or the Haggens house at the Corner, the Timothy Ferguson house, without seeing at once that people of refinement and cultivation had planned them and lived in them with elegance and hospitality. The best life in such a town as this was no more provincial in early days than it was in Salem or Boston, and the intercourse and sympathy between people of the same class in New England was more marked than at any other period.



Fogg Memorial Library, Berwick Academy

The richest founder of Berwick Academy, the oldest literary incorporation in the state, was Col. Jonathan Hamilton, a shipowner and merchant, who from humble beginnings accumulated his great fortune in the West Indian trade. He was born on Pine Hill, in the northern part of the town; but built later the stately old house at the Lower Landing, and lived in it the rest of his life, with all the magnificence that was possible in his day. On his archaic looking tomb, in the Old Fields burying ground, the long high-sounding inscription ends with the solemn words,

"Hamilton is no more." Another of this interesting group of the first trustees of the academy was Mr. John Lord, the young partner in business of Col. Hamilton, afterward Gen. Lord, and the successor to Judge Chadbourne's and Col. Hamilton's pre-eminence and authority in town affairs. He lived at the Upper Landing, in another fine old house, which was long ago destroyed; and died when hardly past middle age, leaving a large inheritance to his family and generous gifts to the church and academy, beside a fund to the latter, from which each student is given a copy of the Bible. Among his children and grandchildren have been many distinguished men and women.**

GEORGE A. DICKEY, A. M.
PRINCIPAL OF BERWICK ACADEMY.

HON. H. N. TWOMBLY.

The minister, Mr. Tompson, has already been spoken of; and the other trustees were Dr. Hemmenway of Wells, the great theologian of his day; and Judge David Sewall of York,

of the Superior Court, who was as famous a lawyer; Dr. Ivory Hovey of Berwick, the most picturesque person and character of his day, and Gen. Ichabod Goodwin of Old Fields, the major-general of militia for York and Cumberland Counties; whom Dr. Lord calls "a staff to lean upon in all parish and educational affairs."

"According to the charter," he continues, "the academy was founded '*to promote piety, religion and morality*.' It is not easy in this critical age to define the difference between piety and religion, . . . but, I must add, to speak truthfully, 'to educate youth in such languages, and such liberal arts, and sciences as the trustees should direct.'" By the charter six of the trustees were to be residents of the town, and seven to be non-residents, -- a regulation intended to prevent the academy from degenerating into a mere village school, with only local interests to guard, rather than to hold out inducements for young men at a distance to avail themselves of a good business education, or to prepare for college, -- the primary end for which our academies were founded. "There were many cultivated persons in Berwick, who read the best books and knew what was going on in the world. It was inevitable that they should insist upon having a good school, and ask much from their teachers, as to both social and intellectual gifts."

These expectations were almost always gratified, especially in the early years of the school's history. Mr. Samuel Moody was the first master, on a salary of ninety pounds a year, with the addition of sixpence a week for each pupil. Mr. Joseph McKeen succeeded him, -- not the president of Bowdoin, but later the Boylston Professor of Rhetoric and Oratory at Harvard College ("a very able man," says Dr. Lord), who was followed by Mr. Benjamin Green, afterwards Judge Green, a distinguished lawyer and gentleman in the village, noted for his fine address, autocratic manners, and love of horses. Then followed Preceptors Hilliard, Seaver and Tompson, and a strange erratic person named Holton, who was gifted as a teacher of mythology and of the exercises of Wednesday-afternoon speaking and composition. Ira Young, his successor, was one of the best masters the school ever had, and was soon beckoned away by Dartmouth College, where he was for many years the Professor of Mathematics. Stephen Chase, a man of fine powers, who came after him, also became a Dartmouth professor; and the Rev. James Wilson Ward, under whose administration the prosperity of the institution reached its acme. He was a fine linguist, being a Hebrew

scholar as well as learned in Greek: "a very genial man," whose son, the present editor of the *New York Independent*, has kept to the same high directions and ambitions.

The early records of the academy were lost, probably in the burning of the second building, which also destroyed most of the books of the old Social Library, so precious to the town. The list of the scholars who have received Bibles from the Lord Fund is, happily, in the possession of the secretary, Charles Cushing Hobbs, Esq.; and from the year 1817, when it begins, the students number about three thousand. From 1791 to 18I7 would, however, give many more, and some of the best men the academy could show.

HON. FRANCIS B. HAYES.

A second academy building was made necessary by the growth of the school, about the year 1825. This is looked back to by those who remember it as having been a very suitable and handsome structure, which stood well on its conspicuous site. It had a high white belfry, and fine rows of Lombardy poplars led up to it from the street. The old oaks were already decaying, but nobody thought to put young ones in their places. This was burnt in 1851, and the new building seems to have poorly replaced it, although Hon. Francis B. Hayes, who succeeded his father, Judge Hayes, as president of the board, used every means to have the best schoolhouse** that could be obtained, going to Richard Upjohn of New York for the plans; but it shows what advance has been made in our time in architecture, that the first American architect of the day should have shown so little imagination. The two high gables showed well, however, above the treetops, when one saw it from the westward; and the large schoolroom, which could be divided at will, was

very handsome and gave a fine sense of light and air. The hall too, with its open roof and finished framework of beams, is not without beauty, especially as many old pupils will always remember it garlanded with oak leaves, and decorated with the school mottoes done in elaborate fashion after traditional rules.

Until 1828 Berwick Academy was entirely a boys' school; but in that year the names appear of Hetta Lord Hayes, Caroline Lord, Miranda Smith and Martha Leigh; and these brave young persons seem to have left the door open behind them, for the record of the next term shows seventeen of their friends to have followed a wise example. From that time the names of girls and boys appear to be about equal.

The aim of such an academy as this to fit young men or young women for college, or to give, as it does to many pupils, their last opportunity for school instruction, and so to hold the final chance for directing and developing their young ambitions, is indeed a high aim; and the standing of many of the Berwick Academy pupils in after life is certainly some evidence that the task has been well fulfilled. It would surprise us if we could count up the number of Harvard and Bowdoin and Dartmouth graduates who were fitted here, and no less if we could make a list of the distinguished men among them: four college presidents and three governors of states, with many college professors and eminent teachers, men and women both; highly accomplished men of the professions and men of affairs; soldiers, sailors and statesmen of renown; and many women, who, in their ever-widening public service or beautiful home-making and home-keeping lives, have been among the true leaders of civilization in their time.

In the early years of the fifth decade of this century, perhaps in 1842 or 1843, the influence of the academy and the level of intelligence in the society of the town were, perhaps, at their height. I have often heard it said that in the congregation of the old First Church there were over twenty men, young and old, who were college graduates. This will give some idea of the progress of the village. The old order of things was fast passing away, but this was a moment when hope for the future seemed very bright, and pride in the past was most assured.

A BUNGALOW AT THE LANDING

Perhaps this is the moment to call the character and achievements of the descendants of our early settlers most clearly before the mind, and to end this hasty sketch of the town's progress. A long process of change was about to begin. The assimilation of successive foreign elements which have not been without great value, the effects of the War of the Rebellion, the change of professional and educational ruling interests for those of various manufactures, were to work slow and certain changes in the aspect of the town and the character of its citizens. I believe that the general level of intelligence, the common stock of prosperity, were never better than now. We are returning to some of the old standards of good taste and wider interests, which we had at one time too hastily flung aside. We are more reverent of our past, and more appreciative of our academy, of our teachers and preachers, than ever before in the course of many years.

I should like to speak of many things and many people to whom the three towns of Berwick have owed much in these later days; especially of a mysterious figure among the academy teachers, Dr. Gray, "an Englishman who had achieved considerable distinction as an Oxford scholar, who gave the school a new impulse, and placed it on a higher level in some respects than ever before, being himself a man of culture and one whose experience of life had been wider than that of many of the other principals. His pupils are said to have borne the impress of his own knowledge of life and letters."

I should like to say how much good the Cogswell prize books have done, scattered as they are among the pupils, at the rate of ten or a dozen really valuable and charmingly bound volumes every year; of the five or six college scholarship funds which have helped so many young people

to go on with the process of their education; of the liberality of those who have made gifts to the academy fund, like Mr. Francis B. Hayes, so that the price of the excellent tuition is kept so low that no bright boy or girl can possibly be hindered from sharing it. The greatest beneficence, however, is in the recent large legacy left to the school in memory of her husband, a former pupil, by Mrs. William H. Fogg of New York, for the building and equipment of a new schoolhouse and public library. This noble gift has been increased, according to her later wish, by the liberality of her executors, the late A. Phipps, Esq., of Boston, and Hon. H. H. Fogg of Bangor, to whose warm and generous interest in the town of his ancestors, the people of the three Berwicks and the old and new pupils of the school should be always most grateful, as they will also be to the devoted president of the trustees at this present time, Hon. Horatio N. Twombly of New York, and to Mr. George A. Dickey, the principal of the academy. Upon both of these men and their assistants has come unusual responsibility in the enlargement and new departure of the institution.

I am much tempted to speak of my own school friends and my kind teachers, and the affairs of my own time generally; but it is after all with the first two centuries of Berwick that my fragmentary sketches must be concerned. To have seen how the settlement began, and how it overcame its many hindrances and held fast to its many hopes, and bred its men and women to high callings, is to understand these later days very well. There is no better way of learning American history than to find out what one can of the story of an old New England town.

This unlabeled photograph is the Sarah Orne Jewett House at the corner of Main and Portland Streets.

IV.

The Rev. Mr. Tompson's pastorate lasted almost as long as Parson Wise's. It was in his time that the present First Congregational Church was built to replace the ancient one at Old Fields, where he preached so many years to Judge Chadbourne, Judge Green, Gen. Lord, Col. Hamilton, and the men and women of that time. A second parish had been formed at Blackberry Hill, with which were long associated the honored names of Rev. Mr. Meriam and Mr. Hilliard, but which has now ceased to exist. There was also the Baptist Church, where Parson Boyd preached for many years. This was later used, for many years, as a town house, being conveniently situated for that purpose, and it was a great pity that it should have been unnecessarily destroyed. The moderator used to occupy the high pulpit with its sounding board, while the citizens and voters made a more or less discreet congregation.

I remember that the unpainted woodwork had taken a beautiful brown tint with age, and that it used to be a vast pleasure in my childhood to steal into the silent place, and to sit alone, or with small, whispering friends, in one of the high, square pews. The arrangement of the pews and benches reminded one of the time when there was such careful attention paid to social precedence, and provision made for the colored people, of whom there were formerly a large number in Berwick, and many of them have been excellent citizens. Most of the prominent families in this part of New England, near tide water, possessed one or more African slaves in the last century; and one may still hear delightful stories* of their strange traits of inheritance and their loyal affection to the families which they adopted as their own, and were always ready to champion. A little sandy hill, just below the Landing, and above the old river path that leads to Leigh's, now Yeaton's mills, still bears the name of Cato's Hill, from the fact that the sunny sand bank near the top was the favorite retreat of an ancient member of the household of Gen. Lord. Cato was a native Guineaman, and the last generation loved to recall the tradition of his droll ways and speeches.

At Doughty's Falls, or what is now North Berwick Village, there were in the last century a large number of families

belonging to the Society of Friends. It is an interesting fact that the first meeting of Friends (or Quakers as they were then called) in the province of Maine was at Newichawannock, in December, 1662. "At about the same time in Dover," says Williamson, in his "History of Maine," was "issued the famous warrant commanding three women to be whipped out of the state." There was no persecution in Maine, however. In North Berwick the Husseys, Buffums and others have taken active part in the great interests and potent achievements of their society.

To the north of this now large and enterprising village (which owes much of its growth to the business capacity of the late William Hill, or Friend Hill as he was familiarly known, and to the Hobbs family) is the old estate of one branch of the Goodwin family. The pleasant old house which stands by the river, between its great forests and open fields, was always called by the unexplainable and dismal name of Execution, which must be legal in its remote origin; though there are relics of lost traditions about a regicide judge, only a few miles away, and the hospitality of the family may have harbored him here. There is one thing certain: Capt. Goodwin, the friend and contemporary of Sir William Pepperell and high sheriff of York County, never levied an execution without breaking off a twig and pulling a tuft of grass, to make literally true his oath that he had delivered possession by twig and turf. This was the father of Gen. Ichabod Goodwin of Old Fields; and grandfather of Rev. Dr. Daniel R. Goodwin, late president of Trinity College, Hartford, and chancellor of the University of Pennsylvania, and of Gov. Ichabod Goodwin of New Hampshire, who belonged to that remarkable group of men known as the war governors, who held the executive powers of the Northern states in 1861-62. No man among them was more "prompt, methodical and clear-sighted, and intensely devoted to their one duty." These brothers bear two of the best known names on the Berwick Academy roll of honor. Nor must we forget their younger relative, Hon. John Noble Goodwin, one of the many well-known lawyers of the town, who was a member of the Thirty-seventh Congress, and later governor of Arizona and its representative.

It grieves me more and more that the meeting-house of the old First Church and Parish has not been allowed to keep something of its look of antiquity. It was originally a most tasteful building, well proportioned, as all the older village buildings are, and finished in the best fashion of a day when simple good taste in architecture seems to have been

instinctive with almost everybody in the town, judging by the fine roofs and good outlines which remain. But owing to successive changes, this oldest church has lost its handsome front with the three doors and Corinthian columns, its high panelled pews, gallery, great mahogany pulpit, and, more to be regretted than anything else, its beautiful windows of the best hand-made sash-work, which it would cost hundreds of dollars to replace. The quaint little sofa and other furniture of the communion table are the only relics of the past, and poorly represent the long continuance of an historic parish like this. Such changes are often made in good faith and with the best intentions; but we must add to our inheritance whatever will best represent our own time, without taking away anything which has the power to speak of those old associations which are beyond all price. I have dwelt on this point because we Americans are only just beginning to value properly what has belonged to our past.

This view of South Berwick shows Jewett's house at the end of the street.

Many of these details are interesting in themselves only to Berwick people; but I do not leave them out, because I have always the belief that so old a town must be typical and representative. Those who never saw old Berwick will put other names in the place of these, and be reminded of other old houses and landscapes and stories of the past. There are, however, certain characteristics, I had almost said individualities, of the town: I do not know any prospect that rivals the view from Powder House (or Butler's) Hill, or that down the river from the Lower Landing, near the Hamilton or Goodwin house. From the hilltop, which is high and bare like a Yorkshire moor, the eye follows a great procession of the New Hampshire mountains along the horizon from Saddleback to Mount Washington. If you look eastward you have a sense of being at the door of the great forests of

Maine, -- a dark, pine-clad region stretches over and beyond Agamenticus. This way you are reminded of the loneliness that the settlers found, and westward you discover the smiling country of towns and farms that they began to build.

Another characteristic of the village of South Berwick is the sound of all the river falls, almost always to be heard by day, when one stops to listen, and loudest and most jarring in the dead of night to the wooden houses that vibrate to their constant notes. Then the many bells of the mills and churches give one at certain hours the feeling of being in a foreign town. Nine them ring in their high belfries within little more than a mile of distance. I do not know any other New England village which has so many pleasant bells within hearing. Three of them belong to the sister town of Rollinsford, on the other side of the river.

This region bore its part in all the wars with generosity and bravery. The famous crew of John Paul Jones and the "Ranger" was mainly gathered from the shores of the river. One of the last of his sailors was, in his extreme old age, my father's patient. There was much shipbuilding up and down the river; and hardly a household in the old seafaring days of New England did not find itself anxious when the wind blew, or the mother did not give a heavy sigh as she said that it was a hard night for sailors coming on the coast. This part of the industry of the town is so completely at an end that younger people can hardly believe that the river was once such a highway for traffic. Even so lately as forty years ago there was a picturesque fleet of twenty gundalows with lateen sails, sailing from the Landing wharves to Portsmouth, beside a good-sized packet boat which went every other day. We know so little of the ways of the people a hundred or two hundred years ago, that it is a pleasure to be able to recall the customs of only fifty years since, and to be able to picture to ourselves, not only the people, but the way they lived in their pleasant houses and spent their time in the same pleasant houses and along the quiet streets that we ourselves know. When you see the last of the gundalows coming up the river, you will like to remember that its ancestor was copied from a Nile boat, from which a sensible old sea captain once took his lesson in shipbuilding. The high peaked sail looks like a great bird's wing, and catches the flawy wind well in the river reaches.

The northern country was covered then, for the most part, with heavy pine growth; and the chief business at Berwick

was buying this from the lumbermen, and sending it to Portsmouth, there to be reshipped, or direct to the West

MADAM CUSHING'S HOUSE.

Indies, where the usual course of the ships was to load with rum, tobacco and molasses, and then to Russia where this second cargo was exchanged for iron, duck and cordage, then back to Liverpool for another trade, and so home. The little ships made money fast enough, and in the winter time the Berwick streets were crowded with ox teams and huge timber pines and piles of plank and boards. Sometimes gangs of teamsters, with their oxen, came in great companies from the White Mountains, and even from Vermont through the Crawford Notch. Sometimes there were two or three bronzed sea captains rolling up the street in company. It was a business full of all sorts of interests and surprises, and the cords which were fastened at one end to the Landing wharves seemed to wind all about the other side of the world. You found a plain old man who knew all about some distant corner of the mysterious earth, not because he had read about it in a weekly newspaper, but because he had been there himself and perhaps taken his wife with him. There was somebody, perhaps your own great-grandfather, who had wintered at Valley Forge. One might meet Dr. Usher Parsons, the biographer of Sir William Pepperell, and a distinguished writer on medical subjects, who had been Commodore Perry's surgeon, at the great fight on Lake Erie, who was of Berwick stock, and had come to pay a summer visit to his relatives in the town. There would be Judge Green, a most dignified and elegant man, wearing his cloak with scarlet facings; and Judge Hayes, who had the instincts of an English country squire, and lived like one on his great estate, bringing up his handsome sons and daughters to be ladies and gentlemen, to walk and to speak as ladies and gentlemen should, and to be self-respecting and respectful

of others. You might see his brother-in-law, President Lord, of Hanover, walking gravely past the Corner on his way to call upon his brother John, who had been the early friend of Daniel Webster,* and law student with him in Jeremiah Mason's office at Portsmouth. You might meet Hon. William Burleigh,* another lawyer and member of the Eighteenth and Nineteenth Congresses, who had just won great approval from his townsfolk for getting a longed-for appropriation from the government for dredging and blasting the river channel between the Upper and Lower Landings, so that commerce was expected to take a new start in these busy waters.

BELOW QUAMPEAGAN.

If you saw a dignified, straight little lady coming down a wide box-bordered walk to the street, from a noble house that stood behind a close planted row of poplars that long ornamented the village street, you might be sure that it was old Madam Cushing, who had known Lafayette when they were young together in Boston, and the battles of the Revolution were being fought. It was she whom the old man remembered and came to Berwick to see in his last visit to America. Only the other day, a dear old friend of mine told me that she remembered seeing the old French general go "with his gentlemen" up that same box-bordered walk to pay the visit. And with Madam Cushing might be her son-in-law, Mr. Hobbs, a tall, fine figure of a man just in the prime of his activity, and one of the most useful and careful secretaries and trustees of the academy during many years. He, too, was a lawyer, -- all these men were lawyers, -- and so were Mr. Cogswell and Mr. John Hubbard, who died young and so disappointed many hopes. They knew what was going on in the world, bought good books, knew the best men in other

places, and lived handsomely at home. If Judge Hayes was the village squire, then that delightful man, called by everybody "Old Parson Allen," in spite of as young a heart as ever beat, -- Old Parson Allen was the village clergyman, and stood in Parson Wise's shoes with no room to spare. Grave, compassionate, full of sympathy with the present and reverence for the past, he magnified his office in a lovely and most noble way. His contemporary, Mr. Richardson, was a younger man, to whom a great parish looked with respect and affection. The doctors were known men. The Berwick women were famous for their housekeeping and their hospitality; they had their Social Library, which held the best books of the day; they were fond of ceremony, and they had their maternal meetings and their sewing societies, and made them answer well for discussion clubs and all the subdivisions of club life at the present day. Mrs. Hayes and Mrs. Leigh and the Cushings, Hardings, Fergusons, Rices, Nasons, Parkses and Lords, -- what a list one might make! They make the social affairs of to-day seem pale and prosaic. Perhaps in their time, however, everybody was saying that society in Berwick was nothing to what it had been in Judge Chadbourne's and Judge Hill's day. It is natural to look at the past through the mists of glamour and imagination.

I find myself always speaking of my native town as Berwick, though the original town was long since divided and divided again. South Berwick is really the oldest of the three, to which most of the earliest history and tradition belongs; and the newer settlements and townships are its children; but the old people never seemed to make any difference in their own minds. I feel myself to be a little pedantic when I speak unnecessarily of the points of the compass. It is all one Berwick to me, except for post-office conveniences and things of that sort. The courage of the Plaisteds, and the nameless heroine who saved all her neighbors in the Tozer garrison, are as much my inheritance as if an imaginary line had never been struck across the land in 1814. I am proud to have been made of Berwick dust; and a little of it is apt to fly in my eyes and make them blur whenever I tell the old stories of bravery, of fine ambition, of good manners, and the love of friend for friend and the kindness of neighbor to neighbor in this beloved town. Her children and the flock of her old academy are scattered everywhere. They can almost hear each other's voices round the world, like the English drumbeat. They have started many a Western town; they are buried in Southern graves for their country's sake; they are

lost in far northern seas. They sigh for the greenness of Old Fields and Pound Hill, for Blackberry Hill and Cranberry Meadow, from among the brick walls of many a crowded city; but some of the best have always stayed at home, and loved the rivers and the hills as their fathers and mothers did before them. They keep to the old ambitions, they mean to carry the flag of their town and state as high and free as they can! There is no town that has done its duty better than old Berwick, in war or in peace, in poverty or pride, in the days of her plain, hard-fighting youth, or the serenity of her comfortable prime.

Jewett's Notes

Two cellars ... above the river: In 1629 there were deeds given by Passaconaway, sagamore of Penacook, Rowls, or Knowls, of Newichawannock (who is said to have had the gift of prophecy), and two other chiefs, in which they express their desire to have the English come among them and their hope of strengthening themselves against their enemies, the Tarratines. So they, for what they deemed a valuable consideration in coats, shirts and kettles, gave the settlers certain rights and kept rights for themselves of fishing, hunting and planting within these limits. Hon. C. H. Bell, in his semicentennial discourse before the New Hampshire Historical Society, said: "There is abundant evidence still surviving to show that every rood of land occupied by the white men for a century after they sat down at Piscataqua was fairly purchased from the Indian proprietors and honestly paid for."

fearless and well fed: The two men who gave their names to the adventure of the Laconia, or Mason and Gorges colony, were well known in England in their time. Sir Ferdinand Gorges was an officer in the Royal navy, and a friend and comrade of Sir Walter Raleigh. Mason was a rich London merchant who became a sea officer and, later, the governor of Newfoundland.

is still standing: This house is now occupied by Mr. Richard Davis.

a separate parish: Sullivan says in his History of Maine: "The inhabitants of Berwick, the principal of whom were the Chadbournes, the Lords, Goodwins, Gerishes, Keys, Smiths, Spencers, Shoreys, Prays, Plaisteds, Hills, Abbots, Smiths, etc., claimed a part of the proprietary lands with Kittery; and a line of division was established, by which the Berwick

people had the lands comprehended within three miles of the river, and the Kittery proprietors took the residue."

ran for their lives: Hubbard's Indian Wars, pp. 318-321.

under the command of Hertel: See Parkman's Frontenac and New France, Chap. Xl.

their comfortable farm: Still in possession of her descendants in the seventh and eighth generations. This is true of several farms in the three Berwicks, which, like the Wentworths and Goodwins, have only their original deeds from the Indians.

the upper parish being Berwick: Massachusetts Records, Vol. VI., Part 2, p. 432.

assembly of the congregation: M. Charles Borgeaud, The Rise of Modern Democracy.

the next year: John Plaisted, his relative, was a man of sufficient consequence to have been appointed to welcome the Earl of Bellomont, on his arrival in the colony as royal governor, in 1699.

when he died: "The week before last, died at Berwick and was decently interred, the Rev. Mr. Jeremiah Wise, pastor of the first church in that town, in the seventy-sixth year of his age, having faithfully served God and that church in the Gospel fifty years." -- *Boston News Letter*, Feb. 12, 1759.

"Jeremiah Wise, A. M., ordained 1707, died 1756.* A man of eminent piety and goodness. The learning in which he made great proficiency was of a kind suited to the age in which he lived, and, like that of the Mathers and other great men, partook more of the scholastic modes than of the belles-lettres, or of philosophy." -- James Sullivan's *History of Maine*. Mr. Wise published "A Sermon on the Death of Capt. Charles Frost -- killed by the Indians as he returned from Church": "The Massachusetts Election Sermon," in 1729; and a "Sermon at the Ordination of Rev. James Pike." He preached the ordination sermon of the Rev. Samuel Haven, at Portsmouth South Church, May 6, 1752. I wish to record my sense of the value to church and town of many historical notes carefully added to the church records by Rev. E. W. Allen. -- S. O. J.

Judge Hill: "On Monday last, March 2d, died at Berwick the Hon. John Hill, Esq., *Ætatis suae* 69: a Gentlemen much improved in public offices and Betrustments. He was early in Life appointed one of His Majesty's Justices of the Peace, and elected to represent the Town where he dwelt; and soon

after was elected into His Majesty's Council, and continued to enjoy a seat at the honorable Board for twenty-eight years successively; and about two years since, honorably resigned. He was also improved for many years one of the Justices of the Inferiour court in the County of York and for several years as the Chief Justice. And also, for some years, Judge of Probate of Wills. In all which public characters, as well as those in more private life, he discovered himself to be what the Poet calls: --

' -- The noblest work of God --
An honest man.'

He made public profession of the Christian Religion, and appeared to enjoy the comforts of it in his last sickness: he often exprest his longing to depart and be with Christ." -- *New Hampshire Gazette*, Friday, March 6, 1772.

Somersworth: Mr. James Pike, the first grammar school master of Berwick (Harvard, 1725), was called as minister to Somersworth in 1730; and it may possibly have been not until then that Sullivan took his place.

courageous woman: The Family of John Sullivan of Berwick. By Thomas Coffin Amory. *Privately printed*.

distinguished men and women: President Lord of Dartmouth College must be named first; with Dr. John Lord, the delightful lecturer and writer on historical subjects; Samuel Lord, Esq., of Portsmouth; John Perkins Lord, Esq., and his son and namesake, who was one of the earlier and most successful merchants of Melbourne; the late John L. Hayes, Esq., of Cambridge, and his younger brother, Brevet Major-Gen. Joseph Hayes; and Hon. Francis B. Hayes, who was for many years president of the Board of Academy Trustees, and one of the best forwarders of the school's interests; with W. H. Ward, D. D., of the New York *Independent*; and of the younger generation, S. Mills Hayes of St. Paul, Arthur Lord, Esq., and Eliot Lord, well known in modern journalism.

the best schoolhouse: Mr. Hayes, Mr. Wm. L. Cogswell of New York, Mr. Benj. Tredick of Philadelphia, Deacon Plummer of South Berwick, made most generous subscriptions, as did indeed almost everybody in the town.

Burleigh: Hon. William Burleigh was the father of Hon. John H. Burleigh, a successful manufacturer and public-spirited citizen, who was a member of the Forty-third and Forty-fourth Congresses.

Notes

"The Old Town of Berwick": This essay appeared in *New England Magazine* (16 [new series 10]: 585-609) in July 1894. This text is from that publication. The essay was illustrated with photographs and drawings. The drawings are by Louis A. Holman. In *Sarah Orne Jewett Letters*, Richard Cary says, "Louis Arthur Holman (1866-1939), author, publisher, illustrator, and authority on Keats, was art editor of the *New England Magazine* from 1890 to 1896 and assistant editor of *Youth's Companion* from 1896 to 1914. He wrote a series of monographs on Dürer, Rembrandt, and lesser artists, as well as volumes on *The Graphics Processes, Old Maps and their Makers,* and *Scenes from the Life of Benjamin Franklin*." Cary reports that four of the drawings for this essay were produced by Holman, including that of the old academy (p. 88).

These illustrations are available courtesy of the Old Berwick Historical Society, which reproduced the essay and illustrations in pamphlet form in 1967.

See especially Marion Rust's edition for *New England Quarterly* 73 (March 2000) 122-58) of the undated holograph that served as the printer's copy for the *New England Magazine*. As Professor Rust indicates in her introduction, the changes the text underwent at this stage suggest a number of interesting ideas about Jewett's attitude toward this material.

the huge shining carbuncle: For a fictional treatment of this legend, see Nathaniel Hawthorne, "The Great Carbuncle: A Mystery of the White Mountains."

Dover garrison: This may be found in Mather's account of Elizabeth Heard in Article 4 of *Decennium Luctuosum* (1699).

northern wilderness of Canada: Jewett's story of Hetty Goodwin appears in at least three of her texts: *Betty Leicester* (1890), "The Old Town of Berwick" (1894), and *The Tory Lover* (1901). As she explains in "The Old Town of Berwick," she knows the story from local oral history, but she also points out that probably the first printed account appears in Cotton Mather's works. She mentions *Magnalia Christi Americana* (1702); the story also appears in *Decennium Luctuosum* (1699). Significant parts of Jewett's version of the story cannot be verified, and probably are legendary, notably the story of the kindly Indian woman and the story of Hetty's second marriage. In all three of the above versions, Jewett relates that after her captors killed her son, they threatened to kill Hetty as well if she would not

control her grief. Seeing that she could not keep from weeping, a kindly Indian woman with "a mother's heart" splashed water in her face, creating -- through an apparent act of cruelty -- a rationale for Hetty's tears, and saving her from her captors' wrath. Useful as this story is to Jewett in her two novels, it is unlikely to be true. The multiple accounts we have of Hertel's raid indicate that there were no women among the raiders. The situation differs from captivities in King Philip's war (1675-6), such as that of Mary Rowlandson, when the raiders were exclusively Native Americans with more or less local camps, through which prisoners could be passed on their route to Canada. Hertel's raiders came from Three Rivers, in Canada, and were made up of French soldiers and an Indian force, mainly Sokoki, who would be familiar with the Salmon Falls area, but not recently residing there. The raiders had to move quickly through rough terrain in the winter. At his website, historian Emerson Baker reprints a transcription of an eye-witness account: "French Captive Examination from Piscataway 19th March 1690" (http://w3.salemstate.edu/~ebaker/chadweb/raiddocs.htm).

Failing to mention any women traveling with the raiders, this account confirms the military nature of the raid: "yt they came by ordr of the french Govr at Canada & that both french & Indians are in pay at ten Livers p month."

Though it is not impossible that women accompanied this group, it is unlikely, and there is no mention of Indian women in written accounts from Mather through Parkman to more recent summaries, such as that in Chester B. Price's description of "Historic Indian Trails of New Hampshire" of the Newichwannock-Sokoki trail, which the raiders followed in their escape (reprinted in *The Indian Heritage of New Hampshire and Northern New England*. McFarland: Jefferson, NC, 2002, pp. 160-162). Colin Calloway's account emphasizes the arduous military character of the raid: " … twenty-four French, twenty to twenty-four Sokokis, and five Algonquins -- led by François Sieur d'Hertel -- left Three Rivers, crossed Lake Memphremagog to the Connecticut River, and, after three months hard traveling, attacked Salmon Falls on the New Hampshire frontier" (*The Western Abenaki of Vermont 1600-1800*. Norman: U Oklahoma P, 1990, pp. 94-5). A. T. Vaughan and E. W. Clark say that Governor Frontenac, who ordered the raids, had recently lowered the bounty on scalps and raised it on prisoners, thus encouraging the raiders to bring more prisoners to Canada (*Puritans among the Indians*, 136). In

The Captor's Narrative, William H. Foster points out the need for captive labor in the developing French colony.

We may also notice another difference between early accounts of the captivity and more recent accounts of the raid. Mather and Parkman focus on the prisoners, emphasizing that they were "given to the Indians," and as a result suffered special cruelties, such as the killing of children and various tortures. Both, of course, are making cases against the Indians. Mather wishes to persuade readers that Indians are bestial minions of Satan, to be either converted or extirpated from the Christian colonies. Parkman wishes to persuade readers that Indians are a savage race, generally incapable of civilization, and, therefore, those who cannot convert to Protestant Christianity are doomed to extinction by historical forces represented by America's Manifest Destiny. More recent accounts, such as Calloway's, emphasize the conditions of international warfare between France and England, and the military character of this and other raids. It was the French intention to terrorize English colonists on the frontier and drive them out. The British had the same intentions toward the French. Both used Indians in warfare in part because they could do what "civilized" soldiers were not allowed to do, ruthlessly kill prisoners who proved incapable of keeping up with the necessary pace of the raiders as they struck and retreated. Calloway, for example, emphasizes that the Frenchman d'Hertel was in command, while earlier writers, whom Jewett follows, typically name the Indian, Hopehood, as a co-commander.

The second element of Hetty Goodwin's story that probably is legendary appears only in "The Old Town of Berwick," the assertion that Goodwin, believing her first husband dead, remarried while held prisoner in Canada.

In *Old Kittery and her Families*, Everett Stackpole, doubting the marriage, provides this account:

> Other captives were Thomas Goodwin and his wife, who was Mehitable, daughter of Lieut. Roger Plaisted. The husband and wife were assigned to different bands of Indians and so remained apart. After his escape he is said to have returned to Canada for the ransom of his wife. An account of her sufferings was written by Rev. Cotton Mather in his Magnalia, and has been often republished. Her son, about five months old, was barbarously murdered before her eyes and hanged by the neck in a forked bough of a tree. After terrible sufferings from grief,

> cold and hunger, she arrived at Montreal. The record of her baptism, written in French, has been kindly furnished me by Miss C. Alice Baker, who has published much about the captives taken in the French and Indian Wars. The translation is as follows: "Monday, 11 May, 1693, there was solemnly baptized an English woman called in her own country Mehetabel, and by the French who captured her in war, 18 March 1690, Esther, who was born at Barvic, in New England, 30 April (old style, or 19 May new style) 1670, of the marriage of Roger Pleisted, Protestant, and Olive Coleman of the same religion, and was married to Thomas Gouden [Goodwin] also Protestant. She has lived for about three years in the service of Mademoiselle de Nauguiere [written also de la Naudiere]. She was named Marie Esther. Her godfather was Messire Hector de Catlieres, Chevalier, Governor for the King in the Isle of Montreal and its vicinity. Her godmother was Damoiselle Marguerite Renee Denis, widow of Monsieur Naugiere de la Perade, during his life Captain of the Guard of Monsieur le Conte de Frontenac, Governor of New France. The baptism was performed by M. Francois Dolie de Casson, Grand Vicar of the most Illustrious and most Reverend Monseigneur Bishop of Quebec."
>
> (Signed) Chevalier de Catlieres,
> Marguerite renee denis,
> Fran. Doelier,
> E. Guyoth, *Cure*.
>
> I have heard the tradition from one of her descendants that Mehitabel Goodwin was married in Canada to a man named Rand (some say Pain) and that descendants are living in Portsmouth. This is highly improbable. She was baptized in May, 1693, and could not have been married before, and she was ransomed in October, 1695. The Rands of Portsmouth are all, doubtless, descended from the Francis Rand who came over in the company of Capt. John Mason. (*Old Kittery and Her Families*, 1903, pp. 165-6).

It remains possible that Hetty remarried in Canada and perhaps even bore one or more children while there, but the marriage would have had to take place, as Stackpole points out, after May of 1693. C. Alice Baker's inquiry elicited no record of a marriage, and Foster's research for *The Captor's Narrative* turned up no evidence that Hetty married in Canada. He discusses her as among two married English

women who converted to Catholicism during their captivities (144). One wonders about how the story of this marriage made it into the oral history of South Berwick and so, into Jewett's account of Hetty in "The Old Town of Berwick." It certainly adds to the pathos of the 5-years separation of the young married couple, but it also adds complications that beg for deeper exploration. How did Hetty feel about leaving her second husband to return with her first? How did her children by the second marriage end up in nearby Portsmouth, NH? What relationships did they sustain with their mother? Jewett does not mention Hetty's supposed second marriage in either of her novels, probably because it would have seemed inappropriate and would have worked against her reasons for bringing Hetty's story into her narratives. Indeed, in *The Tory Lover* (Chapter 32), Madam Wallingford emphasizes her ancestor's extreme reticence about her trials, suggesting that Hetty was not herself the witness who provided Cotton Mather with his account of Hetty's captivity. Possibly, C. Alice Baker, Jewett's close friend according to biographer Paula Blanchard (*Sarah Orne Jewett*, pp. 225-6), told Jewett about the baptism between 1894 and the publication of *The Tory Lover* in 1901. Baker did not retell Hetty's story in *True Stories of New England Captives Carried to Canada During the Old French and Indian Wars* (1897), but she may have completed her research on Hetty Goodwin before 1897.

Though this detail seems less important to Jewett's work, there also is lack of clarity about how Hetty was rescued and returned home. Jewett indicates that Hetty's husband, Thomas, personally undertook the redemption, but Emma Lewis Coleman says, "'Hitobl Goodin' was one of those redeemed in Oct 1695 by Mathew Cary" (Coleman, *New England Captives Carried to Canada* I [1925]: 185-186). Vaughan and Clark in *Puritans among the Indians* indicate that Hetty Goodwin was among the twenty-two prisoners brought back to Boston from Canada by Matthew Carey/Cary aboard the *Tryal* in October-November, 1695 (157). Finally, whether Three Rivers in Canada would be seen as a "northern wilderness" in comparison to the Goodwin farm at Berwick is a subjective judgment. Certainly Berwick was home to Hetty and her husband was there, and she seems to have been eager to return, in comparison to other captives from King William's War (1689-1697), who voluntarily remained behind when Matthew Carey offered an opportunity to return. Still Three Rivers, as a frontier village, was not unlike Berwick.

1731: This date seems almost certainly erroneous, since Roger Plaisted, who was younger than his uncle and whose inscription is more recent, died in 1675.

owning the covenant: When New England Puritans experienced conversion and assurances of opening to God's grace, they would acknowledge this before the congregation, declaring that they had become able to accept the covenant of God's grace to sinners as expressed in the life and death of Christ.

Tom Tinker: While it is not perfectly clear why this would be considered an especially secular name, tinkers were held in low repute from the earliest uses of the term to refer to itinerant metal repairers. Tinkers were generally thought of as vagrants, gypsies, persons of little social worth or status, according to the *Oxford English Dictionary*.

Local historians believe Tom Tinker may have been an African-American who owned property in the South Berwick area. (Research: Norma Keim). In an unpublished and undated letter (probably from the 1890s), Ichabod Goodwin writes to Jewett about things his father has told him: "I have had it from the same source, that Tom Tinker was a negro, who had committed some crime, and fled to, and lived a sort of Hermits life, and feared by the people in the vicinity[.]" A copy of this fragmentary letter is in the Maine Women Writers Collection: corr038-o-soj.23.

centennial celebration: Jewett wrote two pieces for the centennial of the Berwick Academy, "The Centennial Celebration" and "Berwick Academy Centennial."

Primus inter pares: first among equals.

delightful stories: An example of a "delightful story" about slaves that may have been familiar to Jewett is the sketch of Black Sara, who was a slave of the extensive Lord family during the Revolutionary era.

Daniel Webster: "Daniel Webster, b. Salisbury, N.H., Jan. 18, 1782, d. Oct. 24, 1852, statesman, lawyer, and orator, was his era's foremost advocate of American nationalism. A farmer's son, he graduated from Dartmouth College in 1801. After a legal apprenticeship, Webster opened a legal practice in Portsmouth, N.H., in 1807." (Source: *Grolier Multimedia Encyclopedia*).

1756: See the holograph transcript edited by Marion Rust, where both dates in this note are 1756.

Knowls: Perhaps because of a misprint, James Sullivan, in his *History of the District of Maine* identifies Rowls by the name of Knowls.

PASSACONAWAY, THE BASHABA
(From Potter's History of Manchester)

The above representation of Passaconaway is from Chandler Eastman Potter's *History of Manchester* (1856); this copy reprinted from Beals, *Passaconaway in the White Mountains* (1916). The signature appears to be B. W. Thayer & Co. Benjamin W. Thayer was a lithographer and engraver of mid-19th-century Boston, known to have been working there 1841-1853. According to *Who was Who in American Art* (1999), his associates at his company were John H. Buford and John E. Moody.

Passaconaway was a notable Penacook leader, whom contemporary commentators hold largely responsible for peaceable relations between Indians and English settlers in eastern New Hampshire and southern Maine from the time settlers began arriving in the 1620s until King Philip's War (1675-6). Stories and legends of his leadership of a western Abenaki confederation (of which the Penacook were a group) suggest that he was indeed influential in restraining Native Americans, despite receiving ample cause for resentment.

savage Indian foe: Jewett's assertion of peaceful relations between colonists and Indians in Berwick during the period preceding King Philip's War (1675-1677) seems somewhat odd, because she sets two of her own narratives of hostile contact in the 1640s ("York Garrison: 1640") and the 1650s ("The Orchard's Grandmother"). Still most historians of the period agree that this was a sort of golden age of peaceful development. See for one example, Everett Stackpole, *Old Kittery and her Families* (1903), Chapter 10.

Mr. Davis: Owners of the Judge Benjamin Chadbourne house in 2002 are Marc and Virginia Smith Alterio. She is a Chadbourne descendant. (Research: Wendy Pirsig).

ran for their lives: The 17th century Plaisted garrison was on the present location of Salmon Falls Garden Center, Berwick, north of South Berwick village on the west side of Rte. 236. The graves are on the east side of Rte. 236. (Wendy Pirsig).

under the command of Hertel: Hertel and his French and Indians: François Hertel (1642-1722), was a French-Canadian. He and his sons eventually served the French military in a series of raids on English colonies during several periods of warfare. In 1690, in King William's War (1689-1697), François led Indian warriors into Maine and New Hampshire. In Chapter 11 of *Count Frontenac and New France under Louis XIV* (1877), Parkman gives this account:

> Through snow and ice and storm, Hertel and his band were moving on their prey. On the night of the twenty-seventh of March, they lay hidden in the forest that bordered the farms and clearings of Salmon Falls. Their scouts reconnoitred the place, and found a fortified house with two stockade forts, built as a refuge for the settlers in case of alarm. Towards daybreak, Hertel, dividing his followers into three parties, made a sudden and simultaneous attack. The settlers, unconscious of danger, were in their beds. No watch was kept even in the so-called forts; and, when the French and Indians burst in, there was no time for their few tenants to gather for defence. The surprise was complete; and, after a short struggle, the assailants were successful at every point. They next turned upon the scattered farms of the neighborhood, burned houses, barns, and cattle, and laid the entire settlement in ashes. About thirty persons of both sexes and all ages were tomahawked or shot; and fifty-four, chiefly women and children, were made

> prisoners. Two Indian scouts now brought word that a party of English was advancing to the scene of havoc from Piscataqua, or Portsmouth, not many miles distant. Hertel called his men together, and began his retreat. The pursuers, a hundred and forty in number, overtook him about sunset at Wooster River, where the swollen stream was crossed by a narrow bridge. Hertel and his followers made a stand on the farther bank, killed and wounded a number of the English as they attempted to cross, kept up a brisk fire on the rest, held them in check till night, and then continued their retreat. The prisoners, or some of them, were given to the Indians, who tortured one or more of the men, and killed and tormented children and infants with a cruelty not always equalled by their heathen countrymen.

Jewett also read James Sullivan's and William Williamson's accounts of these events in preparing "The Old Town of Berwick"; eye-witness accounts differ in some details. See Emerson Baker's web site for an eye-witness account: http://www.salemstate.edu/~ebaker/chadweb/raiddocs.htm. And for the "colorful" account by Cotton Mather, see *Magnalia Christi Americana* (1702), which appears as supplementary material for Jewett's *The Tory Lover*, where Jewett refers to this story in Chapters 16 and 32. The story is substantially retold as well in Betty Leicester, Chapter 14. James Sullivan says:

> In the year 1690 a party under the command of one Hertel, a Frenchman, and Hopegood, a sachem, assaulted the plantation of Newichawanick [Salmon Falls River]; they killed thirty men, and the rest of the people, after an obstinate and courageous defence, surrendered at discretion. The captives were fifty-four, the greater part of whom were women and children. The enemy burned all the houses and mills, and taking with them what plunder they could carry, retreated to the northward. A party of one hundred and forty men collected from the neighbouring towns, pursued and came up with the Savages on Worster's River, at a narrow bridge. Hertel had expected a pursuit, and had placed his people in a posture of defence. The engagement was warm, and continued the whole of an afternoon; but as the men on both sides were shielded by the trees and brush, there was no great slaughter; four or five of the English, and two of the Savages were killed, a Frenchman was wounded and taken prisoner" (*History of the District of Maine*, 250-1; See also William Williamson, v. 2, ch. 2). Francis

Parkman says, in *The Old Régime in Canada*, (1874) "When ... a band of French and Indians issued from the forest and fell upon the fort and settlement of Salmon Falls, it was François Hertel who led the attack; and when the retiring victors were hard pressed by an overwhelming force, it was he who, sword in hand, held the pursuers in check at the bridge of Wooster River, and covered the retreat of his men. He was ennobled for his services, and died at the age of 80, the founder of one of the most distinguished families of Canada. To the New England of old he was the abhorred chief of Popish malignants and murdering savages. The New England of to-day will be more just to the brave defender of his country and his faith" (Library of America edition, 1152-3).

Jewett follows James Sullivan in changing Hoophood's name to Hopegood, just as she followed him in giving the second name of Knowls to Rowls (*History of District of Maine*, Chapter 8).

David Stewart-Smith, in his Ph.D. dissertation, *The Pennacook Indians and the New England Frontier, circa 1604-1733* (1998), identifies Hopehood, "or Wahowah, son of the Androscoggin sagamore Rawandagon or Robin Hood" He points out that Hopehood was "a strong ally of Kancamagus," who was a leader of the Pennacook Confederacy at this time, and a grandson of Passaconaway (228). When the Pennacooks divided over whether to fight the English in the Second Abeenaki war (King William's War) in 1689, Passaconaway's son Wonalancet led those who wanted to remain neutral, while his nephew, Kancamagus, led those who wanted to fight the British and who planned the June 1689 raid on Dover. Their purpose was to kill Major Waldron, who had caused them a good deal of trouble (Stewart-Smith, 224-231).

Norma Keim writes,

In 1688 a series of French and Indian Wars began, making life in our area unsettled and often dangerous. Some of these wars were extensions of war in Europe between France and England. In the New World, the French had the support of displaced natives from western and eastern Abenaki tribes as well as Indians from Canada; the English had their native allies as well. The French and Indians made numerous attempts to disrupt English settlements in New England, lasting well into the 1700s. It was to the benefit of France that English settlements failed, for settlements like Salmon Falls and

Quamphegan were providing masts for the English navy in Europe. Salmon Falls, Quamphegan and Old Fields felt the effect of King William's War (1688). Salmon Falls was all but destroyed in the surprise attack of March 18, 1689. A group of French from Canada and their Indian allies burned homes and mills, killed many settlers and captured others, a young woman named Mehitable Goodwin among them. This attack may also have been responsible for the burning of the Humphrey Chadbourne homestead. (Research assistance: Emerson Baker, Norma Keim, Wendy Pirsig).

Still in possession: Goodwin descendants no longer live at 1 Oldfields. (Research: Wendy Pirsig).

Rev. E. W. Allen: Rev. Allen's notes appear in Records of the First and Second Churches of Berwick, Maine (Picton, 1999). (Research: Wendy Pirsig).

an honest man: Alexander Pope in *Essay on Man* Part IV says,

> A wit's a feather, and a chief a rod;
> An honest man's the noblest work of God.

Robert Burns echoes this idea in *The Cotter's Saturday Night*.

distinguished men and women: John Perkins Lord (1786-1877) graduated from Harvard College in 1805, studied law with Daniel Webster and Jeremiah Mason in Portsmouth, NH, and was a member of the legislature. Lord was also a merchant in Portsmouth and an officer of customs in Boston. He may have been a key figure in the construction of the Portsmouth Manufacturing Company cotton textile mill at South Berwick's Upper Landing, near his childhood home, around 1830. He was a Berwick Academy trustee for over 50 years. John Lord Hayes was a figure in the Free Soil Movement. His portrait hangs in the ballroom of the Counting House in South Berwick. Marie Donahue writes in *The Old Academy on the Hill*: "After graduating from Dartmouth, John Hayes studied law with his father, Judge William Allen Hayes, attended Harvard Law School, and practiced law, first in Portsmouth and then in Washington, D. C. A leader in the Free Soil Movement, he rode with Lincoln as a marshal at his first inauguration, became chief clerk in the United States Patent Office, and when the National Tariff Commission was founded in 1882, was appointed its first president." (Research: Wendy Pirsig).

best schoolhouse: This was the Berwick Academy building that Jewett attended, 1860-1864. (Research: Wendy Pirsig).

Burleigh: Hon. William Burleigh (1785-1827). In 1820, Maine separated from Massachusetts and became a state. For one term Maine was represented in Washington by at-large Congressmen, but in 1823, when the First Congressional District was formed, William Burleigh was elected, and in the 19th Congress he served as chairman of the Committee on Expenditures in the Department of the Treasury. He served in the 18th, 19th and 20th Congresses until his death in South Berwick at the age of 42. William Burleigh had been born in Northwood, NH and raised in Gilmanton. He worked as a schoolteacher, studied law, and was admitted to the bar in 1815, when he moved to South Berwick to begin practicing law. He married Deborah Currier of South Berwick in 1817, and soon after built the house on Portland Street that in 2002 housed the nursing care facility, Berwick Estates. One of their children, John Holmes Burleigh, went away to sea and returned as captain of his own ship. With the money he made, he bought the woolen mill at the falls on Brattle Street and ran it profitably as the Newichawannock Mills for many years. (Research: Wendy Pirsig).

Madam Cushing: Olive Wallingford Cushing (1758-1883), daughter of the historical Madam Wallingford who appears as a character in *The Tory Lover*. See two accounts of the 1825 visit by General Lafayette to Madam Cushing in South Berwick and the Charles Cushing Hobbs Talk.

When Lady: When Woman

A Consensus of Opinion on a Perplexing Question

By Mrs. Margaret Deland*
Mrs. Burton Harrison*
Miss Sarah Orne Jewett

The regret has, of late, been made very manifest in polite circles as to the fast-disappearing usage of the old-fashioned and courtly word of "lady," the consensus of opinion being that the word should find its ancient and rightful place in our speech. Upon this renewal of attention to the word have followed discussions of the perplexing question of the proper use of the term "lady" and that of "woman." It has seemed most fitting, in view of the plural use of the word "lady" in its title, that The Ladies' Home Journal should meet these tendencies of popular thought in a discussion of both phases of the question. This it seeks to do in the contributions which follow.

MRS. DELAND'S DEFINITION

Any discussion which makes us reflect upon the value of words is helpful, and the question under consideration -- when it is right to use the word "woman" and when "lady" -- ought to set us all thinking. In considering this question, we must, of course, go back to the beginnings of both these words to get at their primary reason for being. One authority traces the word "woman" back to *wifman* or *webman*: the person who stays at home to spin -- as distinguished from the word *weapman*, who goes abroad to fight. The suffix man is, of course, generic, and includes both male and female. Lady, primarily, signifies one who has to do with a loaf or bread -- one who kneads. So it would appear that, to start with, both these words meant that the person so named was a worker. By-and-by, however, new meanings begin to grow around these primitive and simple ideas. Woman meant merely an adult female of the human race; lady meant some one who was, as we say, "well born," and, consequently, well-bred; in other words, "Lady" grew to mean a woman, plus education, refinement, dignity and culture.

But even when this is clear to us the question at once arises, how shall we discriminate, how shall we decide at first glance whether the "adult female of the human race," who, perhaps, brings our clothes home from the wash, or she who rolls by us in her fine carriage, is entitled to the name of lady? The fact that the first "adult female" is a washerwoman, and that the second is plainly rich enough to ride in a carriage, has nothing to do with that plus which makes the word "lady" differ from the word "woman." To be sure, on the surface, we would infer that the woman who bends all day over a washtub has not had the chance to acquire that "education, refinement, culture and dignity," which unquestionably go to make up our understanding of the term lady; on the other hand, the woman in the carriage has, evidently, leisure, and consequently the opportunity at least, to cultivate these beautiful and noble qualities, even if they have not come to her in virtue of being born to them. But such obvious inferences do not help us in deciding which term is appropriate for either, for we all know very well that carriages do not of necessity carry our four adjectives, nor do washtubs exclude them; so what are we going to do?

We must have some general rule to follow, and, fortunately, custom has made one for us: First, that a woman, when referred to in connection with her occupation in life, should be spoken of as a woman. If she is in a shop, she is a saleswoman or a forewoman; if she brings our washing home to us, she is a washerwoman; if she goes in her carriage to visit her patients, she is a medical woman. It is perfectly exact to describe her as a woman, plus her business, whatever it is. I think we know this instinctively when we remember how it offends us to hear the word saleslady or scrublady or the like.

Secondly, custom has suggested that when we would refer to such persons not in reference to their occupation, we would, for the sake of courtesy, speak of them as ladies. It may often be inexact, because those things we found constituted the plus which makes the lady, as distinguished from the woman, may not belong to these particular adult females. But, after all, it is not our business to judge; furthermore, the use of the term is kind, and, consequently, courteous. One seldom goes amiss in being kind.

This use of the term "lady" is plainly courteous. Even when the street car conductor cautions us," Don't get off, lady, till the car stops," or the cash-girl wails at us, "Here's you change, lady," and we feel half impatient and half

amused, we hardly know why, even then, we do realize, I think, and appreciate, that it is meant courteously. "Woman, here's your change," would be distinctly unpleasant, even though strictly true, and not meant to be impolite.

There is, however, another term which is coming more and more into use, which saves us either of these extremes. I mean the old, dignified, non-committal word, "madam." "A conventional term of address," the dictionary declares it to be, "to women of any degree." It is courteous, and, because it is conventional, it is exact.

The fact is, we have so cheapened the beautiful word "lady" by using it without meaning, that I think many of us prefer to say "woman" whenever we can. And certainly this word, at first used to designate one who labored, then as merely a distinction of sex, has grown in dignity and value. How much we mean when we speak of a friend as a "fine woman," and what a curious and subtle condemnation would lie in the phrase "fine lady"!

I think, however, that general usage sums the matter up, and we come to understand, as I said before, that in speaking of the "adult female of the human race," in relation to her occupation, we must say woman -- a woman artist, a woman writer, a scrubwoman; and in speaking of her as an individual, we may, with courtesy, say "lady"; while in directly addressing her we may, with courtesy, propriety and truth, say "madam."

Margaret Deland.

MRS. BURTON HARRISON'S OPINION

Alas! the poor, beautiful old word, "lady," so wedded with high thoughts of chivalry in mediæval times (how could a knight have bound his "woman's" glove upon his crest?), alternately so caressing, so reverent, so noble, so exalted, as Shakespeare uses it, has, indeed, fallen from its high estate, and become a toy for mockers to kick about in the dusty arena of society. Who does not know its abuses? One of the drollest of these was invented by the newly-emancipated negroes of the South just after the war.* By way of asserting their recent dignity they made it a point to speak of a woman of African descent and previous condition of servitude as "a lady," while any other woman was a more or less "white lady," thus easily and effectually making a new category of "colored persons." To-day, the saleslady, the washlady, and their kind have swelled the ranks of the pretenders to such a degree that the foreign house-servant,

lately landed and installed, does not hesitate to announce to her mistress a "lady" from the dressmaker, and a "lady" to clean the house.

But, so far as I know, we have not attained to the English affectation of a "lady-help," who is quite on a par with that other absurdity of the English newspapers, the "paying-guest." It was in England, too, the other day, that the clergyman of a rural parish changed the style of his "mothers' meetings" to the "meetings of lady-mothers." If one could send into limbo all these pretentious phrases (not forgetting the worst of them, the "lady-friend") there might be some hope of bringing again unto its own the word "lady," dear to us from association and tradition.

But how can this be done so long as our social fabric is perpetually upheaved by the great seething mass of imported aspirants to be our "fellow-citizens," who occupy places subordinate to us only until they dare assert themselves our equals or superiors? How are we, who yet do not willingly relinquish our claim to the title, to use it?

One must needs, indeed, fashion a phrase with nicety that contains the word under discussion. There are some surroundings that imperiously call for it. How, for instance, could Mrs. Gaskell have delighted the world with "Cranford,"* if, instead of the "ladies upon the sofa" disturbed by the little hand-maiden in her attempt to get out the tea-tray underneath, the gifted author had described the "women" upon the sofa? Again, "The card-table was quite an animated scene -- four ladies' heads with niddle-nodding caps all nearly meeting in the middle of the table in their eagerness to whisper loud enough." Substitute for the above "four women's heads" and the fine impression of the picture flees at once. And again, we are told that a dish called "little Cupids" was "in great favor with the Cranford ladies." What interest would it have been to know that little Cupids were enjoyed by Cranford "women"?

Jesting apart, one hesitates to apply the word "woman," as it is now so recklessly used in newspaper descriptions of the class who lead gay society, to the dear and aged saint who sits apart enthroned in her family circle enjoying her afternoon of life. Around her is the magic ring of purity and reverence that enshrined the "lady" of Comus,* and the title is her due.

In the earlier days of our republic, when class distinctions were less a matter of feverish moment than they seem now

to be, what was the "lady" whom all delighted to honor? Was it not she who stood out upon the background of her own domestic circle rather than upon that of her "set" in society, the simple-minded, God-fearing, self-respecting wife, mother and daughter, of whom I have many an example in my mind's eye as I write -- so serene in her own claim to place that she could accept those with whom she came into contact without fear that her position might be injured? That is my idea of "a perfect lady" -- rather an old-fashioned one, I fear -- not the "perfect woman," which she would have been the last to believe herself entitled to be called.

Sometimes, in a crowded gathering of modern fashion, when I see the curt, business-like manner of some of the "women" quoted as models for the rest, in their dispensation of hospitality, I hark back in memory to the "lady" I once admired, and wish she might be duplicated a thousand times over for the benefit of these, our contemporaries. Then, indeed, the fit among us might once again be ladies, attended upon with deference by all, and a millennial reign of good manners, dictated by good feeling, might set in. So far as what we call the "lady born" is concerned, if heredity confers anything, it is simplicity of manner and avoidance of all affectation and boasting; the Royal ladies who of European dynasties strike every one who has the honor to come into contact with them in private intercourse, as wonderfully unpretending, courteous and considerate, and the greatest people with whom a properly-accredited American meets abroad are invariably the least burdened with pretense of importance.

It would never enter into my head to think a person of great wealth and possessed of a fine establishment, a lady, if she could turn in her own house from a beaming recognition of some star, of contemporaneous fashion to bestow a frozen greeting upon a social makeweight, or a poor friend of other days who had not kept pace with her in progress up the ladder of society.

To lay down a law for the use of the word in the present condition of American society would, I think, puzzle the most ingenious makers of social codes. For the time it must remain a matter of intuition when and where to apply the graceful and stately old courtesy-title of "lady" that I sincerely trust will one day again "come unto its own."

Constance Cary Harrison.

THE VIEWS OF MISS JEWETT

One summer afternoon the heart of a small boy (who was on a steamer off the Massachusetts coast) was filled with joy at the sight of many small sailing vessels of every shape and rig. He seemed to possess an amazing knowledge of them, and gave much information to his mother and her friends.

"Why isn't that a yacht?" the mother asked once, timidly. "How do you know a yacht?"

"How do you know a lady?" answered the wise small boy after a moment's reflection.

Perhaps one can best reply to the question in hand in some such way as this. Yet it seems to me that the proper use of the word "lady" is, to quote the definition of the "Century Dictionary," to describe a woman who belongs to that level of society which is marked by "good breeding, education and refinement."

I remember well being rebuked in my childhood for the use of the word gentleman by an old friend, who kept carefully to the standards and discriminations of her youth. I was speaking of a person of much worth whom she also heartily admired. "But, my dear," she added, "that is not the way to describe him. He is not a gentleman. One may be most gentlemanlike and yet not be really a gentleman." It cheapens our praise to use words in their wrong places, and the words lady and gentleman, which everybody understands clearly enough, with their derivatives, ladylike and gentlemanlike (or gentlemanly), have slipped into common and careless use until they often seem like worn coins that have lost their first value. To deny the title of lady is almost to accuse a woman of an entire departure from the beautiful traits which are ladylike and should be every woman's standard. The ideal is so admired that we have come to have a fashion of according it to every one; appointing everybody a lady by brevet, as one may say.

Perhaps in the old times it depended a little more upon what a woman had or represented whether the world called her a lady or not, while it depends more in our time upon what a woman is. I always like to know what definition Dr. Johnson gave of such words as this in his famous dictionary,* since he was not only a famous man of letters, but an English citizen of the best conservative sort, who liked dignity and rank and was most humane in his personal relations to his neighbors. He defines a lady to be:

1st, A woman of high rank; the title of lady properly belongs to the wives of knights, of all degrees above them, and to the daughters of earls and of all higher ranks.

2d, An illustrious or eminent woman.

3d, *A word of complaisance used of women.*

We can see from Dr. Samuel Johnson's last definition that even in his time the word was used by courtesy, and we can only remember that it is a matter of education to use words in their proper and unexaggerated sense, where it is impossible to lay down strict rules of speech. There are rules for the use of adjectives, and yet people speak of an awful umbrella or magnificent lemonade, and one grows quite used to hearing them, and takes the worn coins of speech at their real value of worn and cool or delicious, or whatever the umbrella and lemonade really were!

We may safely decide that in the mere discrimination of sex one may always use the word woman with much greater propriety and elegance. Spokeswoman, forewoman, saleswoman are certainly better words in themselves than their counterparts of spokeslady or what one hears still oftener saleslady. Woman is certainly the proper term in such cases; the personal distinction should be made secondary. We should rather hear any one say; "A lady who has been spokeswoman at the club," or "a lady who was saleswoman at Messrs. So-and-so's," than "a spokeslady" or "a saleslady." But we must never forget that since common usage bestows the title of lady by courtesy upon women, while one should not use it foolishly or carelessly one should not deny its use in an arrogant or wounding way. We must neither claim it by arrogance and pretense nor forget to be guided by courtesy in giving it. A little thought will teach us good taste and dignity in the matter, and help us to separate what is historical in the use of such a word from what is common politeness at the present time, as well as what belongs to mere classification in business or general matters from what is social and personal. We must recognize, too, as has been already said, that all ladies are unfortunately not ladylike, nor are all ladylike persons ladies, though courtesy expects a woman to be ladylike if courtesy grants the title. The "true lady" exists in all our imaginations and is recognized by every one at sight.

We might follow this idea and say that a lady should instinctively feel at home in the best society, in spite of shyness or lack of ease in making friends. "There are coarse ladies and fine ladies," said a very great person once, "and I

may be a coarse lady, but I am a lady." We also must grant that there are bad ladies as well as good ladies, which seems to make clear the fact that we all have an ideal of what a lady should be.

Once I was spending part of a rainy day in the famous People's Palace in London,* where there was just then a remarkable collection of paintings. Near where I was standing a poor woman stopped with her little son before a beautiful portrait.

"Oh, who's that, mother?" cried the little boy with charming enthusiasm.

"That's a gentleman," said the mother with equal pleasure in her voice, and they stood looking and looking at the fine face, and the boy was entirely satisfied. Perhaps in this country one would not be so likely to have heard just that answer. An American might have said, "Oh, I don't know who he is!" but the truth remained that the words exactly told the truth, "That's a gentleman"; and since nobody's eyes could help seeing the same thing the touch of reverence in the speaker's tooe [tone?] could not but be pleasant to hear.

And this reminds one that a noble look and fine traits of character are very often matters of inheritance. There are certain horses that come of a race noted for swiftness and intelligence and a certain refinement of looks and behavior; why should we not expect to see men and women who take social rank and personal value for the same reasons? Thoroughbreds who go upon four feet may be bad-tempered and possessed of many faults, and fall below the standards which we expect of their race, but they are none the less thoroughbreds, and we can sometimes say the same of men and women.

I should like to say, in ending, that there is something quaint and pleasant to me in a fashion of speech which has prevailed in our country of late years. When I hear some one call suddenly, "Lady! show your ticket!" or, "Lady! did you give me your check?" or, "Pass on, lady!" I remember in the old ballads:

"The ladye ran to her tower head,"

or,

"Sweet William to his lady said,"*

or young Tamlane who says,

"Lady, let a-be!

What gars ye pu' the flowers, Janet?"*

Wherever we can add to the politeness and considerateness of every-day life we are doing a right and pleasant thing. If now and then, through courtesy, our good old discriminating word is misapplied, it may, after all and in many ways, do more good than harm.

Notes

"When Lady: When Woman" appeared in *The Ladies' Home Journal* (April 1895): 4.

Mrs. Margaret Deland: Margaret Wade Campbell Deland (1857-1945) is characterized by Blanche Colton Williams in *Our Short Story Writers* (1929) as a writer of religious novels and short stories, notably *John Ward, Preacher* (1888) and *Old Chester Tales* (1898).

Mrs. Burton (Constance Cary) Harrison: Mrs. Burton Harrison (1843-1920) was an author of novels, plays, stories, essays, and other works.

after the war: Harrison refers to the American slaves, freed as a consequence of the American Civil War, 1861-1865.

Mrs. Gaskell ... "Cranford": Mrs. Elizabeth Cleghorn Gaskell (1810-1865) published *Cranford* in 1853. The incident of the tea-tray under the sofa appears in Chapter 1. The card table scene and the description of "little Cupids" appear in Chapter 7.

"lady" of Comus: "The Lady" in John Milton's *Comus* (1637) exemplifies her virtue by resisting temptations to pleasure.

Dr. Johnson ... famous dictionary: Samuel Johnson (1709-1784) published his dictionary of English in 1755.

the famous People's Palace in London: Now Queen Mary College of London University, this building began as a Philosophical Institute in the mid-19th Century.

in the old ballads: "*The ladye ran to her tower head," ... "Sweet William to his lady said"*: The first is from a traditional border ballad, "Edom O' Gordon." Gordon is a "traitor" who demands that the lady, who takes refuge in her tower, come out to "wed" him and betray her husband. This stanza describes her taking shelter when she realizes Gordon has come to the town.

The ladye ran to her tower head,
As fast as she cou'd hie,

To see if, by her fair speeches,
She cou'd with him agree.

The second line probably comes from a variant of one of the ballads about Sweet William and Lady Margaret, a pair of unhappy lovers.

young Tamlane": These lines are from a variant of the ballad, "Tam Lin," Child Ballads 380, which tells the story of Janet winning the heart of the knight Tam Lin:

VI

She hadna pu'd a rose, a rose,
A rose but barely ane,
When up and started young Tam Lin;
Says, 'Ladye, let alane.

VII

'What gars ye pu' the rose, Janet?
What gars ye break the tree?
What gars ye come to Carterhaugh
Without the leave o' me?'

Counted Out

MARY LEONARD and Hattie West were walking home from school arm in arm. They were leaders of the school, although they were by no means the wisest scholars. They were both very pretty and well-dressed. If Mary and Hattie said that anything was stylish or anybody was proud, there was no appeal. Mary Leonard was the better-natured, but Hattie West was apt to be jealous and hard-hearted toward any one whom she did not quite understand, or for some reason was forced to envy. She was very pretty indeed when one first looked at her, but presently most persons began to think that her eyes were rather sharp, and the bright color in her cheeks somehow did not give as much pleasure as at first. She was like a bright flower that has no fragrance, and hides a little selfish thorn.

There was a tall girl behind them, hurrying along the sidewalk, a girl who was not pretty at all. She evidently wished to catch up with them and to speak to them, but Hattie West gave a glance over her shoulder and said a quick word to Mary; they began to walk faster, and to put their heads together as if they had some very important, great secret under discussion.

"Oh, won't you wait for me?" said the other girl, pleadingly; but they did not wait, and talked and hurried all the faster, so that she stopped on the sidewalk, discouraged for a moment, and then with her head drooping a little, followed them all the way up the long street. They did not take any notice of her. Her name was Alice Dean, and when she turned in at the gate of her aunt's house her eyes were full of tears. It was not the first time they had pretended not to know she was behind them, and had showed plainly that they did not wish to have her walk home with them from school. It always made Alice Dean feel strangely defeated and lonely.

"I think it's mean of us not to wait for her," said Mary Leonard, uneasily, as she heard Alice shut the gate and go

up the flagstoned walk. She had almost caught up with them on the steep part of the hill, but she had not spoken again.

"We shouldn't like it ourselves," Mary said again, reproachfully.

"I don't care," insisted Hattie. "She might wait for some of the other girls that come part way."

"There are only the Kennards, and some of the little ones, and they are a lot younger," answered Mary, with unwonted bravery.

"You can wait for her if you wish to. If you don't wish to go with me any longer, you needn't. She'd expect to come with us every day!" Hattie West dropped her companion's arm and took the other side of the pavement. "She ought to know better - poking in when we have our own affairs to talk over!"

"She's a stranger; she feels lonely," pleaded Mary.

"I'm not going to walk with that prim-looking thing, and I'm not going to have her go with us. You're my most intimate friend and I'm yours, and she needn't think she can intrude," Hattie insisted. "Come over after dinner and we'll get our geography lesson," and so they parted.

From the top of the hill there was a splendid view over all the country, and down the great river that led to the sea. Hattie West went across the street and straight into the house; but her companion stood for a moment looking at the white sails and a big steamer that was coming up the channel, while its gray smoke made pretty clouds that blew off along the sparkling water.

"Well, my dear, are the girls coming?" Alice Dean's aunt, an elderly woman with a lovely face, was sitting in her deep chair by the window when the library door opened.

"Why, what's the matter, dear child?" asked Mrs. Sheldon. Alice turned quickly away and stood looking at one of the bookcases, with her back to her aunt.

"I wish you would please let me get my lessons at home, and not go to school any more," she faltered presently, and then she went to her aunt's side and leaned against the chair and tried not to cry. Mrs. Sheldon took hold of her hand and held it fast, and waited a minute to hear the rest.

"I feel left out all the time. I thought they all looked like such nice girls at first, and that I should have such a nice time; and now, when I come where they are, they all whisper together and look at me and laugh, or they whisper and go

somewhere else. You see there are but few in the school as old as I, and we might have such fun! But they leave me out all the time, and they won't walk with me or anything." And Alice could not keep from crying.

"It is all Hattie West's fault," she said, when she could speak, and then sobbed and hid her face again. "Oh, it's too bad, Aunt Annie! Need I go to school again?"

"You are sure that it isn't Alice Dean's fault, too?" asked the aunt, gravely. "You haven't been unkind?" Then she stopped, for the wistful young face beside her bore no look of malice, only sorrow.

"Perhaps it is just because you seem a little strange to them. You must remember that you have only been a month in their little company. You have been far away, and had a very different sort of life, and they have lived just here, and may not understand some things as you do." Mrs. Sheldon's face wore a wondering look for a moment. "I thought Mary Leonard a very nice girl, and some of the others, too," she added, as if half to herself.

"They are nice," insisted poor Alice. "The first two or three days they talked and walked home with me and everything. I think that Hattie West is the unkind one. First she stopped being friendly, and then all the others did as she did."

"Then the only way for you is to be just as polite and friendly to them as ever," said Mrs. Sheldon. "Do not take any notice of whatever you do not like. Just accept it all, and walk home quietly by yourself. Perhaps they will begin to think it over a little, and will be very sorry. I am sorry for you, dear; these things are very hard to bear. I do not think that it can be explained except that one of the girls is a bad leader, and something makes her wish to rule the others. It would be very cowardly of you to leave school. Perhaps you have not chosen the right friends, but you must try to make somebody else happy; try to make friends with one of the younger girls."

"I have tried to please them and to be nice," Alice mourned.

"Perhaps you have only tried to make them pleased with you," said her aunt, speaking gravely again. "We have to learn to please others for their sakes, not for ours, which is quite different. But I am not going to blame you, dear. Just go right on doing the very best you can."

"I didn't ask Hattie and Mary Leonard to come to tea," confessed Alice. "I called to them, but they wouldn't hear and they wouldn't wait for me, and made believe they had secrets all the way up the hill."

"Never mind!" said Mrs. Sheldon, gently, and she drew the young face down to hers and kissed it twice.

"Never mind!" she repeated. "The world is full of friendship. But if you would have a friend, you must be a friend."

A fortnight after this Mary Leonard and Hattie West were walking down the hill to school one morning. As they came near Mrs. Sheldon's house Alice Dean came out, and seeing them, nodded pleasantly and waved he hand to Mary, and then hurried off down the street.

"Don't you think Mrs. Sheldon's house is the handsomest in town?" asked Mary Leonard. "It is so dignified and pleasant-looking."

"It is a big house, but I think white houses are old-fashioned," acknowledged Hattie.

"The Kennards and their brother and Tom Harrison had a lovely time the other night when they went there to tea," said Mary, wistfully.

"I should think they might have invited more of the girls at school," protested her friend.

"Alice Dean said one day that her aunt liked to have her bring the girls home whenever she chose. Mrs. Sheldon likes to see people, but she never goes out."

"I don't see what you are always talking about that Alice Dean for!" exclaimed Hattie, spitefully. "I don't care if she is rich and can have company, and has been to India with her father. She is hateful, and she's stuck up. Just because she is come to Deptford for a while and goes to our school I sha'n't make a queen of her! You can go with Alice Dean if you want to."

Hattie had never been so unfriendly and cross as this. The two girls had been playmates and friends from their babyhood. Mary was grieved to the heart. She took Hattie's arm again, but Hattie pulled it away, and they did not speak to each other any more until they got to school.

Hattie turned as they went up the steps. "I was awfully cross, Mary," she said, humbly. "I don't want to go with anybody but you!"

But Mary Leonard would not look at her. Her feelings were too sadly hurt, and they did not mend all the morning, although at recess Hattie stayed behind at the double desk where they sat together, and hid her face and cried.

Not long after this the small private school where our friends went was much excited by an invitation. Miss Marshall, the head teacher, gave it from the desk after the morning exercises.

"Young ladies and children of the lower school," she began, very seriously, and then her eyes twinkled and she smiled with pleasure. "I have something to tell you that you will like very much to hear. There is a very famous and beautiful yacht coming to Deptford to-day, and to-morrow, Saturday, the school is asked to spend the day on board. We are going far down the bay among the islands. It looks like perfectly good weather now, but if not we are asked to go on Monday instead."

There was a sound of delight and surprise in the schoolroom.

"I am asked to give you this very pleasant invitation from your schoolmate, Alice Dean," continued Miss Marshall. "It is her father's yacht, the *Starlight*,* on which she has made so many voyages. You will all like to see it. I am sure that we shall have a delightful day together."

All the teachers were smiling, as all their scholars were. Alice Dean, the plain girl in a brown dress, was blushing with excitement. All her schoolmates knew that the young stranger at school had only come to pay a long visit to her invalid aunt, and that her mother was dead, and she had lived a wandering life with her father, who was a very rich man. It was wholly delightful, this day of pleasure that she had planned to give the school, but some of them felt a little embarrassed.

Luckily the morning session must drag its slow course until recess. Then things felt a little easier, and most of the girls went at once to Alice Dean's desk, and told her how glad they should be to go.

"Oh, I shall be so glad to have you!" she cried, eagerly. "I can go all over the yacht by myself. I know it better than a house, and in the bay here she will be just as steady! Papa thought it would be so nice to have the girls come when I asked him," and they chattered together happily until recess was over.

Mary Leonard was quite friendly now, but Hattie West looked very cross. Alice looked at her many times, rather sorrowfully; for the first time something made her pity poor Hattie.

"I don't care a bit!" she said once to herself. "She tried to keep all the girls from being nice to me. I wonder what aunty would think? I wonder if Hattie really wants to go?"

After school she happened to meet Hattie West face to face in the entry. "I hope you can go to-morrow," said the young hostess, timidly. Each was trying to escape from the other, if the truth were known.

"Oh, thank you!" Hattie was much confused. "I should love to go if - if you really want me to. I shouldn't think you would."

"Oh, yes, they're all going," answered Alice, cheerfully, running down the steps. She did not wait for Mary Leonard or even the Kennards, whom she had grown to like very much, they were such pleasant, friendly girls!

Mrs. Sheldon looked up with a smile as her young niece came hurrying into the beautiful great room where she always sat. The girl's face, which had been so dull and gloomy a little while before, was bright enough now.

"Can you make up your party for to-morrow?" her aunt asked her.

"Every single one is coming, all the teachers and all the girls, big and little, the Kennards' brother and some of his friends, too!" announced Alice, triumphantly. "Old Captain Dunn told me as I came up the street that the *Starlight* is in, she lies in the lower harbor, and will come up late this afternoon with the tide. I asked him to go with us, too, to-morrow; I knew that papa would like it. He said that he should love to look the *Starlight* over, and spend a good long day aboard."

The plain, brown girl was radiant with pleasure.

"Stop, my dear. I wish to ask you something else. Is it all right about - about those girls with whom you were not on good terms?"

"You mean Hattie West, don't you, aunty?" answered Alice, honestly. "Yes, I asked her, and she said she should like to come. We haven't been very good friends; how could we be? But when it came to her being left out and our all going without her, I knew what you would say. And Mary

Leonard, her great friend, has been put out with her lately. I didn't want to say anything to Hattie, at first, but I did."

"That's my dear girl!" said Mrs. Sheldon, smiling, and Alice went dancing away.

The next afternoon the *Starlight* was sailing along among the green islands with the fresh sea wind, and every one on board was happy. They had just finished a capital luncheon in the big dining cabin, and had come on deck again. Alice's father was so handsome and generous and kind. He had always known Miss Marshall, the head teacher, but he did not seem to forget the comfort of the least little girl or boy on board, and it was the happiest of holidays.

Alice Dean herself was the happiest of young hostesses. She was no longer timid and shy with the other girls.

Just as she was stopping for a moment, standing alone to look at a tiny island which they were passing, somebody, touched her arm and stood at her side. "Oh, isn't it cool and lovely!" she said, without looking round.

"Alice, won't you speak to me?" begged Hattie West. "I think it was so good of you to let me come to-day, after - "

Alice turned to look at her; she could not think what to say. Suddenly she thought of a Bible verse that had never seemed to mean anything before: "I was a stranger, I was a stranger."* She could hardly help saying the touching words aloud.

"I suppose it was hard to have a new girl come to school when you all knew each other so well," she managed to say, simply. "I did feel counted out at first. I've lived alone a good deal with papa, but that was different. It's awfully hard for anybody to be left out. I was afraid none of the girls liked me. But Aunt Annie said I mustn't think of that; only to be as nice as I could to them."

"Why, you have been, Alice," whispered Hattie West, then. "I don't know what made me act so. I'm ashamed enough now. You didn't seem just like us. You seemed - I didn't want the girls to like you, and now - now I like you myself! I liked you before you had this chance to make me the one to feel left out, and then didn't take it."

At this moment Mary Leonard joined them. She saw by their faces that something had touched their hearts. They made believe that they were only watching the sheep on the little green island, and Mary leaned over the rail and began

to watch, too. There is nothing happier in the world than being friends.

Illustrations for "Counted Out"

These illustrations are available courtesy of the St. Lawrence University Library in Canton, NY. The drawing is by William Frederick Stecher (1864-1940). Born in Boston, Stecher studied in Paris and in Dusseldorf. He was a painter and illustrator who exhibited in Boston, Philadelphia, St. Louis, Chicago, and Washington, D.C. (Source: *Who Was Who in American Art,*1985).

Alice turned to look at her.

Notes

"Counted Out" appeared in *Youth's Companion* (77:646-647) on December 24, 1903, where the story was illustrated by W. F. Stecher.

The Starlight: A boat of this name also appears in Jewett's *Betty Leicester*.

"I was a stranger": See Matthew 25:35-36.

The Autograph Fiend

Introduction

On 4 December, 1895, Sarah Orne Jewett responded to a letter from Mr. J. S. Lee. Lee had apparently solicited her signature and had indicated that he was preparing for publication a "paper" for young readers on the topic of collecting autographs. Jewett's response, therefore, includes some quite pointed remarks conveying her opinions about autograph seekers:

Dear Sir*

I suppose that you mean by 'an autograph fiend' a person who troubles a busy person unnecessarily -- for his own profit. I must say, that since there are dealers in autographs in all our large cities who can supply specimens of writing at small cost, I believe that it is much more considerate, not to say dignified, for collectors to deal with them directly.

Letters are like questions which one delights ^to answer^ if they show real interest and hates if they are simply urged by curiosity; I am afraid that I must confess to a belief that most requests for autographs come under the latter ignoble heading. Certainly the time taken up in asking for them and in replying on the author's part does not seem very well spent ^on either side^ -- and you would do well in your paper to remind young people to think seriously what it means to gather a collection of autographs from strangers: whether they should think it quite courteous to ask for time ^+ trouble^ or their equivalent, on any other grounds.

In haste yours very truly

S. O. Jewett

Whether an essay of the sort Jewett suggests ever was published is unknown, but nine years later, in 1904, a revised version of her letter appeared in "Confessions of an Autographomaniac," by "the Maniac" in the New York *Independent*:

> One of our foremost novelists generously gave me his opinion of autograph collectors. I was delighted to receive the letter, for I did not expect more than a signature: Dear Sir: You are one of those who trouble a busy person unnecessarily. I must say that since there are dealers in autographs in all large cities who can supply specimens of writing at small cost, I believe it is much more considerate, not to say dignified, for collectors to deal with them

> directly, Letters are like questions, which one delights to answer if they show real interest, and hates if they are simply urged by curiosity. I am afraid that I must confess to a belief that your request for an autograph comes under the latter ignoble heading. Certainly the time taken up in asking for it and in replying on my part does not seem very well spent on either side; and I would remind you and others to think seriously what it means to gather a collection of autographs. Go and sin no more. (1196)

The author, presumably John or Jonathan S. Lee, writes humorously about the responses he has received to autograph requests addressed to prominent people, mainly authors. Whether this is the case with all the letters he quotes, clearly in Jewett's instance, he goes to some length to disguise her, identifying her as male. He also suggests that he merely asked her for her signature, omitting mention of his intending to write an article and soliciting her comments. In a piece that humorously skewers several of his respondents, Jewett is among those receiving favorable treatment. However, he does <u>not</u> follow her advice, which he has omitted in his revision of her letter. His essay *may* persuade considerate people to think twice before troubling an author for an autograph, but his main purpose seems to be to entertain readers with the more interesting responses he has received and to encourage readers to seek similar reactions. Following is the full text of "Confessions of an Autographomaniac."

Notes

Dear Sir: The manuscript of this letter is held in the Sarah Orne Jewett Collection, 1801-1997, of the University of New England's Maine Women Writers Collection: II. Correspondence, item 134.

Confessions of an Autographomaniac

The Independent (New York) 55 (26 May 1904) pp. 1195-8. BY THE MANIAC

I AM of humble but highly respectable parentage, and wish it understood that I hold no one responsible for the mania which possesses me. It was not inherited, nor caught as an infectious disease from some other maniac -- it sprung up in a night, like a mushroom. I take the whole responsibility on my own not too broad shoulders. At times I might feel ashamed of myself were I not strengthened by the thought that this is the age of the survival of the fittest, and I am certainly inclined to the belief that I am a fit person to reside in this " vale of tears," for only the fittest could survive what I have gone through. The patronizing airs, the sharp words and stony silences of many of the celebrities I have approached should constitute a proper test.

I am also convinced that, if not a man of iron, I am at least composed of some hard substance. Two and twenty was my age when I wrote for my first autograph, and a young man made of less sturdy material would have been squelched beyond possibility of rising by the reply I received. The books of a well-known author (he is still living, by the way, and I hope very happy) had given me genuine pleasure, and I thought it would be quite decorous to write and tell him so, and also to add a request for his autograph. Will you say that I am a weakling when I tell you I survived the answer? Here it is:

> My Dear Sir: I Have your letter of the 8th in which yon frankly avow yourself an "autograph fiend," say my work has given you pleasure, and ask for a sample of my chirography. I presume that you are correct in your statement, but may I give you a little friendly advice so that this letter shall not be merely a sample of chirography? Your letter reads too much like a circular; you are not specific enough; you do not go into details; you do not compare the different characters of my novels and state your preferences. The next time you make such an application to ask author it would be well to be more explicit, lest he think that you have only seen his name in a catalogue, and never have read any of his books, I observe, also, that your parents appear to have named you for the beloved disciple, but you write it "Jno." Suppose you should open your Bible to-morrow and read: "I, Jno, who am also your brother," etc. "Jno" spells

> nothing, and as an abbreviation it worth nothing, for by the time you have put in the period your pen has made as many motions as are required to write the full name. It is abominable and inexcusable. Write it no more.

I carefully filed the letter away -- surely an interesting nucleus for my collection -- and altho it unnerved me for a time, I was not compelled to take to my bed or call in the family physician. If I remember aright (it was many years ago) I wrote an impudent reply, but I am sorry for it now.

My manner is still rather unfortunate -- it seem to lack humor and tact -- but it must have been much more so in the first years of my collecting. It did not seem to inspire confidence, Every one, and especially the "rising young author" who had one or two novels to his credit, seemed suspicious and arrogant, and said enough hard things to kill a hypersensitive person. But, fortunately, such am not I! I remember writing what I deemed a clever and "fetching" application to an author of charming stories, who resided in a small Illinois town, Imagine my chagrin when I received a reply like this:

> What is the ordinary autograph fiend -- kind amiable soul! -- compared to the man who goes out and sets questions traps for autographs! The man, in short, who stirs up the animal's combativeness and sits grinning to see it perform He shall bag nothing but initials from
>
> F. E. M.

I do not like to be accused of resorting to subterfuge, and this retort hurt me somewhat; but I assure the indulgent reader that F. E, M. did me a great injustice. I had no intention of deceiving her. I was as innocent as a lamb.

It is a terrible confession, but I have become about impervious to cutting words and shabby treatment. However, there is one thing that will lash me into a fury and that is to be taken for a small boy. An antiquated maiden lady, of some considerable fame, who affects a liking for children, answered me in this manner:

> My Dear Young Friend: It always gives me pleasure to write my name for boys and girls, but I usually decline to comply with similar requests from grown-ups. You write a very good letter for a boy of -- shall I say? -- fourteen, and I am sure you do not idle away your time at school, Your mother must be proud of you … I shall soon publish a new book, entitled "_____," and I think you will like it.

Perhaps your papa would be glad to buy it for you. Price $1.50, net.

And I twenty-four years of age! The parsimonious old maid had an eye to business.

There are many celebrities, especially among authors, who ask the autographomaniac to do things in return for an autograph. A distinguished American historian replied to my request in the following words:

I was glad to receive your letter, for it gives me an opportunity to ask you to do something for me. If possible, I should like you to send me (I had written to him on the letter head of lumber firm with which I was then connected) ten or a dozen photographs of scenes in lumber camps. By doing this you will greatly oblige, etc.

Very brief, but very explicit. No mention was made of postage, much less the cost of the photographs. Out of the generosity of my heart I complied with the historian's request, *and never received an acknowledgment!* But it takes a woman to cap the climax. The writer of the letter given below is very well known in the literary world, and has at least thirty novels for which she will some day be called upon to answer:

Mr Dear Mr. _____ : Be assured that I was very pleased indeed to receive your letter of the eighth, and I thank you very much for your kind words about my books. The mere name-seekers, who know nothing about one's work and care less are past endurance. They should be thrust forth from the congregation of the righteous into outer and nethermost darkness, but autograph collectors who really know and care for an author's work should be tolerated by all means. Of course. I place you in the latter category. If I have given you pleasure, would you not also take pleasure in doing me a favor? My new novel will be upon the market in a few days, and I wish you would do all in your power to increase its sale. I am sending you by express a few hundred circulars, which kindly distribute carefully where they will do the most good. If you can, my dear Mr. ____, you might write your friends who live out of town recommending the book to them. If I have not sent you enough circulars, kindly advise me and I will forward more. Believe me, sincerely your friend, etc.

"Sincerely your friend"! How the words rang in my ears! I was pleased, for I was young. To be the "friend" of a well-known writer of novels seemed to me to be something

of quite commanding proportions. I went to work in earnest. I distributed the circulars, sent for more, and wrote letters to all my friends telling them it was the greatest book of the year. I do not know whether or not this author is still "sincerely my friend." I hope so, for I certainly did enough to earn her lasting friendship. The sale of the novel referred to must have been increased something less than one thousand copies by my efforts. The New England poets have always been favorites of mine, but I never suspected that they amounted to much as business men until I received the following response from one of them, written on the margin of a circular advertising three volumes of poems

Here's my autograph
Writ as a favor to thee;
Now buy these three books
As a favor to me.

I bought them, of course. What else could I do?

One of our foremost novelists generously gave me his opinion of autograph collectors. I was delighted to receive the letter, for I did not expect more than a signature:

> Dear Sir: You are one of those who trouble a busy person unnecessarily. I must say that since there are dealers in autographs in all large cities who can supply specimens of writing at small cost, I believe it is much more considerate, not to say dignified, for collectors to deal with them directly, Letters are like questions, which one delights to answer if they show real interest, and hates if they are simply urged by curiosity. I am afraid that I must confess to a belief that your request for an autograph comes under the latter ignoble heading. Certainly the time taken up in asking for it and in replying on my part does not seem very well spent on either side; and I would remind you and others to think seriously what it means to gather a collection of autographs. Go and sin no more.

It is seldom that one is willing to say he is glad that he is ignorant on matters he ought to know. But I'm very glad that I know little of postal laws. If I had known that it was illegal to inclose coin in a letter addressed to England I should not have received a delicious little letter which I prize highly. It is from one of the cleverest (and, I venture to say, most egotistical) of living English writers, who would, I doubt not, rather say a clever thing any day than a true one—a gentleman whom, nevertheless, I greatly admire for his

brilliant essays and charming novels. He reprimands me very sharply; but I appeal to you, how was I, an ignorant, irresponsible autographomaniac, to know that I was violating the English postal regulations by inclosing a ten-cent piece to pay the return postage? I had tried unsuccessfully to procure foreign stamps at the local post office and elsewhere, so was reduced to the necessity of inclosing coin, which I did innocently enough and without malice in my heart. Here is the letter:

> Dear Sir: I have your letter in which you give me a great deal of twaddle; and I beg to say that you are the worst fiend of all because your enclosure of coin might have subjected me to a heavy fee, It would be only justice if I sent it back to yon instead of my signature. Your tribe is shameless and should be annihilated, but the task is too large for me to undertake. . . .

A great American humorist was making a prolonged stay in Europe when it occurred to me that a letter of his would do much to adorn my collection, I wished to be discreet and make no mistakes, so I took the precaution to write to a friend across the water asking him to send me some stamps that I might inclose the proper postage when sending my application to the distinguished humorist. This particular "funny man " is never happier than when he is pointing out the offenses and weaknesses of his fellow men; in short, he loves to have fun at the expense of other people. My ill-luck pursued me. It was another case of being "damned if you do and damned if you don't." I was amazed when the humorist rather made game of my considerateness in inclosing stamps, but I suspect (perhaps in this I am wrong) that it was nothing more than a peg upon which to hang his little joke on the American postmaster. The reply ran as follows:

Why, certainly; I do it with pleasure You will find it at the bottom of this. But you did not need to enclose stamps. You only needed to tell me not to prepay this answer, but leave you to pay at your end of the line. In no part of the world do letters to foreign countries need to be prepaid Perhaps tome American post masters know this, but in fifteen years I have not come across one that knew it.

The next letter is from the pen of a statesman, who is a very serious person indeed. He hasn't much sense of humor and cannot treat any subject with " playful fancy' unless it be fishing and fishermen. It was the fashion, twenty years ago, in certain circles, to ridicule this gentleman. He was not thought to be a very big man intellectually, and sportive

persons of the opposite party delighted in cheap talk at his expense. But fair-minded men of all parties have now come to look upon him with respect and even admiration. His ability, independence of spirit, and devotion to duty as he sees it have won for him a high place in our political annals. In a quiet home he is now spending his last years as every gentleman and scholar should, a kind Providence permitting. I inadvertently omitted to inclose a stamped and addressed envelope, and I take this opportunity of extending an apology to the great man:

> If you are an autograph fiend, you are a very mild and pleasant one. But I wish that particular kind of fiend would recognize the fact that, in their favor-asking business, the least they can do is to make compliance with their requests as easy as possible….

It is balm to the soul of the autographomaniac when he can himself escape rebuke and at the same time call forth a little sermon on the wrongdoing of his brothers. As you may imagine, it is no easy thing to accomplish this feat of letters. It requires mental agility, subtle reasoning and elasticity of conscience such as an ignorant person who like myself may command only once or twice in a lifetime. Therefore, it is with pardonable pride that I print the letter that is to follow. It us from a lady who is remarkable for her versatility and whose charm is perennial. Her name is known to every reader in the land, young and old, for she has written for all of them. Pray consider how hard it was for me to restrain my "flattering tongue " in writing to her, But was not this delightful letter sufficient recompense? Unhappy thought! Did she intend, after all, to include me in her rebuke? The reader must judge:

> My Dear Mr. _____: I should think that nothing would be so likely to obtain an autograph as an unaffected, courteous request If I had time I could write yon a rather interesting article on the subject. It is not a small one, and involves good breeding, knowledge of the world, and an intelligent perception of the singular and painful fact that there are only twenty-four hours in a day, and that a man or woman who writes books has the same sordid need of a few of them as a washerwoman or a bricklayer. One of the curious scientific discoveries future ages will make will be that books are not written while authors are lying on beds of roses, fanned by the wandering breezes of heaven. I am one of those who "resent profuse flattery." In the first place, it is an impertinence, as it argues that one

> is at once unused to hearing amiable things, and weak enough of mind to be immediately elated and spurred to lavishness by them. Then, also, letters containing it always recall to me those oilier letters beginning: "Madam, having heard of your charitable deeds and reputation for noble generosity, I take my pen in hand to ask you to . . . 'support my family' to . , . 'buy me a piano,' to . . 'pay my debts," etc. Thank you that your letter confined itself to a statement plain and frank enough to be accepted with a sense of pleasure. Appreciation which is real and simple one would be a poor thing not to value.

I had read a volume of pungent essays by an author well known on both sides of the Atlantic. Thought I, here is a man who will appreciate originality. If I approach him in an unconventional way he will do something handsome. Accordingly, I wrote him in effect that I could boast of sufficient grace to read and admire his writings; that I thought I deserved nothing short of immortality and that the blackness of my sin should not be remembered against me. I shall not again try to be original, for the reply was savage. I was not even given the dignity of sex, but was referred to as *it*.

Of course, the autographomaniac receives many businesslike communications like the following, perfectly courteous but not overdiffuse in style: "Yours received. I am happy to inclose the desired autograph." But such acknowledgments do not give one that peculiarly pleasant thrill that accompanies the receipt of a "call down" or scathing denunciation. The maniac worthy of the name is not thin-skinned, and does not weep when he is told that he is a bore and a great nuisance. It is an interesting autograph he is after, and once he gets it the world may wag its cruel tongue until it is tired -- little he cares!

Such distinguished collectors as Dr. G. Birkbeck Hill and Mr. Adrian Joline turn up their noses at my kind. For some reason best known to themselves resent being placed in the same category as myself. But, bless their hearts! they are blind. They think their manner of riding a hobby is the only safe and proper way; but what are their pleasures and troubles compared with mine? They collect through dealers, and at the auction sales, spend heaps of money (which they carefully refrain from mentioning to their wives), and when they have secured the coveted autographs, what have they got? Dry-as-dust letters written for the most part by men long since gone to their fathers. With me and my brothers it is

different. We choose a vulnerable point for attack, make a dashing charge, and usually come away with something alive -- and a few scars! Keep your musty, dusty stuff, Mr. Joline and Dr. Hill; spend your money and get all the pleasure you can out of your hobby, but please do not put anything in the way of my collection by direct application.

"Shocking," you say. Perhaps; but I am willing to take the consequences.

Madison, Wisconsin